# VOGUE

NEW YORK ... THIS SUMMER

Clothes. People. Places

READER ISSUE

Incorporating Vanity Fair

July 1948

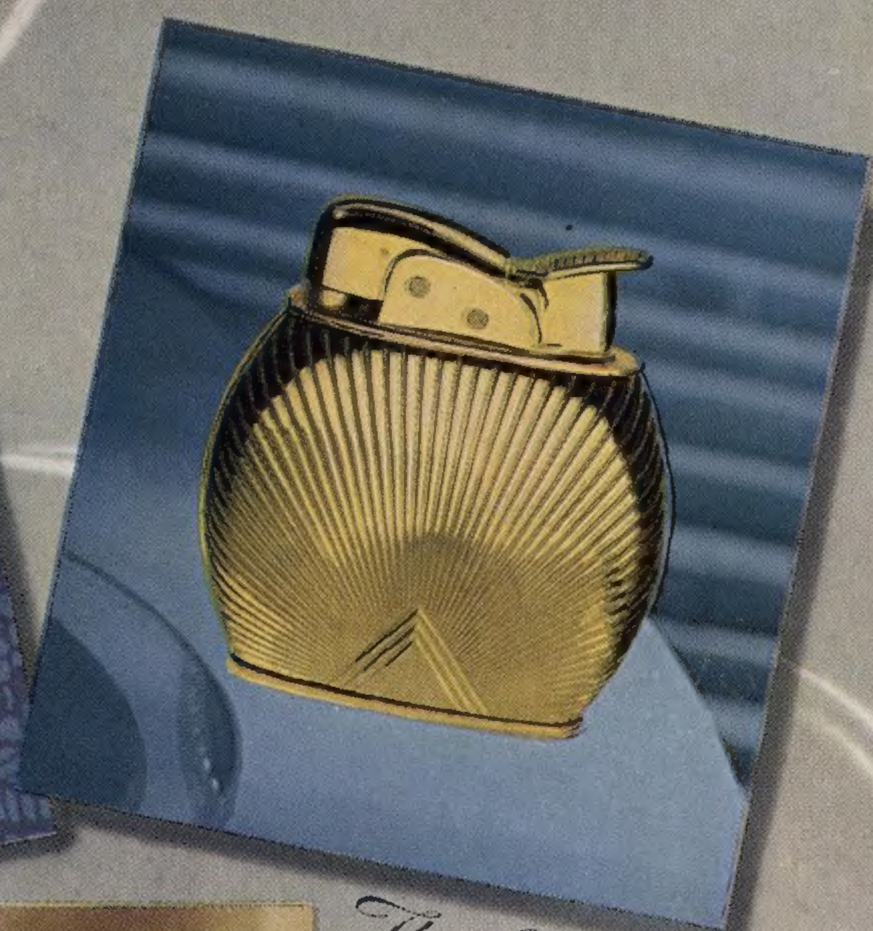
50 Cents in U. S. and Canada

1.00 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES

COPYRIGHT 1948 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS, INC.

# pocket lighters

The Empress LIGHTER–CASE $10 TAX FREE



The Avon $5 TAX FREE

The York $10 TAX FREE

The Kingston $5 TAX FREE

Evans is elegance

Photography by Bruehl

The Continental LIGHTER–CASE $10 TAX FREE

Tailored gold finished metal of incomparable beauty—expertly crafted by Evans—at good jewelers and department stores . . . . . no mail orders please.

© EVANS CASE COMPANY
*New York City · North Attleboro, Mass.*
*Dallas · Los Angeles · Cleveland · Chicago · Boston*
POWDER BOXES · FITTED HANDBAGS · CIGARETTE CASES · AUTOMATIC LIGHTERS

*Dress: A Ben Reig Design.* *Decor: French & Company.*

# For a famous hostess who suddenly lost her heart

Beauty, character, effortless elegance—these were among the qualities which made her so famous as a hostess.

And, quite naturally, these were qualities which she herself instinctively sought in her most valued possessions: her home, her clothes, her jewels—and her motor cars.

It was not surprising, therefore, that she completely lost her heart when first she saw and drove her new 1948 Packard.

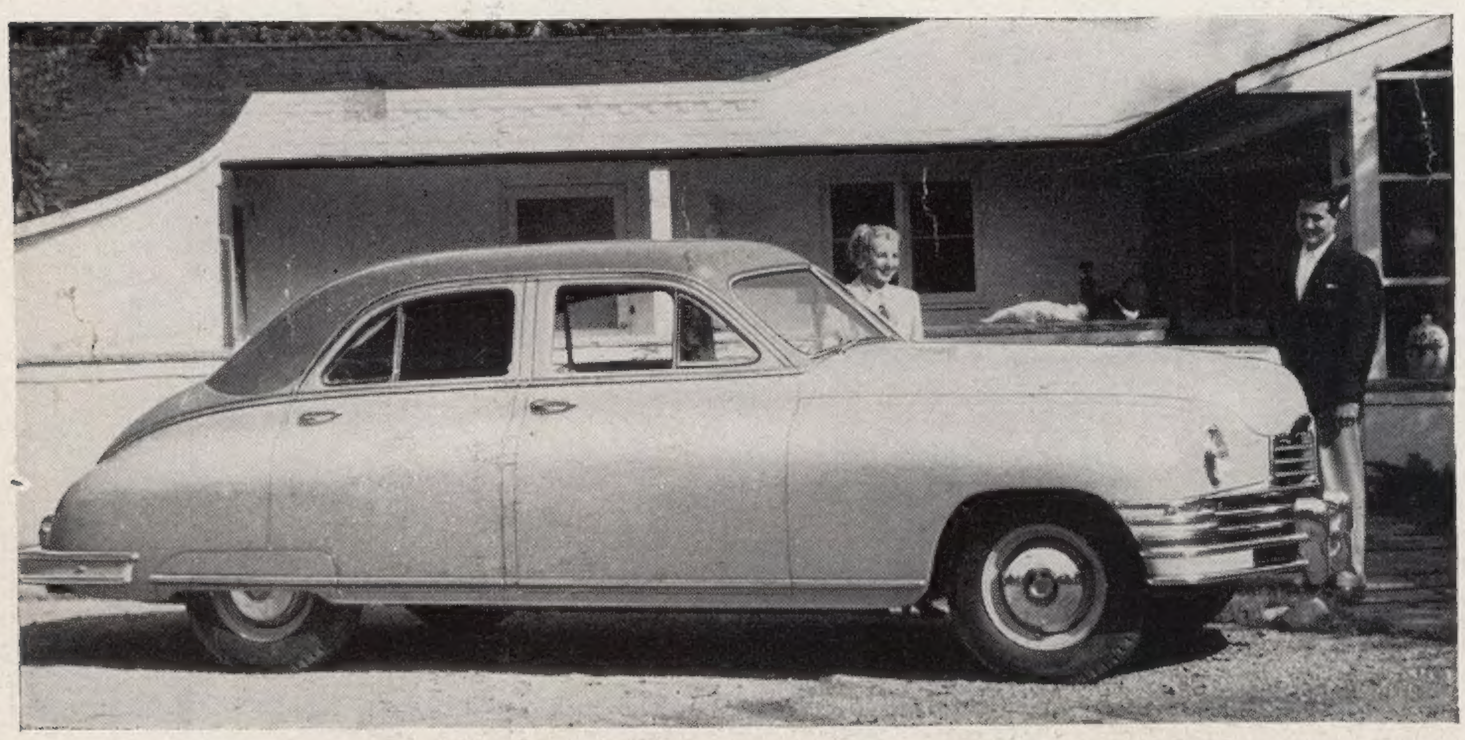
For in this beautiful car she found graceful, free-flowing lines and a quietly elegant, thoughtfully appointed interior.

And in its newly engineered straight-eight engine she felt a serene, magnificent power that spelled mechanical perfection.

If you, too, seek beauty and character and elegance in a motor car, may we suggest that you see the 1948 Packard.

It now awaits your inspection at your Packard dealer's.

ASK THE ~~MAN~~ woman WHO OWNS ONE



*Car: Packard Deluxe Eight, Touring Sedan.*

*OUT OF THIS WORLD*

*—INTO YOUR HEART!*

PACKARD

for '48

# America's Best-Dressed Women Wear Archer

**MRS. GEOFFREY GATES**

Selected as one of America's 10 Best-Dressed Women, Mrs. Gates is the wife of a prominent architect and art authority. She likes young, uncluttered clothes that express, but never overshadow, her own exuberant personality. She loves stockings of the exquisite sheerness for which Archer is noted.

*Portrait by Cecil Beaton*

Archer
Stockings

... for lovely women

ARCHER MILLS, INC., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA • NEW YORK OFFICE: EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

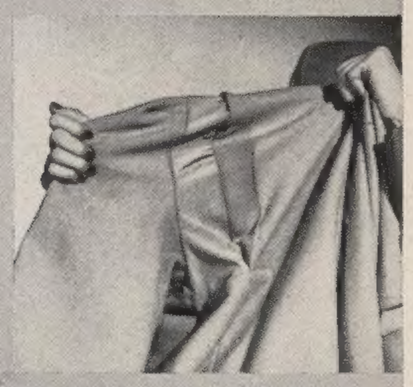
Swansdown
Paralleling pockets . . . slenderest of
waists . . . softest of shoulders
. . . all designed to round out fashion's
newest outline. A beautifully understated suit
in pure worsted pebble weave by Miron
Sizes 10 to 20. About $75. At one leading store in your city.
The House of Swansdown, 500 Seventh Ave., New York 18.
Morris W. Haft & Brothers, Inc.

# Double-Action Original

## *bewilders the weather*

Fall, Winter or Spring . . . your Double-Action Original, with a versatile zip-out lining, is ready to go! . . . and *fashionably*, with swinging flared back and modish, deep cuffs. In Super-Gabardine, fine 100% virgin wool by the **American Woolen Company.** Lined with a **Celanese*** rayon fabric. Sizes 10 to 18. Coat shown, about $80. Other styles from $50.

*1. Separates . . . a dashing coat AND a crimp curl, virgin wool Winterized Insulator.**



*2. Insulator has knit wristlets, patented action back** of Lastex* yarn with 7-inch shoulder spread.*

*3. Sturdy Talon slide fastener to zip in the Insulator.*

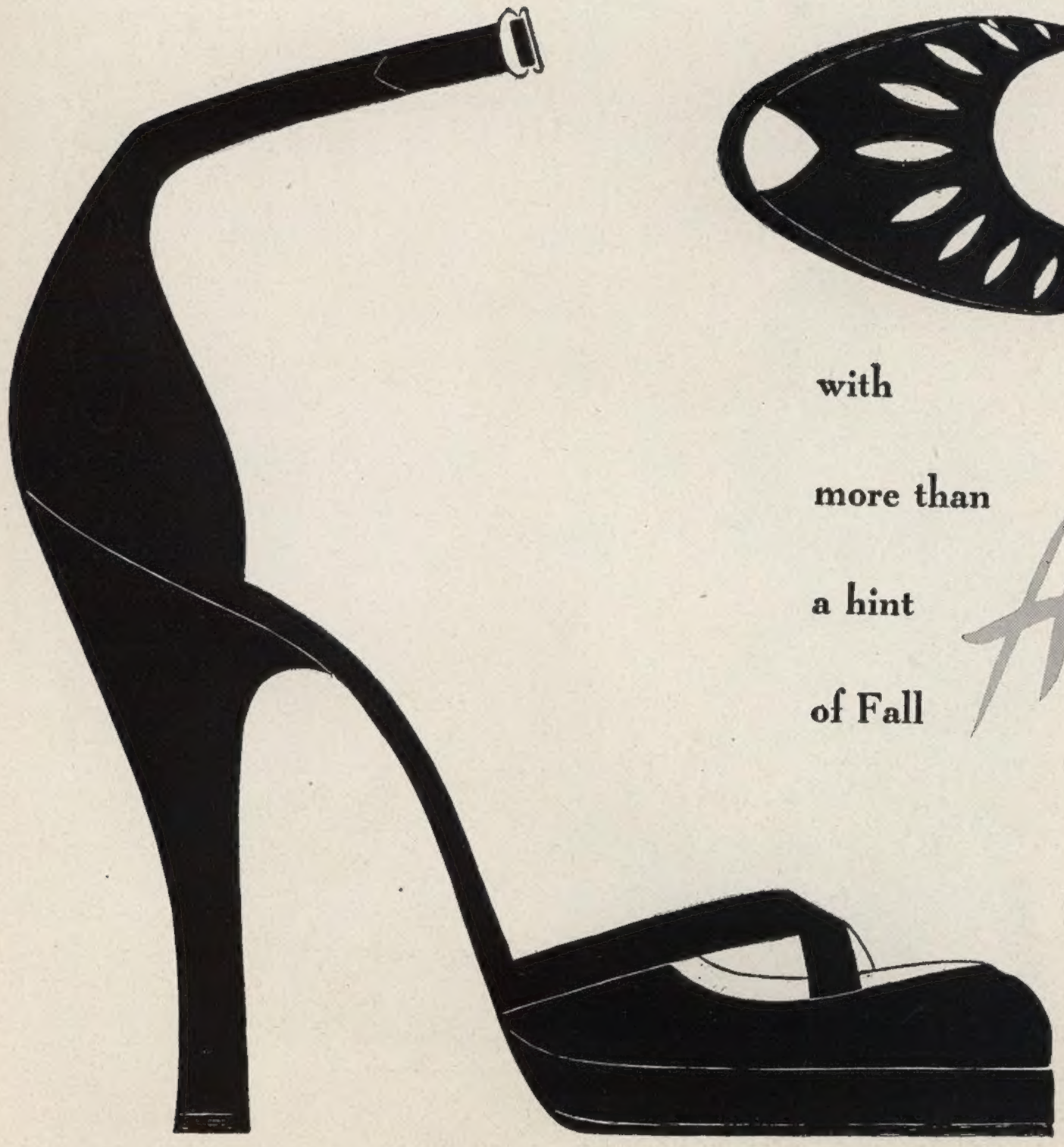
FOR YOUR NEAREST STORE SELLING THIS DOUBLE-ACTION ORIGINAL,
WRITE: DOUBLE-ACTION, A DIVISION OF LEEDS LTD. COATS, INC.
500 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.* ***Pat. No. 2,252,234*




VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair is published semi-monthly except for the months of January, June, July and December, when it is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Connecticut, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Subscriptions $7.50 a year in U. S. A.

Andrew Geller's exclusive Phantom Suedes



with more than a hint of Fall

Andrew Geller

EXQUISITE FOOTWEAR

18 WEST 57th STREET, N. Y. and one store in most cities

Sheer Witchery*

Hudson® Nylons Clear, sheer beauty—second skin fit, in your own leg length. At one good store in most cities.

*Patent Pending

◆ KNIT OF DUPONT NYLON

Faerie
FINE KNIT UNDERTHINGS
—with that handmade look
FAIRY SILK MILLS, INC., SHILLINGTON, PA.
New York Office and Showrooms
385 Fifth Avenue

BELT OF THE MONTH Reg.

Schaffer
SYMBOL OF AMERICAN ORIGINALITY

$1.50

IT'S A Schaffer ORIGINAL!

at better stores everywhere.

A product of Schaffer Belts

The world's foremost manufacturer of quality belts for women.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL

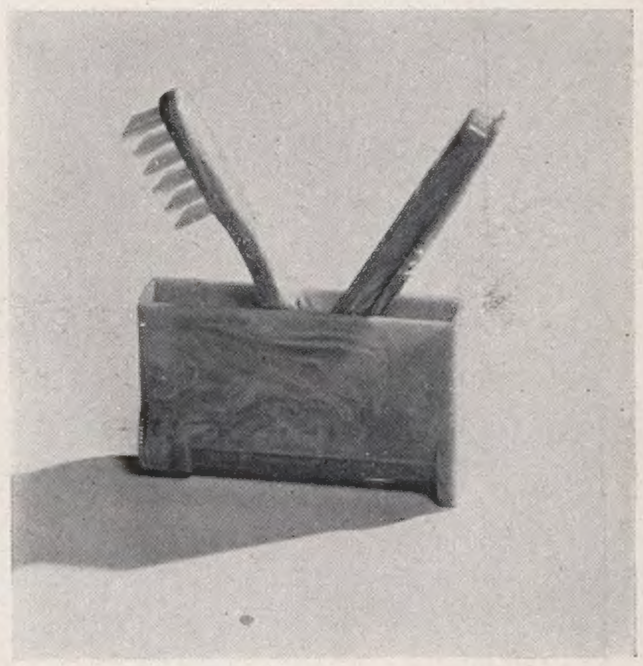
Wadsworth
POWDER CASE

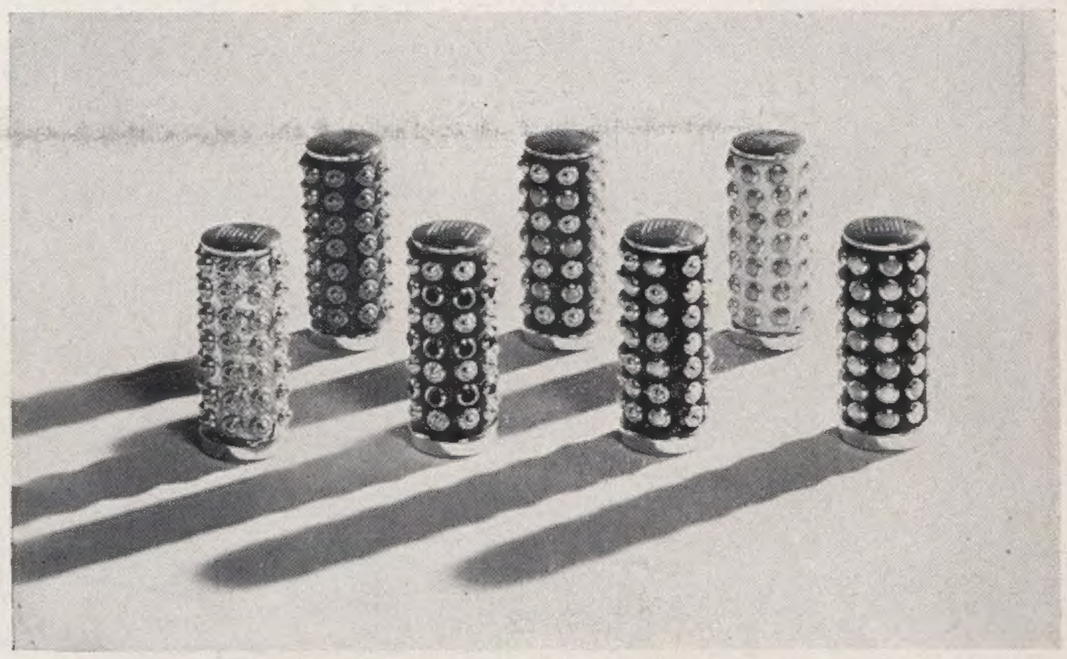
Chosen by leading fashion and beauty editors from the new powder case collection

# DISCOVERIES IN BEAUTY

Schiaparelli's Shocking perfume—a fragrant old friend in a new outer setting. The bottle-like-a-dress-maker-dummy slips easily into a navy-blue calf leather case. Result: you can make it a travelling companion, always have it within reach. Bonwit Teller has it.

This is a Totebrush—newest, nicest way, we think, to take a toothbrush travelling. The tiny plastic case takes a firm stand (even in a moving plane or train), holds a collapsible brush—a many days' supply of tooth powder in its base. All this should put an end to wet toothbrushes rolling around en route. Bloomingdale's.





MIEHLMANN

Handsome is as handsome does—in other words every one of these glitter-studded Lucien Lelong lipsticks (some are covered in felt—some in gold kid) makes a flattering colour point as well as a conversation piece. Bergdorf Goodman has them in a series of light-bright shades.

# ROUX *means lovelier haircolor!*

"Look-upon-me, love-me" haircolor...infinitely pretty, definitely Roux. For Roux treatments create such dewy-fresh color, cloaking every visible gray strand with lustre and beauty. Here is *the* color cosmetic for your hair, preferred by more women than any other, because it's *so* natural looking. Treatments at better beauty salons everywhere.

Illustrated: No. 105¾ Golden Brown, one of the 24 beautiful Roux shades.

ROUX

**OIL SHAMPOO TINT**

COLORS • CONDITIONS • CLEANSES

Caution: use only as directed on label

## your *Old Beauty*

## made you bold, flaming, the pursuer

Last year's look...seen in short skirt, long stride. Your mouth a set slash of lipstick, your face an immovable mask, your fingers a flash of red talons. An aggressive beauty.

## your *New Beauty*

## makes you gentle, pretty, the pursued

This year's look...soft-spoken, serene. Your clothes feminine, your complexion uncovered, your lips a pink curve. Nails a pretty tint with white tips and moons. A gentle beauty.

Dress by Ceil Chapman

for your new beauty **PEGGY SAGE** creates a deliberately

pretty new color *Fashion Pink* in opaque polish

and the totally different **SHEER POLISH** the new idea for nails

Now...Peggy Sage puts the new beauty at your fingertips. Is first with pretty, plus-feminine FASHION PINK. Never before such subtle persuasion. Never before such an important color fashion as FASHION PINK. In opaque polish and the newest of nail polishes, Sheer... clear, beautifully lustrous, completely different—like sheathing fingertips in chiffon. Opaque or Sheer Polish, 60¢*. Matching Shimmer Lipstick, $1.00*.

SALONS: New York, 50 East 57th Street • London, 130 New Bond Street • Paris, 7, Place Vendôme

Copr. 1943 by Peggy Sage, Inc. *Plus Fed. Tax

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

# Fredrica

## OBSERVES "MAJOR INNOVATIONS" IN THE KAISER AND THE FRAZER

Fredrica is the designer-name chosen by the fourth generation of illustrious couturiers—a family once famed as designers for members of the Imperial Hungarian Court. Today Fredrica stands out as designer and producer of furs for the world's most discriminating clientele.

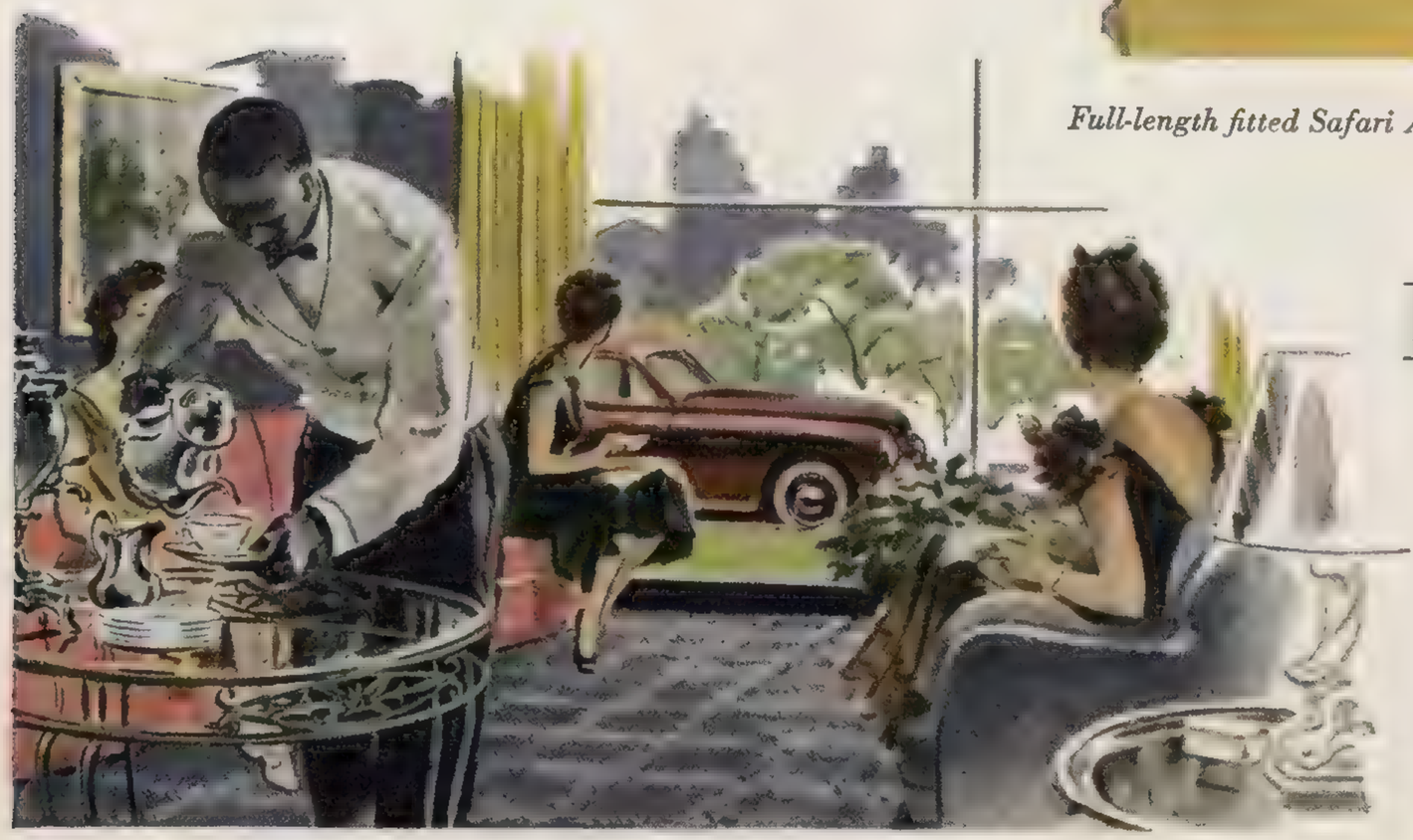
Fredrica says about the KAISER and the FRAZER, "a rich and harmonious use of colors and fabrics unique in the field of transportation—major innovations that add new zest and pleasure to motor car ownership."

Fredrica joins more than a dozen of the world's foremost designers in acclaiming the truly functional design and exclusive style features of the KAISER and the FRAZER.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

VICTOR KEPPLER

*Full-length fitted Safari Alaska Sealskin, featuring removable short cape. Hat by John Frederics*



KAISER

FRAZER

# All this fun - and the Orient, too!

**On America's newest and finest post-war luxury liners**

**PRESIDENT CLEVELAND**
*(Sailing from San Francisco, July 17)*

**PRESIDENT WILSON**
*(Sailing from San Francisco, August 12, from Los Angeles, August 14)*

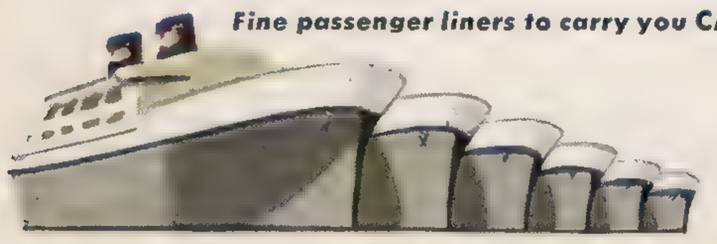
Two sparkling swimming pools will be your center of activity during long, lazy hours in the sun. You'll love the wonderful service, the marvelous food, the gay dinner dances and parties. And you'll relax comfortably in your spacious, air-conditioned stateroom—It all adds up to a glorious life at sea aboard your American President Lines Luxury Liner—Your American Hotel Abroad. Make your summer sailing reservations now for 37 to 42-day round trip cruises to the Orient, $1080 up.

**Ports of call: SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • HONOLULU • MANILA • HONG KONG • SHANGHAI • YOKOHAMA**

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

Your American Hotel Abroad

**Monthly Sailings—See your Travel Agent**



***Fine passenger liners to carry you* CALIFORNIA TO THE ORIENT, ROUND-THE-WORLD, NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA • *See your Travel Agent for cruise details***

**100-DAY ROUND-THE-WORLD TRIPS** on the completely-modernized President Polk and President Monroe. Fares $2470 up.

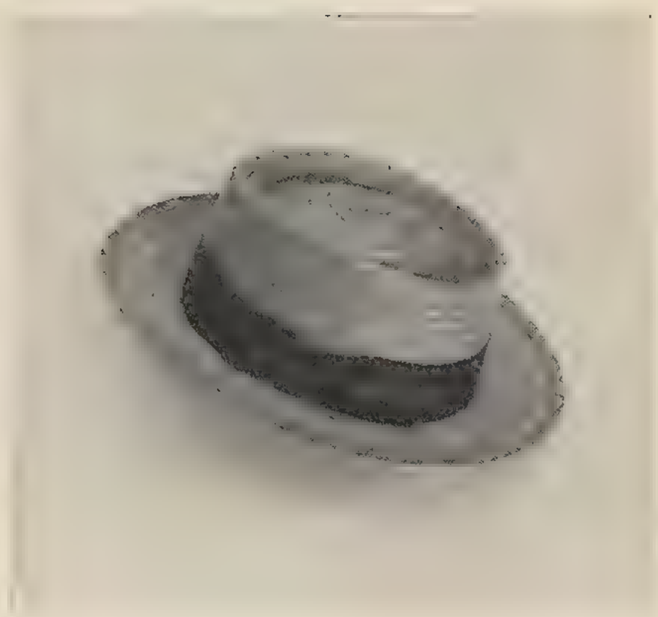
**INEXPENSIVE ACCOMMODATIONS** to Manila and the Orient on the General Gordon and General Meigs. Fares to $400.

***For colorful, descriptive booklets,*** *write American President Lines, Department 5, 311 California St., San Francisco. Other offices: New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Cleveland, Seattle, Los Angeles.*

# Shop Hound

follows the men

Sun-and-glare antidote: Calobar sunglasses with tortoise-shell rims, $12; with metal rims $7.50 to $15. From Lugène, 604 Madison Ave.



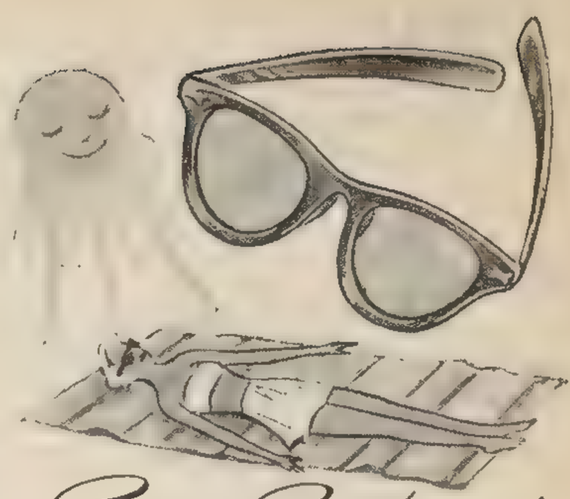
Complement for summer suits, a coconut straw hat which comes with a variety of bands to choose. (You might try a handsome India-print.) $5. F. R. Tripler, 366 Madison Ave.

For good court tactics, white wool socks, $1; sneakers with an arch-support, thick sole, $5.50. From Alex Taylor, 22 East 42nd Street.

MIEHLMANN

This is the sort of tie which weathers any season, looks well with gabardines or tweeds. Green wool, $2.50. The tie-pin of rolled gold, $1 plus tax. From F. R. Tripler.

Every man has a favourite belt, to wear and wear, and this one is destined for such use. American alligator with bronze buckle. $6.50. Gentree Ltd., 194 York St., New Haven.

Sun Seekers!

You're starred for glamour and glare-free comfort when you don Purdy's Glacial Blue Lenses in our fascinating Juno frames. Dazzling sunlight becomes cool and soothing as an overcast day.

$15 with genuine Macbeth lenses.
Ground to your prescription slightly higher.

Write for Folder "FASHIONS IN EYEWEAR"

PURDY OPTICIAN

CREATOR OF EYEWEAR STYLES
506 MADISON AVE. • NEW YORK

NEW 4-in-1 CHIP-CHOP
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR HOME BAR and KITCHEN!

Host and hostess bless CHIP-CHOP—New clever helper for all drinks and iced foods, such as fruit cups, seafood cocktails and salads. Extracts corks, opens bottles, breaks ice with own sturdy handle, crushes ice in glass.

and 4 CRUSHES ICE RIGHT IN GLASS

only $2.00

ORDER THIS HANDY HOST HELPER TO-DAY

Perfect week-end gift. Rich chrome finish, smartly Boxed. Only $2.00 postpaid

FLEETWING GIFTS, Dept. D-2
53 East 10th St., New York 3, N. Y.

WIN THE BATTLE OF YOUR BOY'S UNRULY HAIR WITH

Cowlick STICKUM STUFF

A HAIR-DRESSING FOR BOYS ONLY

ODORLESS • EASY TO USE

A hair-dressing designed "for boys only". A special formula for a special purpose, COWLICK will turn your "lick and a promise" tousled hair kid into a well-groomed lad-about-town. Easy-to-use, it really tames those stand-on-end locks . . . turns scrubby heads into neat sleekness. And there's no "sissy-sweet" odor! WAIT 'TIL DAD SEES IT—he'll soon be using it, too.

THROUGH THE MAIL ONLY . . . $1

NON-ALCOHOLIC Plus 20% tax

COWLICK CO.
11 W. Prospect Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
A Division of Nansann Chemical Co.

*Five O'Clock*
*"the champagne of perfumes"*
*by* GOURIELLI

Precious, imported flower extracts are incomparably blended in Gourielli's exciting new Five O'Clock perfume...to create a fragrance that leaves a haunting memory of a time, a place—of you! Sparkling! Long-lasting! Enchanting as only the finest perfumes can be!

**Five O'Clock Perfume, 65.00, 10.00, 3.00**
**Five O'Clock Eau de Parfum, 5.50**
*plus tax*

*GOURIELLI SALON*
**16 East 55th St., New York 22**



Dainty Beauty Dispenser

for Cold Creams

Something new for women who like nice things. Holds your favorite cream always ready for use. A light finger pressure and up comes the cream in the exact amount you want. No waste, no fussing with lids or jars. Made of durable plastic. White, yellow, pink, green, dark and pastel blue. A different color for each cream!

Fine for gift or bridge prize
*State color desired*

$1.00 EACH Postpaid

**BEAUTY DISPENSER**
(I-Odoral, Inc.)
285 Corliss St., Pittsburgh 20, Pa.



A VIRGINIA COBB Original charming party frock, entirely hand detailed of finest imported dotted Swiss, daisy edged bertha, contrasting velvet sash. Yellow with brown sash. Blue with white sash. Sizes 3-6, 7-12

This and many other attractive styles.

NATALIE, INC.
704 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

CRISP CRIB NET

THE PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT . . . and a pretty picture, too. Baby will sleep without disturbance under a canopy of starched cotton net. Pleated corners and little satin bows add the right amount of frill. In soft pink, blue, or white for summer days and nights.

*Size 60" x 74". Price—* **$10.50**
*No charges or C.O.D.'s*

*Dorothy Owen*
1809 Wauwatosa Avenue
Wauwatosa 13 Wisconsin



CUT OUT AND BUY DIRECT VIA MAIL

SEND PENNY POSTAL TODAY FOR *Free Booklet!* V

TALL GALS SIZES
8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Sizes 8½ to 12, add $1 **$16.95**

STRIP-TEASE
IT'S A HONEY! YOU'LL WEAR IT EVERYWHERE IN GOLD KID.

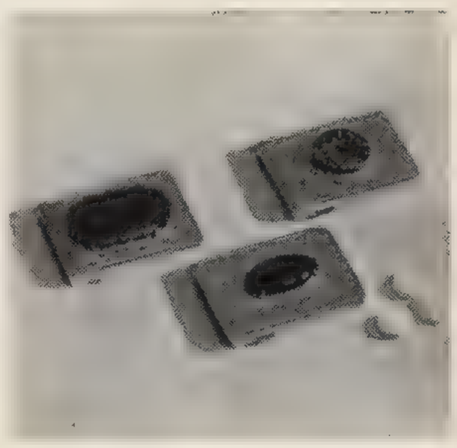
Mary L. of Tampa, Fla. writes: "The shoe you sent is a perfect fit."
SHOECRAFT nationally famed Fifth Avenue shoes are chosen by style-and-quality minded 'Tall Gals'. Perfect fit means better wear. A trial convinces. Get your copy of our FREE BOOKLET V TODAY. Smart styles! All sizes! Any pair sent on a 10 day money-back guarantee if unworn. Prompt REFUNDS. When ordering send check or money-order. Charge accounts invited. SHOECRAFT shoes are sold direct ONLY. SPECIAL! TALL GALS Extra Long Nylon Stockings Sizes 10½ to 12—Off-Black, Taupe, Toast, Suntan $1.95

SHOECRAFT
603 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 17
All sizes 2½ to 12 • AAAAA to C

# Shop

COMMUTER'S TICKET. The dress of washable Italian broadcloth; the print, a dark Paisley design, mostly deep greens, deep reds lighted with yellow. The price is $49, and the place to buy it, Sport and Travel, 511 Madison Ave., New York.

DOUBLE CASE for spectacles. Put your sunglasses on one side, your reading ones on the other and you'll be prepared for whatever comes. By Lesco, in blue and red or brown and green leather. $10.95. Bonwit Teller.



SEMI-PRECIOUS stones are set in the top of these fine-silver pillboxes. Hand-etched, imported from China, and $7.50 tax incl., post paid. Baker's "At the Sign of the Laughing Lion," 1517 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

JEWELLERY in transit will appreciate this suède case. Lined in chamois, it is carefully sectioned to keep pearls, rings, pins apart. In a variety of colours. Designed by Marianne Ostier. $10 plus tax. To buy at Jay Thorpe.

MIEHLMANN


*visit Canada's leading jewellers*

You will find an unusual variety of quality gifts to reward your visit. Fine English China and Leather—Porcelain, Crystal and Objets d'Art from Denmark, Italy, France and other Countries. All at favourable prices.

*Stores in 16 Principal Canadian Cities*

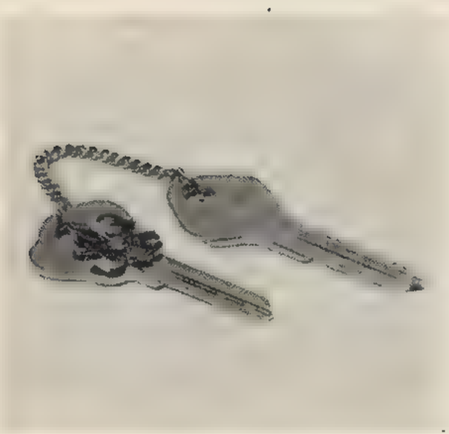
*Jewellers* BIRKS *Canada*

# Hound

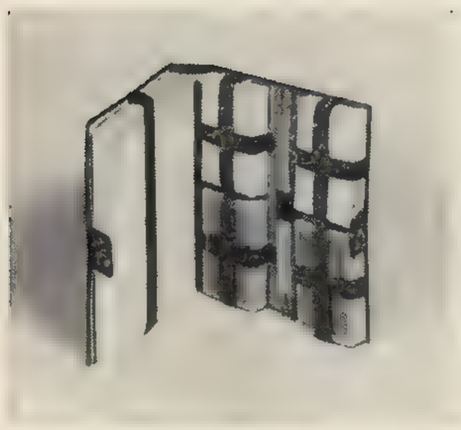
*. . . has a summer fling*

TO HOLD ivy or philodendron, a reproduction from the French. The little basin, the water-holder above, are made of brass; the wall-plaque which holds them is of birch. $16.50 postpaid. From Malcolm's House & Garden Store, Inc., 524 N. Charles St., Baltimore.

GOLD-PLATED TIME. Handsome bracelet-watch with many assets. Notable, the price, $59.50*; the 17-jewel Swiss movement, the heavy gold-plating. To be bought from Tourneau, 431 Madison Avenue. (*Tax included.)



LUCKY KEYS, for your car, and the four-leaf clover will tell you by touch in the dark which is ignition, which for the door. $6, tax inc., postpaid. State the company make of your automobile. Nilmelior, 15 East 52nd St., N. Y.



MIEHLMANN

BRIDGE OR GIN? A neat case which houses four decks of cards, pencils aplenty, and scoring pads. Good thought for card-playing voyagers. In wine, brown, or tan leather. $10, inc. tax. Dextor & Co., RCA Bldg., N. Y.


**A toddler dress that grows with your toddler**

*Snip off the button, retie the bow*
*No ripping of hem, nothing to sew*
*A guimpe for the winter, worn high or low*
*Then just relax and let toddler grow*

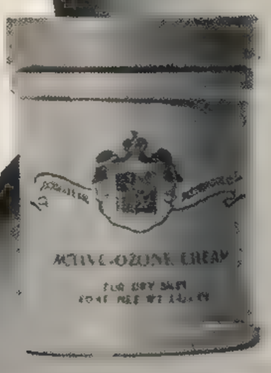
Hand detailed of finest cotton and swiss trim. Full skirt, deep hem, in pink, blue, maize or white. Adjustable for sizes 1, 2 and 3. Dress $8.95. Guimpe $2.95. Send check or money order, plus 25c for postage.

**FLYNN, INC., 4948 Maryland Ave., St. Louis, Missouri**

*for dry and sensitive skins*

*Active Ozone Cream*

Avoid summer-dry skin with Gourielli's famous Active Ozone Cream. Contains a scientific balance of moisture, oil and nascent oxygen. Helps keep skin moist, dewy-soft, lovelier looking. Wonderfully soothing and healing for externally caused blemishes. For all skins... men's, women's, children's. 2.00 *plus tax*



*GOURIELLI SALON* • 16 East 55th St., New York 22

"SUNOUT"
PAT. PEND.

Sunbathers will want these new "SUNOUT" EYE-PROTECTORS . . . so tiny they leave NO RIM MARKS . . . black topped to deflect the sun . . . soft white velour underside clings to the eyes when moistened, cooling and protecting the delicate eye tissues . . . also for sun-lamp use or relaxing the eyes . . . use over and over . . . Price, 3 Prs. $1.00. Ppd.

"SUNOUT"
**119 W. Rudisill, Fort Wayne 6, Ind.**

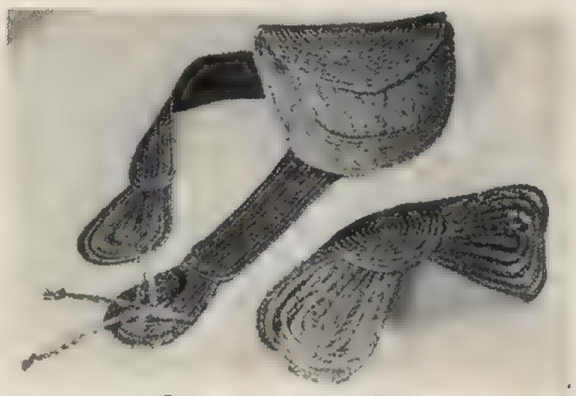
*THE GLORY OF*
**WHITE MAGIC!**

A fiery-white 3 kt. zircon gleams on your star-lit hand! This, with four superb matched diamonds, set in precious platinum . . . for lasting enchantment! $150.00 (including fed. tax).

*Mail Orders? Gladly!*
Write for Catalog V

**RAPPHEL** *Jewelers*

**47 West 57 St. • New York 19, N. Y.**



*"Trip-ing Trio"*
A MONA DOBRI ORIGINAL
**WHAT NO HAT?**

Glamour always wears one, if only just a PAT
And here you have a set - A BAG - A BELT - A HAT.
The set that needs no extra space because you pack it FLAT.
Wear it night or day in many a different way
London, Paris, or Rio, take along this TRIP-ING TRIO

**A BAG—A BELT—A HAT**

IN HAND BRAIDED, HAND SEWN STRAW—Belt 2½" wide in small, medium and large sizes—Bag—7½" x 9". TRIP-ING TRIO color choices are Wine, Red, Café Brown, Green, Gold, Yellow, Chartreuse. $16.50 postage prepaid tax incl. *Check or M.O. Delivery by Return Mail.*

**MONA DOBRI** 48 East 49th St. New York 17, N. Y.

Mary Lewis
*746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.*

**"DINGHY"**
**with sisal sole**
**3.98**
sizes 9½ to 11, 50c extra

For extra spice, contrasting color straps for only 35c pr.

**sizes 3½ to 11**
**AAA to C**
**RED • BLACK • WHITE**
**GREEN • YELLOW-SAILCLOTH**
**ALSO BLUE DENIM**
**order by mail!** Dept. V1
**Add 15c for postage.**

# La Mendola

PRESENTS

Light-hearted
Light-footed
Street Ballets
They're fun to give...
More fun to wear...

ELK SOLE

In stock: black, white, red, pink and pastel blue green kid . . . $3.25
Genuine satins: pink, white and black . . . . . $5.25
Silver and gold kid . . . . $6.25
Dyed to order . . . $1.00 extra (Satin only)

LA MENDOLA
167 West 46th Street • New York
NO C. O. D.—
ALL MAIL ORDERS POST PAID



PINAFORE with
*Party Manners*

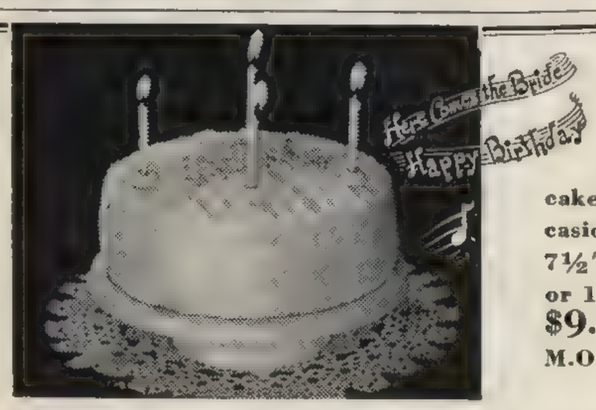
* Every little girl needs—and wants—a party pinafore like this. In crisp, flocked organdy, cool the summer-day long. Details she will love: straps to button on herself. Pretty sash that ties in back. A swish of petticoat ruffle. Pink or blue with contrasting ribbon and rick-rack, sizes 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Price $6.95 (plus 25 cents postage) No C.O.D.'s please

Send check or money order to

L. C. ELMAN
2519 So. Dunsmuir Ave., Los Angeles 16, Calif.






Have your CAKE and MUSIC, TOO!

Delight your party guests with this MUSICAL CAKE PLATE that tinkles the Birthday Song* while the cake revolves! It adds gaiety to every occasion. Durably made of metal, either 7½" disc, white enamel finish, at $7.95, or 12" disc, beautiful chromium finish, at $9.95, both postpaid. Send check or M.O.—please, NO C.O.D.'s.

*or the Wedding March

SWISS MOVEMENTS, INC.
17 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y., Dept. V

NEW REDUCING AID

for slenderizing at Home

This new reducing aid is a roller designed to fit your hand. When used in conjunction with salon treatments or your regular reducing program, it helps you to work off not-so-slim hips, thighs, ankles and arms—right in your own home. Use as often as you wish on the very spots where you want to eliminate bulges and fat. This roller works on the same principle as the roller machinery used in many beauty salons. When rolled gently, it soothes tired, tense muscles, providing an effective body massage.

*Mailed anywhere—postpaid, $5.00*

THE SLENDAROL COMPANY
Box B3, Station A • Flushing, N. Y.



JUVENIA ACCURACY

SPOTLIGHT ON Silhouette

The New, Smart, Featherweight Watch

Gold Filled - $90. (inc. fed. tax)

Stainless Steel - $71.50 (inc. fed. tax)

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Checks or money orders accepted. Pamphlet upon request.

SARAH WEINSTOCK
829 LINCOLN ROAD MIAMI BEACH, FLA.
PETOSKEY MICHIGAN

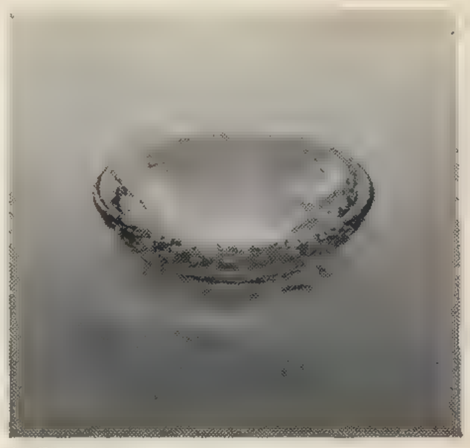
ELEGANCE JUVENIA


# Shop Hound

*. . . has a summer fling*

DELICATE BLOUSE of sheer organdie, touched with Valenciennes lace, and embroidered by a fine hand with a key, a heart, whence its name "*La clef du cœur.*" The little front peplum is detachable. Made-to-order at Boué Sœurs, 9 East 54th Street, N. Y.

VENETIAN GLASS ash tray from the island of Murano, Italy. This massive piece also serves well as a bonbon dish. In pale blue or green, or ruby-red bubble-glass. $6. At Michael of the Waldorf, Incorporated, 301 Park Ave.



MIEHLMANN


**Carry New Spot Remover with You**

Scientific Research organization comes to the rescue with RUBZOUT that you can carry with you. A sleek and sophisticated personal accessory; the powder that comes through the sponge applicator works magic on spotted clothes wherever you are. 75c postpaid. RUBZOUT DIVISION —ADA—400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

your SHOES made longer wider or re-styled by

NELSONIZING

Your shoes made longer or wider *permanently—and not by stretching* by a 69 year old factory. Shoes remade, repaired, re-styled, dyed, refitted, etc. by famous Nelsonizing methods.

Write for Free Booklet VG

SPECIAL HANDBAG DEP'T! Handbags re-made, re-styled, re-glazed like new.

B. Nelson Co.
EST. 1879 • WE MAIL EVERYWHERE
Main Office
10 E. 39 St., N.Y. 16 • MUrray Hill 9-4466
WHITE PLAINS • HARTFORD • JAMAICA
BROOKLYN • NEWARK • NEW YORK



Ellens
ALMOND CENTERED
Caramel Surprise

The Ideal Summer Candy

$1.65 11 oz.

Creamy chocolate caramels, each one stuffed with a freshly-toasted Jumbo almond . . Taste one and reach for more.

ELLENS CHOCOLATES
164 E. 91st Street, New York AT. 9-6700
Add postage if ordered direct

# Mr. Micawber was only half-right !

Mr. Micawber's financial advice to young David Copperfield is justly famous.

Translated into United States currency, it runs something like this:

> *"Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars; result, happiness. Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, two thousand and one dollars; result, misery."*

But Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

Simply *not* spending more than you make isn't enough. Every family must have a cushion of savings to fall back on... and to provide for their future security.

U. S. Savings Bonds offer one of the best ways imaginable to build savings.

Two convenient, automatic plans make the systematic purchase of Savings Bonds both sure and trouble-free:

**1.** If you work for wages or salary, join Payroll Savings — the *only* installment-buying plan.

**2.** If you're in business, or a farmer, or in a profession, and the Payroll Savings Plan is *not* available to you, then sign up at your bank for the Bond-A-Month Plan.

Each helps you build a nest egg of absolutely safe, 100% government-backed U. S. Savings Bonds. And these bonds make more money for you while you save. For after only ten years, they pay you back $400 for every $300 you put in them.

Join the Plan *you're* eligible for today! As Mr. Micawber would say: "Result, security!"

## AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING - U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

*Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.*

# If only the minutes... had been hours!

A Bermuda Cove

Bermuda's beaches offer you your choice of a secluded cove or a broad expanse . . . to sun on the powdery pink sand . . . to swim in the blue, blue water.

Quiet, colourful lanes, interlacing Bermuda from shore to shore, are ideal for idle jaunts or day-long adventures by bicycle.

Bermuda is a fairyland of flowers. White seas of lilies are everywhere. The lanes are carpeted with pink oleanders, lined with hibiscus.

THE SPELL OF BERMUDA . . . her brilliant colours, her scented air, her nearby moon, her tranquil ways . . . captures you quickly, completely. It's a spell that puts a million miles between you and worldly care. It crowds each moment of your visit to these semi-tropical isles with enough happiness to fill a memory.

EVERYTHING IS BETTER IN

**Bermuda**

*FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, write The Bermuda Trade Development Board, Hamilton, Bermuda, or 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. In planning your trip to Bermuda, your Travel Agent can give you experienced help and complete service—at no cost to you.*

# Vogue's Travelog

## A DIRECTORY OF FINE HOTELS AND RESORTS

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT THESE LISTINGS WRITE TO VOGUE'S TRAVELOG, 420 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y. 17

### *Arizona*

**TUCSON**

*SANTA RITA HOTEL.* 250 rms. Tucson's Social Cntr.; Western Hosp. & Atmosphere. Superb cuisine; famous Dance Bands, Polo, Golf. Nick Hall, Mgr.

### *California*

**CORONADO**

*HOTEL DEL CORONADO.* Overlooking Ocean. Swimming, Dancing, Sailing, Jai Alai, Races. ½ hr. to Mexico. No summer rains. H. S. Ward, Mgr.

### *Maine*

**CAMDEN**

*WHITEHALL INN.* On picturesque Penobscot Bay. A distinctive Colonial inn, excellent food, gracious service. Amer. Plan $9-$12. June 17 to Sept. 14.

**KENNEBUNK BEACH**

*THE ATLANTIS.* On the cool Maine coast. Ocean bathing, 18-hole golf at your door, tennis, riding, fishing. R. H. Bryant, owner-mgr.

**KENNEBUNKPORT**

*THE COLONY*

Overlooking ocean, beach and river at picturesque Kennebunkport. Superb food, cocktail bar, spacious porches and lounges. Safe surf bathing, beautiful beach, tennis, fishing, riding and sailing. Churches, shops, two golf courses and Summer Playhouse nearby. American Plan. Boughton Ownership Management—In Winter, The Colony, Delray Beach, Fla. N. Y. Res. Off., 630 5th Ave. CIrcle 6-6820.

**PROUT'S NECK**

*BLACK POINT INN.* An inn of Charm and character; all seaside activities; beach and pool, golf, tennis, boating. Ross W. Thompson, Mgr.

### *Massachusetts*

**EAST NORTHFIELD**

*THE NORTHFIELD AND CHATEAU.* Active sports, interesting relaxation for the family on 250 acre estate. Genuine N. E. hospitality. Open All Year.

**NANTUCKET ISLAND**

*HARBOUR HOUSE.* Strategically located opposite the Yacht Club, an inn for the discriminating—French cuisine—all out-door sports.

*SEA CLIFF INN.* Overlooking ocean. Near beaches. Bathing. Sports. Excellent Meals. $12.00 day up A.P. June 15-Sept. 8. E. C. Jellis.

**NORTH SCITUATE BEACH**

*CLIFF HOTEL & COTTAGES.* On ocean. Private beach. Sports. Terrace dining. Coffee Shop. Cocktail Lounge. Orchestra. Eur. Plan. Sensible rates.

**OSTERVILLE, CAPE COD**

*EAST BAY LODGE.* Restful surroundings, companionship with congenial families. Noted cuisine. Cocktail Lounge. Sports. $70.00 weekly up. A.P.

### *Missouri*

**KANSAS CITY**

*BELLERIVE HOTEL.* K. C.'s Social Rendezvous. Luxurious Rms., Suites. El Casbah Supper Club. Garage. Rec. by Duncan Hines. L. Larrea, Mgr.

### *Montana*

**LIVINGSTON**

*SIXTY THREE RANCH.* Located 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park, beautiful scenery, riding, fishing, pack trips, good food. Write for folder.

### *New Hampshire*

**SUGAR HILL, WHITE MOUNTAINS**

*SUNSET HILL HOUSE.* A Distinctive N. E. resort overlooking Presidential Range. Golf and Tennis free to guests. Orchestra. John E. Haslam, Mgr.

**WOLFEBORO, EAST**

*BIRCHMONT LODGE ON LAKE WENTWORTH.* Individual cabins, excellent meals. For adults. Ref. ex. $42. weekly up. R. G. Hemenway, Box 42.

### *New Jersey*

**SPRING LAKE BEACH**

*THE ESSEX & SUSSEX.* One of America's truly fine seashore resorts. Private beach. Limited accommodations available early July. C. S. Krom, Mgr.

### *New York*

**NEW YORK CITY**

*BARBIZON-PLAZA.* Midtown, overlooking Central Pk. 6 Ave.-58 St., near Radio City, theatres, shops. Choice rooms from $3.50 sgl., $6 dbl. Bklt. VM.

### *Pennsylvania*

**BEDFORD SPRINGS**

*BEDFORD SPRINGS HOTEL*

Lovely new interiors, distinctively styled throughout, harmonize happily with vacation pleasure at this historic resort. A challenging 18-hole golf course. Surreys with liveried drivers. Indoor swimming pool fed by famous mineral springs. Outdoor swimming, picnics, dancing, riding. Excellent food. Midway between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh.

### *Texas*

**HARLINGEN**

*MADISON HOTEL.* Luxurious vacation in tropical Rio Grande Valley. Non-mountain route to Mexico City. Sunshine, flowers, dancing, sports. Free Folder.

### *Vermont*

**DORSET (R. R. Station Manchester)**

*DORSET INN.* Modern comforts in an old Inn. Charm of 1796. Golf, tennis. Daily $8 up, wkly $49 up. A.P. Reservations suggested. F. O. Whittemore.

**MIDDLEBURY**

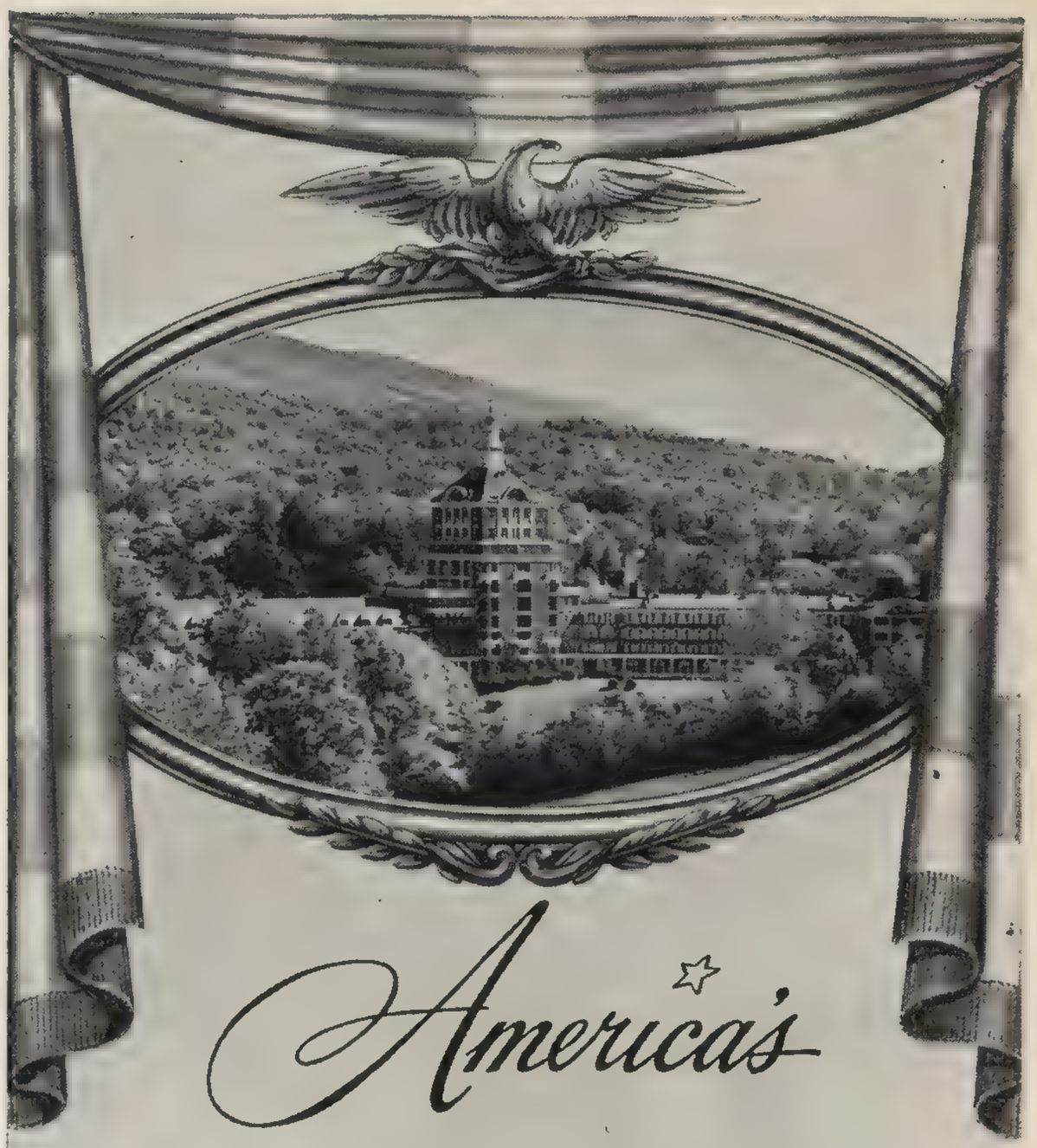
*MIDDLEBURY INN.* Vermont's finest Colonial Inn. A select vacation home in charming college town. Write Wm. N. Hearne, Mgr., for folder and rates.

### *Virginia*

**VIRGINIA BEACH**

*THE CAVALIER HOTEL*

The Aristocrat of Southern resorts. Country and seaside pleasures combine to make this year-round vacation spot truly enjoyable. Two championship golf courses. Riding, tennis, bathing . . . boating . . . fishing . . . excellent service. Guests may enjoy all facilities of the Cavalier Beach and Cabana Club—Yacht and Country Club—Saddle Club. Sidney Banks, President, Virginia Beach, Virginia.


MOST DISTINGUISHED COUNTRY HOTEL

RIDING AND DRIVING HORSES BRED AND TRAINED FOR THIS REGION

★Make this year's vacation perfect for every member of your family—come to The Homestead, world-famous Resort and Spa high in the cool Alleghanies.

Come for superb golf, tennis, riding, skeet and other sports—for the gay social scene—for energy-restoring rest and relaxation on our 17,000-acre Virginia estate.

*Booklets and rates on request to The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va., or our N. Y. office in the Waldorf, PLaza 8-2289*

TWO CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSES IN MOUNTAIN SURROUNDINGS

*The* HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

FAY INGALLS *President* HAROLD P. BOCK *General Manager*

EIGHT TOP-NOTCH TENNIS COURTS IN AN IDEAL SETTING

SOUTHERN SERVICE IN THE VIRGINIA TRADITION

# Vogue's School Directory

*FOR ADVICE, WRITE: VOGUE'S SCHOOL BUREAU, 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17*

## *N. Y. City Day Schools*

### LYCEE FRANCAIS—NEW YORK
THE FRENCH BACCALAUREATE SCHOOL
Bilingual (English & French), Amer. & European Boys & Girls, 6-18. Day. Chartered by Regents. Graduates admitted with advanced standing to American Colleges. 3 E. 95TH ST., N. Y. 28. AT 9-1460.

### DWIGHT SCHOOL FOR BOYS
AN OLD SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST STANDING
Est. 1880. All colleges and U. S. academies. 8th Grade through High. Sept. enrollment now; number limited. Ask for Catalog M-7. WINTON L. MILLER, JR., HEAD MASTER, 72 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16.

## *Girls' Schools*

### THE LENOX SCHOOL
170 EAST SEVENTIETH STREET, NEW YORK
Pre-primary through high school. College preparation and general courses. All-day plan includes supervised study and sports. Daily bus service. Booklet.
OLIVIA S. GREEN, M.A., HEADMISTRESS.

### HELEN NORFLEET
INDIVIDUAL STUDY PROGRAMS, INC.
Fine arts, business, homemaking or any desired training thru N. Y. professional schools, with cultural course under Columbia professors. Beautiful residence. Fee covers opera, theatres. 36 EAST 67TH ST., N. Y. 21.

### SEMPLE SCHOOL
351 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK 25
Resident, Day. Post-Graduate Courses, Special Cultural Courses. College Preparatory, Secretarial, Art, Music, Drama, Household Arts. Athletics. 50th Year.
MRS. T. DARRINGTON SEMPLE, PRINCIPAL.

### ACADEMY OF MT. ST. VINCENT
Founded 1847. Regents and Middle States accreditation. Beautiful location, Ramapo Hills. College Preparatory, General, Art, Music, Drama, Home Economics. All sports. Character guidance, health care. Bklt. A. TUXEDO PARK, N. Y. TEL.: TUXEDO 230.

### GARDNER SCHOOL
For girls. 1055 Fifth Avenue, New York 28. Fifth grade to postgraduate. Strong college preparatory, general academic, secretarial. Outstanding faculty in music and art. All sports.
91st year — V. Elizabeth Masland, Prin.

### THE KNOX SCHOOL
College Preparatory · Postgraduate Courses
Secretarial Science
Art, music, drama. Riding, golf, winter sports
Catalog: Director of Admissions, Box V.
Cooperstown, N. Y.

### CAZENOVIA JUNIOR COLLEGE
Liberal Arts (transfer as Junior in four-year college), business, professional training. Music, art, merchandising, secretarial, science, journalism, radio, dramatics. Individual attention. Accelerated program. Sports. Founded 1824. Catalog.
Isabel D. Phisterer, Pres., Box V
Cazenovia, N. Y.

### Edgewood Park

FOR YOUNG WOMEN
CULTURAL AND PRACTICAL ARTS
Box V — Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.
Accredited college preparatory. Advanced courses in Cultural and Practical Arts. Fine Arts. Secretarial Science. Real Estate. Medical Assistant, Home Economics, Interior Decoration, Dramatics, Costume Design. Merchandising, Kindergarten. Students from 30 states. Private baths. Lake, swimming pool, tennis courts, riding, golf, winter sports. *Write for catalog.*

## *Girls' Schools*

### HEWLETT SCHOOL
A Long Island School for Girls 6 to 18. Est. 1915. Thorough college preparation & balanced general course. Dramatics, music. Small classes. Complete sports program. Sailing. Gracious, informal living. EUGENIA V. COOPE, PRIN., EAST ISLIP, L. I., N. Y.

### CATHEDRAL SCHOOL
OF SAINT MARY, GARDEN CITY, L. I., N. Y.
An accredited Episcopal school for girls. Accessible to N. Y. Boarding and Day. 5th Grade to College. Strong preparatory and general courses. Music, art, dramatics. All sports. MARION REID MARSH, BOX V.

### DWIGHT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Thorough College Preparation, General and Post-Graduate courses. Small classes. Science, Home Economics, Art, Music. All sports. Readily accessible to New York. Catalog on request. MISS FRANCES LEGGETT, PRINCIPAL, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

### THE GILL SCHOOL
Small enough for the faculty to know each girl's capacities intimately, large enough for stimulating work and play. College preparatory and general courses. Forty acre campus, near New York's advantages. ELIZABETH A. GILL, PRINC., BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

### RYDAL HALL
Junior Department of Ogontz School. Kindergarten through ninth grade. Careful guidance of each girl's natural tendencies. Music, dancing, dramatics. French daily. 10 miles from Phila. BOX RV, ABBY A. SUTHERLAND, OGONTZ SCHOOL P.O., PA.

### THE HOLMQUIST SCHOOL
NEW HOPE, BUCKS COUNTY, PA.
Fully accredited preparation for leading colleges, beginning with Class IX. General course. Music, Art. Within easy reach of New York, Phila. & Washington. For catalogue: CHARLES C. JOHNSON, PRINCIPAL.

### PENN HALL JR. COLLEGE
Accredited 4-yr. Prep. School. 2-yr. College, Merchandising, Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Int. Dec., Cost. Des., Med. Ass't, Journalism, Secretarial. Sports, Riding. Social Life. Catalog: DR. SARAH W. BRIGGS, PRES., BOX V, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

### CENTENARY
Accredited JUNIOR COLLEGE

Education fitted to individual interests and needs in completely personalized program. A.A. degree in 2 years. Develops competent, cultured young women. Fully accredited. College transfer courses. Liberal arts, Science, Pre-professional, Aeronautics, Secretarial, Home Economics, Music, Art, Radio, Theatre. Unique guidance service. 40-acre campus only 50 miles from N.Y.C. *1949 applications only.* Write: BOX 507
HACKETTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

### KENT PLACE
*Founded in 1894*
Notable record of college preparation. Unusually broad curriculum in General Course. Excellent Music, Art and Dramatics. All sports; extensive campus and school farm. Country life with city advantages. *Catalogue on request.*
HARRIET LARNED HUNT, *Headmistress*
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

### The Beard School
For Girls. Est. 1891. Outstanding preparation for leading women's colleges in the East; also general courses. Separate Junior School. Strong Art Department. Music and Dramatics. Complete sports program. 15 miles from New York City.
*Headmistress:*
Edith M. Sutherland
Box 30 — Orange, New Jersey

## *Girls' Schools*

### KENDALL HALL SCHOOL
A distinctive school of 55 girls offering strong personal interest, successful preparation for college and very unusual outdoor life on 200-acre estate. Boston two hours. MR. AND MRS. GEORGE KENDALL, BOX 355, PETERBOROUGH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

### OAK GROVE
Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Dramatics. Grades VII thru XII. P.G. for strong Col. Prep. Riding Included. Winter Sports. New Fireproof Buildings. MR. & MRS. ROBT. OWEN, BOX 121, VASSALBORO, ME.

### ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL
Emphasizes preparation for the leading colleges. General course with music, dramatics, art, and homemaking. Hockey, riding. Other sports. Country estate, modern building. Est. 1865. Catalogue. RUTH CHANDLER SHEPARDSON, BOX V, WATERBURY, CONN.

### LARSON COLLEGE
Two and four year degree courses. Accredited Jr. College: A.A., A.S. degrees. Med. tech., home ec., fash. ill., fash. des., advtg., mdsg., dramatic arts, lib. sc., sec. and soc. ser., music, art. Four-year College. GEORGE E. LARSON, NEW HAVEN 14, CONN.

### INDIAN VIEW SCHOOL
Sister school of Indian Mountain for boys, est. 1922. Finest scholastic facilities, grades 4-8. Attractive home life and activity program. Accessible location in the Berkshires, 2½ hours from New York. Bklt. MRS. K. J. DUFF, HDM., LAKEVILLE, CONN.

### Mary A. Burnham

Successfully prepares for Smith and other colleges. Accredited. Exceptional work in music, art. Also postgraduate courses. Drama, secretarial. College town advantages. Charming colonial residences. Riding, swimming, tennis, skiing, all sports. Mensendieck system for posture. National enrollment. 70th year. Catalogue. Mrs. George Waldo Emerson, Prin., Box 43-D, Northampton, Mass.

### HOUSE IN THE PINES SCHOOLS
**Cornish School:** Splendid college entrance record. General courses. Varied sports. Excellent riding stable.
**Junior College:** Liberal arts, with art, music, household arts, secretarial, medical secretarial, equitation programs.
*Ask for Cornish or Jr. College catalog.*
RUTH F. CLEVELAND, Director
40 Pine Street, Norton, Mass.

### OGONTZ JUNIOR COLLEGE

Prepares young women to fill their proper places in life successfully. Transfer, terminal courses. Home economics (nutrition, child care), home nursing, secretarial, languages. Music, art. All sports, riding. 10 miles from Philadelphia.
Abby A. Sutherland, Box JV, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

### GRIER SCHOOL

In the Alleghenies. Accredited College Preparation and General Courses. Well-rounded school life for girls 12 to 18. Music and Art. Typing. Exceptional Riding. Winter and team sports on 1000 acres. Gym and pool. 95th year. *Catalogue.*
THOMAS C. GRIER, Head
Box 67 — Tyrone, Pa.

### HARCUM JUNIOR COLLEGE

Two-year College Courses—Academic, Art, Medical Secretarial, Music, Merchandising, Secretarial Science, Experimental Theater. Vocational guidance, practical experience, placement service. Riding and sports. Beautifully situated in a college community.
Edith Harcum, President, Box V, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

## *Girls' Schools*

### MARY C. WHEELER SCHOOL
Thorough College Preparation, training in effective study habits. Art, Music, Dancing, Dramatics, Typewriting, Sewing. Sports on 170 acre Farm, Riding, Riflery. Country residence for younger girls.
MABEL VAN NORMAN, PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.

### GARLAND SCHOOL
Homemaking and Allied Vocations. 1 & 2 year courses at college level. English, Science, Nutrition, Cookery, Budgeting, Child Development, Clothing. Art Center. Practice residences. Catalog. MRS. GLADYS V. JONES, 409 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON 15, MASS.

### ERSKINE
Two-year courses for day and resident girls of college age—liberal arts, secretarial, radio,—broadcasting, production and script writing—, social work, fine arts, music. Individualized programs. MISS ANNE A. YOUNG, DIRECTOR, 111 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

### WEST HILL SCHOOL
Training young women for responsibility and leadership in a changing world. Two-year course permits balanced program of academic subjects, arts, and secretarial training. Residence department. EDITH V. RICHARDSON, DIR., 63 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

### CHOATE SCHOOL
Country school for a limited group of girls. Near Boston. College preparatory and general courses. Small classes. Congenial home life. Basketball, hockey, riding, tennis. Catalog. AUGUSTA CHOATE, VASSAR, 1600 BEACON STREET, BROOKLINE, MASS.

### ROCKWOOD PARK
FULLY ACCREDITED COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Country environment with Boston advantages. Gracious home atmosphere. Riding. Golf. Tennis. Forest Acres Camp. Career Colony and Ranch Club in White Mts. ROCKWOOD PARK, JAMAICA PLAIN, BOSTON.

### ROGERS HALL
56 years of New England traditions. Near Boston. Thorough college preparation. One year intensive review for college. General course: secretarial training, excellent music and art. All sports. Pool.
MRS. KATHARINE MACGAY, BOX V, LOWELL, MASS.

### WALNUT HILL
Preparatory and general courses. Superior scholastic training. Music, art. Country life on 55-acre campus 17 miles from Boston. All sports, riding, skiing. Founded 1893. HESTER R. DAVIES, PRINCIPAL, 16 HIGHLAND ST., NATICK, MASS.

### LASELL JUNIOR COLLEGE
Ten miles from Boston. Liberal arts, sec'l, pre-professional, home ec., retail training, design. Art, music, dramatics. Complete athletic program including golf, riding, skiing. Catalog. RAYMOND C. WASS, PRES., 126 WOODLAND RD., AUBURNDALE, MASS.

### Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill

Accredited college preparatory and general courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics, typing, sewing. All sports. 150 acres with beautifully equipped modern building in heart of famous educational region. Private stables; professional instruction in riding, skiing. Mensendieck system for posture.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson
Box D — Greenfield, Massachusetts

### BARRINGTON
*In the Heart of the Berkshires*

Preparation for leading colleges; general course; special work in music. High, healthful 90-acre campus. Skiing and all other sports. Accessible to N. Y., Boston. Mr. & Mrs. John B. Tracy, Dirs. Address Box V, Barrington School, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

### BERKSHIRE HILLS
GIRLS' SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
For High School Graduates. Complete residential and academic facilities. Located in the heart of the picturesque Berkshires. All Sports and Social Activities. Enroll now for October.
*Director of Admissions*
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

## Girls' Schools

### SOUTHERN SEMINARY

For 81 yrs. one of America's famous schools for girls & young women. Accredited Junior College and High School. All sports. Indoor sunlit swimming pool. Riding. Catalog. MARGARET DURHAM ROBEY, PRES., BOX 107-V, BUENA VISTA, VA.

### BLACKSTONE COLLEGE

Junior college, 2 yrs. H. S. Guidance program. Terminal, transfer courses in liberal arts, music, speech, art, sec'l, home ec., phys. ed. Near Richmond. Indoor pool, riding, golf. Catalog: JOHN D. RIDDICK, PRES., BOX 108, BLACKSTONE, VA.

### ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL

Near historic Monticello. Episcopal college preparatory school. Boarding dept. grades 7 thru 12. Art, Music, Athletics, Riding. 23-acre campus. Member of Church Schools in the Diocese of Va. Catalog. ELIZABETH V. COCHRAN, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

### ST. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL

AN EPISCOPAL SCHOOL IN RICHMOND, VA. Graduates in leading Eastern colleges. Music. Art. Riding all year. Sports. Pool. Fireproof buildings. Founded 1890. Member Church Schools in Diocese of Va. SUSANNA V. TURNER, HEADMISTRESS.

### AVERETT COLLEGE

Fully accredited Junior College emphasizing liberal arts. Terminal, normal, transfer courses. Music, art, speech and dramatics, secretarial, medical secretary, library sc., physical ed., home ec. 89th yr. Endowed. Catalog. CURTIS BISHOP, BOX V, DANVILLE, VA.

### VIRGINIA INTERMONT

Endowed Jr. College and two years High School. Accredited. Music, Art, Dramatics, Journalism, Radio, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Sec'l, Library Science. Riding, swimming. Est. 1884. Moderate rates. Catalog. R. L. BRANTLEY, PH.D., BOX 127, BRISTOL, VA.

### STRATFORD

Accredited Junior College and High School. Develops personality. Music, Dramatics, Art, Int. Decoration, Costume Design, Secretarial, Journalism, etc. Sports. For "Intimate Glimpses" and Catalog, address: JOHN C. SIMPSON, PRES., BOX V, DANVILLE, VA.

### Fairfax Hall

**JUNIOR COLLEGE • PREPARATORY**

An old Virginia school noted for high scholastic standards. Accredited. 2 years college, 4 years high school. Liberal arts, fine arts, secretarial, music. Happy social life. Spacious grounds. All sports. Private stable. Indoor and outdoor pools. Catalog. **Wm. B. Gates, Pres., Box V-87, Park Station, Waynesboro, Virginia**

### SULLINS COLLEGE

**Fully accredited.** Junior College and High School. 78th year Virginia traditions. Complete Liberal Arts program; also excellent departments in Art, Music, Secretarial Science, Dramatics, Speech, Radio, Physical Education, Home Economics, Dancing. Each room has connecting bath. 327 acre campus with lake and indoor pool. Riding and show horses. All sports. *Catalog—mention interests.*

**W. E. Martin, Ph.D., Pres., Box V, Bristol, Virginia**

### GREENBRIER COLLEGE

Two years college preparatory and two years standard college work. Founded 1812. Art, Music. Dramatic Art, Secretarial. Exceptional social, recreational advantages. Modern fireproof dormitory.

**FRENCH W. THOMPSON, PRESIDENT**
**DEPT. V-8, LEWISBURG, WEST VIRGINIA**

Near Washington. Thorough college preparation. General course. Music, art, sports, riding. Beautiful gardens. Outdoor theatre. Large farm operated in connection with the school. Grades 7 through 12.

**Miss Léa M. Bouligny**
**Box 18 Warrenton, Va.**

**Warrenton** Country School

## Girls' Schools

### HARRIS FLORIDA SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED IN 1914 ACCREDITED

Separate departments for older and younger girls. Catalogue and Viewbook upon request.
1057 BRICKELL AVENUE, MIAMI, FLORIDA.

### BARTRAM SCHOOL—FLORIDA

College preparation of highest standards. Fully accredited; graduates in leading colleges. Extra-curricular music, art, dramatics, riding, pool and ocean swimming. Boarding dept. Grades VII to XII. OLGA V. PRATT (VASSAR), JACKSONVILLE 7, FLA.

### ASHLEY HALL

Accredited college preparatory and general courses in atmosphere of Southern culture. Music and art depts. Mild climate, year round outdoor sports; riding, pool. Dramatics. Lower school. Catalog. BOX V, CHARLESTON 15, S. C. MARY VARDRINE MCBEE, L.H.D.

### SALEM ACADEMY

Founded 1772. Noted for thorough college preparation in an atmosphere of gracious living. Fully accredited. Exceptional music. Sports, riding. 56-acre campus. Completely modern. Overnight from N. Y. MARY A. WEAVER, BOX V, WINSTON-SALEM 2, N. C.

### WASHINGTON SEMINARY

Fully accredited. College prep, general course. Also kindergarten—grade 8. Art, music, speech, library sci. Small classes. Healthful climate. Sports. Est. 1878. Catalog. MISS EMMA B. SCOTT, PRES., BOX V, 1640 PEACHTREE ST., N.W., ATLANTA, GA.

### MARGARET HALL

Episcopal school for girls, primary through high school. Accredited college preparatory. Modern building, swimming pool, sports. Riding. Campus of six acres. For Catalog, and View Folder, address: SISTER RACHEL, O.S.H., BOX V, VERSAILLES, KY.

### NATIONAL CATHEDRAL

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Episcopal boarding & day school, Grade IV to college. Preparatory and general courses. Strong emphasis on Dramatics, Art & Music. 58-acre Cathedral campus. MABEL B. TURNER, PRIN., WASHINGTON 16, D. C.

### Chevy Chase

Accredited Junior College. Liberal Arts Transfer, General; Art, including interior decoration, costume design and advtg. art; Home Ec.; Sec'l Science. Drama and music. 3 new buildings: Admin., Science, Enclosed pool. Riding, sports. 46th year. Catalog.
**Frances R. Brown, M.A., Pres., Box V, 6410 Connecticut Ave., Washington 15, D.C.**

### Marjorie Webster

**JUNIOR COLLEGE**

In Capital's finest residential section. Accredited. 2-year liberal arts and terminal courses. Physical education, kindergarten. Dramatics, radio. Music. Commercial and fine arts. Secretarial. Indoor pool, gymnasium. 12-acre campus. Sports. Catalog.
**Box V, Rock Creek Park Estates, Washington 12, D.C.**

### Webber College

*Founded by Mrs. Roger W. Babson*

Distinctive Career Training—retailing, secretarial, advertising and public relations, general business, investment management. 1 and 2-year courses. B.B.S. degree. H.S. graduates, college women. Sports, private beach. 21st year. Catalog. **Paul C. Staake, Pres.**
**Box V, Babson Park, Fla.**

### RIDDLE COLLEGE

**INTER-AMERICAN**

Coed junior college. Liberal arts and pre-professional subjects. Business administration, bi-lingual sec'l, junior executive. A.A. degree. 16-wk. intensified Spanish and Portuguese language course. Summer term. GI-approved. Catalog. **Registrar, Dept. V, 137 Coral Way, Coral Gables, Fla.**

## Girls' Schools

### WILLIAM WOODS COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College courses (transfer, terminal, pre-professional). A.A. degree in Liberal and Fine Arts; Music, Home Ec., Medical and Dental Secretarial. Costume Design. Sports. Private lake. 58th year. Catalog. H. L. SMITH, BOX C, FULTON, MO.

### CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

Accredited Junior College and Conservatory (A.A. degree). Terminal, transfer pre-career courses. Music, Art, Drama, Sec'l, Nursing, Int. Dec., Costume Design, Home Mgmt. Pool, riding. 97th year. Catalog. JAMES C. MILLER, PH.D., BOX C, COLUMBIA, MO.

### GULF PARK COLLEGE

By-the-Sea. Accredited Jr. College. Also 2-year high school. Music, art, speech and theatre arts, home ec., sec'l. Outdoor sports all year. Riding, aviation, salt water sports, fresh water pool. Catalog: RICHARD G. COX, BOX V, GULFPORT, MISS.

### SAINT MARY'S HALL

Episcopal. Accredited college prep and general courses for girls. Music, art, crafts, dramatics, sec'l. Spacious campus. Beautiful modern buildings. Sports. 82nd yr. Catalog. PHYLLIS M. NEWMAN, M.A., BOX A, FARIBAULT, MINN.

### FRANCES SHIMER

Accredited Junior College. Grades 11-14. Liberal and fine arts, music, drama. Home Ec. Small classes, limited enrollment. All sports, excellent riding facilities. Inclusive fee. 96th year. Catalog. ALBIN C. BRO, PRES., BOX 578, MT. CARROLL, ILL.

### FERRY HALL

One of the oldest, most distinguished boarding schools for girls in the Middle West, with a fine modern plant. Accredited college preparation as well as a general course. On Lake Michigan, near Chicago. Catalogue. FRANCES G. WALLACE, BOX 4, LAKE FOREST, ILL.

### TUDOR HALL

Thorough college preparation. General courses. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. Varied student activities. Physical fitness emphasized. Sports, swimming pool. I. HILDA STEWART, PRINCIPAL, 3180 MERIDIAN ST., INDIANAPOLIS 8, INDIANA.

### KINGSWOOD-CRANBROOK

Boarding, grades 9-12; day, grades 7-12. College preparatory, general courses. On Lake near Detroit. Music, dramatics, sports, home economics. Unusual opportunities in art, sciences, handicrafts. Catalogue. 145 CRANBROOK RD., BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

### SAN LUIS RANCH SCHOOL

For girls 8-18. College preparatory, general courses. Thorough scholastic work. Dry, sunny climate. Outdoor life and sports all winter—tennis, riding, instruction for each girl, skating, skiing. MRS. ROBERT R. POTTER, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

### Brownmoor

A SCHOOL IN ARIZONA
***at Phoenix***

A school of high standards, preparing for Eastern and Western colleges. Seventh grade through high school. Art and music an integral part of program. Outdoor sports featuring riding. Pool. Inclusive fee. *For catalogue, address:*
Mrs. Mary Atwell Moore, Director
Brownmoor School Phoenix, Arizona

### RADFORD

**In the healthful climate of Southwestern Texas** Radford girls study, play, and live zestfully and happily. Accredited college preparation in small groups in sunny patio classes; spacious playing-fields and all sports; camping, riding trips, excursions. Graduates have made exceptional records in Eastern colleges. Music, art, secretarial, physical education. Enrolment limited. Endowed. Not for profit. Est. 1910. Catalog. **Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., Prin., 4500 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas.**

### FAIRMONT-CASEMENTS

**Junior College and Preparatory School at Ormond Beach, Florida.**
**(credits transferable)**

Situated on magnificent estate with both river and ocean frontage—reputedly most healthful location on East Coast. Offers liberal arts, fine arts, costume design, commercial art, interior decoration, domestic arts, radio, dramatics, merchandising, secretarial, social service, dancing, music. Delightful social life and outdoor activities including surf bathing, riding, boating, tennis and golf. **For catalog (specify junior college or preparatory school) and view folder, address: Maud van Woy, A.B., Box T, Ormond Beach, Florida.**

## Girls' Schools

### SANTA BARBARA

HIGH SCHOOL AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

Accredited. College Board Examinations. Music, Art, Dramatics. Small Classes. Riding, Outdoor pool. Address: MOTHER SUPERIOR
MARYMOUNT, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

### ANNA HEAD SCHOOL

Est. 1887. College Prep. & General Courses. Accredited—East and West. Post Graduate Dept. Lower School. Outdoor Life. Tennis. Swimming. Hockey. Riding. T. R. HYDE, M.A. (YALE), LEA HYDE, B.A. (SMITH), 2532 CHANNING WAY, BERKELEY, CALIF.

## Postgraduate

### THE BARMORE SCHOOL

CULTURAL AND CAREER COURSES

For high-school and college women. Advertising, Fashion Merchandising, Secretarial, Interior Decorating, Art, Dramatics, Radio, Liberal Arts. Day & resident. Placement. 15 E. 70 ST., N. Y. 21. BU 8-0556.

## Colleges

### LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

Accredited. Senior College. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Also 2-yr. Junior College. Modernized curriculum prepares for civic and social leadership. Counselling. Special work in music, art. Sports. Near St. Louis. Catalog. PRES., BOX 448, ST. CHARLES, MO.

### COE COLLEGE

One of the leading medium sized colleges of the country. A.B., B.M. degrees. Emphasis on liberal arts and music. Located in residence district of charming, small city. Dormitories, ample buildings and campus. Coed. REGISTRAR, BOX 478, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

### SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS

Accredited standard college. B.A., B.S. degrees. Music, art, commerce, journalism, home ec., teacher training, speech, radio. Spacious campus. Archery, tennis, riding. Early registration advised. Catalog. BOX 88, SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS, IND.

### MARYLAND COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN

A.B., B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts. Merchandising, Home Ec., Music, Secretarial, Kindergarten Training. Riding. Sports. Near Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington. Catalog. BOX V-7, LUTHERVILLE, MD.

### MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

**Los Angeles, California**

A.B., B.S. Degrees. Liberal Arts. Home Ec., Pre-Nursing, Commerce, Education. Also 2 yr. curriculum in music, art, homemaking, secretarial, merchandising. Outdoor sports. Resident and day students.
**Foreign study:**
*Paris, Rome, Quebec, Rio de Janeiro.*

## Special Schools

### THE BROWN SCHOOLS, INC.

Special attention given to educational & emotional difficulties. Four units. Full time Psychologist. Registered nurses. Pool. Fireproof buildings. Ranch. Camp. PAUL L. WHITE, M.D., F.A.P.A., MEDICAL DIR. BERT V. BROWN, DIRECTOR, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

### THE MARY POGUE SCHOOL

For the exceptional child, special training in academics, speech, music, individual social adjustment, occupational and physical therapy programs. Separate buildings for boys and girls. Catalog.
46 GENEVA ROAD, WHEATON, ILL. (near Chicago).

### MATTHEWS SCHOOL

Boys and girls 5-14. Educational, emotional, retardation, speech problems. Small enrollment. Specialized individual attention. Full-time psychologist. MISS HELEN MATTHEWS, M.A., BOX V, LA PAIX LANE, BALTIMORE 4, MARYLAND.

### THE WOODS SCHOOLS

For Exceptional Children Three Separate Schools
Girls Little Folks Boys
BOX 169, LANGHORNE, PA.
MOLLIE WOODS HARE, PRINCIPAL

### BRETT SCHOOL

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE POCONOS

Intensive, highly individualized personal training for a small group of girls. For information write: CATHERINE V. BRETT, M.A., DIRECTOR, DINGMANS FERRY, PA.

### HOPELANDS

EAST GREENWICH, RHODE ISLAND

A country school, beautifully located, from which many children, rejected by educational authorities, have been sent to regular schools and normal living. Swimming, riding, etc. Booklet. MRS. JO KING WALPOLE, DIR.

## Boys' Schools

### NORTHWOOD SCHOOL

Ideal Conditions for Study. Outstanding Winter Sports. Experienced Educational Guidance and Close Individual Attention. Enviable College Preparatory Record. Write for special literature. DR. IRA A. FLINNER, BOX 103, LAKE PLACID CLUB, N. Y.

### ADIRONDACK-FLORIDA

Prepares for all colleges. Boys 12-18 spend the spring and fall near Lake Placid; winter in Coconut Grove, Fla. Limited enrollment. Work program for each boy. Swimming, sailing, fishing, tennis. D. PIERRE CAMERON, HDM., ONCHIOTA, N. Y.

### BROWN SCHOOL

Intensive college preparation for boys, grades 10, 11, 12. Emphasis on good study habits. Every '47 graduate admitted to college. Registered N. Y. State Regents. Summer Session. Catalog. ROY F. WRIGHT & L. F. PIKE, DIRS., SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

### RIVERDALE SCHOOL

FOUNDED 1907

FRANK S. HACKETT, HEADMASTER

BOX V, RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK CITY

### IRVING SCHOOL

Thorough preparation for all colleges. Grades 6 to 12. Certificate privileges. Regents accredited. Small classes. All sports. 25 miles from New York City. 110th year. Catalog. C. WALTER OLSON, HEADMASTER, BOX 778, TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

### ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL

College preparatory. Separate Junior School. Small classes. Supervised study. Gym, pool. Military training. All sports. 45 minutes to New York City. Moderate rate. 106th year. Catalogue.
WILLIAM A. RANNEY, OSSINING-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

### KOHUT

for boys. Lower, Upper schools—progressive program, college entrance. Small classes. Superb advantages, refined atmosphere; all sports, hobbies. Operating 40 years. 45 minutes from N. Y. C. Booklet C.
H. J. KUGEL, PRIN., KOHUT SCHOOL, HARRISON, N. Y.

### MALCOLM GORDON SCHOOL

A small school for boys 8 to 14 in a homelike atmosphere. Prepares for leading Eastern secondary schools. Supervised study. Skiing, ice hockey, team sports. 50 acres, overlooking West Point. Founded 1927. DAVID G. GORDON, GARRISON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

### NYACK JUNIOR SCHOOL

Grades 2 through 9. Beautiful estate overlooking Hudson River. 19 miles from New York City. Atmosphere of well-appointed home. Capable staff assures sympathetic care. Summer school. Write for catalog. HEADMASTER, BOX V, NYACK, N. Y.

### ★ MANLIUS ★

ACCREDITED college preparatory and 8th grade; tutorial assistance included. Small classes. Military training develops initiative, character, fitness. ROTC. Prepares for Government Academies. Skiing. All sports. Seven athletic fields. Golf. 125-acre campus. Visitors welcome. Catalog. **Director of Admissions, Box 378, Manlius, N. Y.**

### EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

**Individualized Plan—Each Student a Class**

For those with educational problems—successful college preparation and general education. Our tests (1) discover causes of difficulties; (2) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (3) make up lost time; (4) instill confidence. **Not everyone needs Oxford, but he who needs us, needs us badly.**
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster.
*Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 41 years' experience.*

**OXFORD ACADEMY** Box K-95 Pleasantville, N. J.

## Boys' Schools

### PEDDIE

Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Jr. School. Small classes. Public speaking course required. Sports. Gym, playing fields, golf, pool. Summer session. 83rd yr. Catalog. HEADMASTER, BOX 7-V, HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

### BORDENTOWN MILITARY

Fully accredited. College preparatory. Business and general courses. Outstanding record of college entrance. R.O.T.C. Boys taught how to study. Junior school. 63rd year. Summer session. Catalog.
REGISTRAR, BOX 247, BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

### THE HUN SCHOOL

A small college preparatory school for boys, 13-18. Emphasis on sound academic training, development of initiative, responsibility. Competitive sports. 40-acre campus. Summer session. R. G. MCALLEN, HDM., 112 EDGERSTOUNE RD., PRINCETON, N. J.

### LANDON SCHOOL

Strict college preparation. Small study groups. Limited enrolment. Separate lower school. Sports. 75-acre wooded campus closely suburban to Washington. Catalog. PAUL L. BANFIELD, HEADMASTER, BOX V, BRADLEY LANE, BETHESDA, WASH. 14, D. C.

### ST. JAMES SCHOOL

AN EPISCOPAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS 12-18

Excellent college record. Fully accredited. 106th year. Superior faculty. Limited to 115 boys. Mild climate. Usual sports. Easily accessible. Catalog. VERNON G. KELLETT, PH.D., HEAD, ST. JAMES, MD.

### LONGWOOD ACCREDITED BOYS' SCHOOL

**Prepares for Annapolis, West Point, All Colleges**
Grades 7-12. Small classes. 260 acres suburban Washington. Later-life sports; golf, tennis, 195 ft. swimming pool. Interschool sports. Finest of everything for the physical and mental improvement of your son. New fireproof dorms. Excellent table supplied by own farm. Rates moderate. Summer session and summer camp.
**The Longwood School, Box 182-V, Olney, Md.**

### GEORGETOWN Preparatory School

Successful preparation for leading colleges and universities since 1789. Under Jesuit Fathers. Fully accredited. 7th grade through High School. 93 acres of campus and playing fields. Boys enjoy advantages of Washington. For catalog and view book, address:
**Rev. Wm. V. Maloney, S.J., Headmaster, Garrett Park, Maryland. Suburban to Washington, D. C.**

### FARRAGUT NAVAL ACADEMIES

**A Choice of Two Separate Schools.** Toms River, N. J.; St. Petersburg, Fla. Fully accredited. Prepare for **all colleges**, gov't academies. **Jr. School.** Highest Navy Dept. rating. Guidance. All land and water sports. **Also summer camp.** *Specify catalog desired.*
**Admiral Farragut Academy Box V, Toms River, N. J.**

Ask Vogue for school information.

### VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

*AT THE NATION'S SHRINE*

**Valley Forge graduates are leaders in Peace as they were in War. College Prep & Jr. Coll. for young gentlemen 12-20. Parents appreciate small, personalized classes, our modern guidance & testing bureau, and reading clinic. Faculty of distinguished specialists. Special emphasis on body development by experts. All varsity sports, with swimming. Intramural athletic program for every boy. 30 modern fireproof bldgs. Motorized Field Artillery, Cavalry (75 horses), Infantry, Band. Sr. R. O. T. C.**

**For Catalog Address Box H, Wayne, Pa.**

## Boys' Schools

### SOLEBURY SCHOOL

College preparation that looks ahead to professional goals. A friendly school for boys 12-18 in which masters and boys work closely together. Remedial Reading. Strong testing program. In Bucks County. ARTHUR H. WASHBURN, BOX G, NEW HOPE, PA.

### MILFORD PREPARATORY

Famous for its Teaching. Personal attention in very small classes. Successful study habits. Full development of each boy's abilities. Grades 8-12. 33rd year preparing boys for leading colleges. All activities. WM. V. PEARSON, HEADMASTER, MILFORD, CONN.

### CHESHIRE ACADEMY

A pioneer in personal attention to the individual boy. Small classes, flexible programs, accelerated progress. College prep. Graduation Jan., June, Sept. Summer Session. Junior School. Athletics for all. A. V. SHERIFF, HEADMASTER, CHESHIRE, CONN.

### RUMSEY HALL

For active, alert boys from 7 to 15. Outstanding preparation for leading secondary schools. Development of individual abilities. Football, baseball, riflery, skiing. 90 miles from N. Y. in the Berkshires. 48th year. Send for booklet: BOX 120, CORNWALL, CONN.

### RECTORY SCHOOL

A country boarding school for 50 boys 8-15. 200 acres include farm. Boys have adjoining single rooms according to age. Graduates enter all leading preparatory schools. 27th year. HEADMASTER, JOHN BRITTAIN BIGELOW, B.A., POMFRET, CONN.

### BUXTON SCHOOL

Coeducational college preparatory school in the Berkshire Hills. 140 acres. After 19 years as Buxton Senior School in Short Hills, N. J. Creative arts, sports and sound academic education. Work program. ELLEN GEER SANGSTER, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

### FAY SCHOOL

For younger boys, 6-14. Vigorous, healthy school life emphasizing self-government, strong scholarship, character, and genuine achievement. Fully equipped, in country setting near Boston. All sports. 82nd year. Ask for catalog: BOX 115, SOUTHBOROUGH, MASS.

### EMERSON SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A country boarding school 50 miles from Boston. Boys 8-15. Small classes taught by men teachers. Graduates enter leading preparatory schools. Homelike surroundings. Supervised sports. Catalog. EDWARD E. EMERSON, HEADMASTER, BOX V, EXETER, N. H.

### HOLDERNESS

In the heart of the skiing country. Episcopal. 75 boys 12 to 18. Faculty of 12. Thorough college preparation. Varied athletic program; team sports, riding. Outing cabin. Craft Shop. Art, Music, Dramatics. EDRIC A. WELD, RECTOR, BOX 200, PLYMOUTH, N. H.

### HAMPSHIRE COUNTRY SCHOOL For Boys

NORTH RIDING
MASON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A year round country boarding school 50 miles from Boston. Ages 10 to 18. A school program with camp activities. Highly individualized remedial tutoring based on intensive diagnostic studies. Over 500 acres rich in wild life and topographical attractions including 3 sizeable ponds.
**Director, Henry C. Patey,** CONSULTING PSYCHOLOGIST

### AVON OLD FARMS

Boys—Grades 7-12—Tradition of Superior academic achievement. Sports, including polo—3800 acres. Magnificent school facilities—Accepting Enrollments for September Session, 1948. *Write:*
**Registrar, Box V, Avon, Conn.**

### LEICESTER JUNIOR COLLEGE (FOR MEN)

One of America's oldest educational institutions offers two-year college course in Business Administration leading to degree. Salesmanship, marketing, advertising, industrial management, law, accounting, and full business training. Placement assistance. Full sports' schedule. If drafted, refund prorated. Cat.
**Registrar, Box 258-V, Leicester, Mass.**

## Boys' Schools

### THOMAS JEFFERSON SCHOOL

Distinctly college preparatory; all faculty Harvard, Yale, Princeton graduates. 4 years high school. 15 miles from St. Louis. Excellent living, athletic & recreational facilities. ROBIN V. MCCOY, ROUTE 6, ST. LOUIS 23, MISSOURI.

### BRECK SCHOOL

College prep in healthful suburban location. Also grades 1 to 8. Small classes. Varied program of activities. Athletics. Riding. Winter sports. Summer camp. Sister camp. Moderate. Catalog. C. H. DESROCHERS, BOX B, 2477 COMO AVE. W., ST. PAUL 8, MINN.

### TODD SCHOOL

—discovers and develops talents in boys aged 6 to 18. 100th Year. Accredited. Individual College Preparation; and Lower School. How-to-Study taught. Camp. Hour from Chicago. All sports. Riding. Catalog: ROGER HILL, PRIN., BOX V, WOODSTOCK, ILL.

### MORGAN PARK MILITARY

Complete development of every boy. Fully accredited college prep. High academic standards. ROTC. Sports. Suburb, 15 miles from Chicago. Lower school. 76th year. Catalog. COL. SANDFORD SELLERS, JR., BOX 678, MORGAN PARK, CHICAGO 43, ILL.

### CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

Thorough preparation for college. High scholastic standards. Careful guidance. Develops initiative, stamina, character. Exceptional facilities. Senior Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry ROTC units, band. All sports. Catalog. 710 PERSHING AVE., CULVER, IND.

### HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Training young Americans for leadership. R.O.T.C. Accredited college preparatory, business courses. Boys taught how to live. Junior school. Sports. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. BURRETT B. BOUTON, M.A., 1578 ACADEMY PLACE, HOWE, INDIANA.

### KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

High School and Junior College—104th year. Accredited education with military training. ROTC. Small classes. Varied cultural program. Sports for all. Swimming pool. New stadium. Write for catalog. COL. A. M. HITCH, 178 THIRD ST., BOONVILLE, MO.

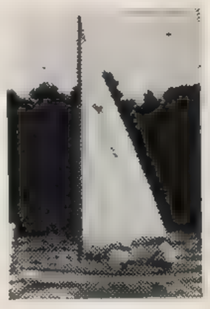
### MISSOURI MILITARY ACAD.

and Junior School. 60th year. Fully accredited R.O.T.C. Friendly teachers inspire boy to excel—complete guidance program prepares him for future. All sports. 5 athletic fields. Campus. Riding. Catalog. COL. C. R. STRIBLING, 878 MAIN, MEXICO, MO.

### WENTWORTH MILIT. ACAD.

69th Yr. 4 Yr. High School. Separate 2 Yr. College. Sr. R.O.T.C., C.A.A. Flying. All accredited. Large Gym. Indoor pool. All sports. Riding. Marksmanship. Country Club. Summer School. Catalog. COL. J. M. SELLERS, 978 WASH. PLACE, LEXINGTON, MO.

### NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY

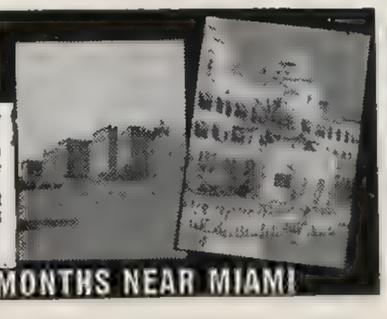


- Thorough college preparation.
- ROTC. Highest gov't rating.
- All sports. Fleet of boats.
- On Lake Geneva, 75 miles Chicago. Summer camp. 60th year. Catalog. **47 Lake Shore Road, Lake Geneva, Wis.**

### ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited college preparation in the heart of Wisconsin's land o' lakes, within easy driving distance of Chicago. Grades 8-12. Balanced program. Excellent faculty. Riding, golf, rifle marksmanship, sailing. Winter sports. Flying. Summer session. 64th year. Write for catalog.
**978 De Koven Hall**
**Delafield Wisconsin**
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY



Fully accredited preparation all colleges. Also Post Graduate and Junior College. Separate school for younger boys. Economical, all-inclusive rate. Highest official Army rating. Constant association with selected faculty, all living in same buildings and eating at same tables with cadets. Progress GUARANTEED. Weekly reports.

Improved health and interest through two complete school plants: Fall and Spring in Georgia mountains; Winter at Hollywood (near Miami), Florida. *For illustrated Catalog, address:*
**GENERAL SANDY BEAVER, Pres., Box 907-V, Gainesville, Georgia**

**6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS • • 3 WINTER MONTHS NEAR MIAMI**

### VERDE VALLEY SCHOOL

**Prepares for college and world citizenship**

This unique Arizona school thoroughly prepares for all colleges. It trains toward peace through appreciation of unifying forces that bind all peoples. Visits to Indian reservations, Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, etc., pose minority problems, show earth's strata, plant and animal life. Location 130 miles from Phoenix. Sports. Boys accepted October 1 for grades 7, 8 and 9. CATALOG. **Hamilton Warren, Exec. Dir., Box 90, Sedona, Arizona.**

## Boys' Schools

### JUDSON SCHOOL, ARIZONA
Western ranch school with high scholastic standing, in warm, dry climate. Riding, polo, tennis, swimming, trips. Balanced studies and recreation. Boys 6-18. Accredited. Booklet. J. T. FIELD, COHASSET, MASS.: H. T. WICK, BOX 1431, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

### BLACK-FOXE MILITARY
Approved by particular parents. Accredited college prep—all grades through high school—in healthful climate. High standards. Small classes, individual progress. Year-round outdoor sports, expert coaches. Catalog. 650 N. WILCOX, LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF.

### THE TENNEY SCHOOL
FORT DAVIS, TEXAS
Meets most exacting college requirements. Mile high ranch in beautiful Davis Mts. Mild invigorating climate. Riding, sports. Enrollment limited to 30 boys, ages 14-19. ASA TENNEY, HEADMASTER.

### CASTLE HEIGHTS MIL. ACAD.
Sr. Unit R.O.T.C. High School, Jr. College, separate Junior School. Summer School. Camp. Non-profit. For Catalog and "22 Points", address: COL. H. V. ARMSTRONG, PRES., LEBANON (near Nashville), Tenn.

### GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY
COLLEGE PARK, GA. (8 MI. FROM ATLANTA)
Winter and Summer School. Prep School—Junior College—Separate Junior School—Senior R.O.T.C.—Aviation. Accredited. Yearly expense $1025. Write to COL. W. V. BREWSTER, PRES.

### MIAMI COUNTRY SCHOOL
DAY AND RESIDENT
For boys, grades 1 thru 8. Home atmosphere. Small classes. Excellent health record. Supervised outdoor activities. Beautiful 10-acre campus. Est. 1938. PROF. L. B. SOMMERS, P.O. BOX O, MIAMI 38, FLA.

### GRAHAM-ECKES SCHOOL
Est. 1926. Fully accredited. Thorough college prep., Fine Arts courses. Enrolment limit 100. Sailing, salt water pool, tennis, fencing. Work program for all. Boarding only. 8½ acre ocean-to-lake campus. L. K. MARQUIS, HEADMASTER, PALM BEACH, FLA.

### THE BOLLES SCHOOL
Boys. Grades 6-12. Accredited preparation for colleges. Small classes. Individual attention. All sports. Year-round golf, tennis. Outdoor swimming pool. Naval or military training. Boats. Band. Catalog. REGISTRAR, BOX 5037-V, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

### FLORIDA MILITARY ACAD.
One of the outstanding schools of the South. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Separate Junior School. Recreation center on Gulf of Mexico. All-inclusive rate. Limited enrollment. COL. WALTER B. MENDELS, PRESIDENT, BOX 8, ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA.

### AUGUSTA MILITARY
In Shenandoah Valley. Prepares for Universities, West Point, Annapolis. R.O.T.C. Gym, pool, all sports. Fully accredited. 84th yr. Capacity enrolment last year. Catalogue: COLONEL CHARLES S. ROLLER, JR., BOX V, FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA.

### FISHBURNE MILITARY
Accredited college preparatory emphasizing academic excellence. 69th session. All sports, social program. Individual guidance. War Department R.O.T.C. Highest gov't rating. Catalog and viewbook. COL. MORGAN H. HUDGINS, BOX V-8, WAYNESBORO, VA.

### STUYVESANT—FOR BOYS
A small and distinctive school with excellent spirit. Accredited college preparation. Grades 4-12. An understanding faculty builds sound academic habits. Sports, varied activities. 40 miles from Washington. Catalog. D. A. WILLIAMSON, BOX V, WARRENTON, VA.

### FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

EMPHASIS on character, personality, academic excellence. Accredited prep, also post-grad, for college, business. Small classes. ROTC. Highest Gov't rating. 16 modern bldgs. New gym, all sports, bands. LOWER SCHOOL: (Grades 1-7) Separate buildings, gym. 51st year. *Catalog.*
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 907, Fork Union, Va.

### STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

★ Distinguished academic record. Successfully prepares for college.
★ Fully accredited. Business courses available. Thorough military training develops poise, self-reliance. ROTC unit. Army's highest rating. Complete athletic program.
★ Superior health record. Separate Jr. School. Visitors welcome. Catalog: Supt., Box V7, Staunton, Va.

## Coeducational Schools

### WOODSTOCK SCHOOL
A Modern School in Vermont Ski Country. Boys and girls 12-18. High scholastic standards, college preparation with exceptional facilities in science, history and the arts. Farming. Informal country life. HEADMASTER, BOX G, WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

### HICKORY RIDGE SCHOOL
Cooperative family living, boys and girls 8-14. Vermont environment. Personality Development. Secondary School preparation. Orchestra. Dramatics, Art, Shop; Horsemanship; Work-jobs; Skiing. Camping. Sports; Trips. PHILIP B. CHASE, DIR., PUTNEY, VT.

### THE BROOKSIDE SCHOOL
Coeducational—Grades 1-12. Highly trained and Experienced Staff—Standard curriculum—Exceptional Buildings and facilities for Year-round care. Write I. M. ALTARAZ, GREAT BARRINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS, OR TELEPHONE: NEW YORK CITY, CO 5-3591.

### MERRICOURT
"JUST THE PLACE FOR CHILDREN"
Safe—Happy—Homelike. Country boarding school and camp for small, select group of boys and girls aged 4 to 13. Open the year-round. Easily accessible. REV. AND MRS. M. V. WHITFORD, BERLIN, CONN.

### SUNNY HILLS
Co-ed Pre-school thru 6th grade. Sympathetic understanding & cooperation insure happy children who love their work. Academic, social & physical progress is constant. (H.S. DEPT.—SANDFORD PREP. SCH.). ELLEN Q. SAWIN, BOX 40, HOCKESSIN, DEL.

### THE TARRYTOWN SCHOOL
For boys and girls 8 to 14. Year-round program on beautiful Westchester estate. Accredited. Emphasis on health, home life. Riding, sports. School for young children at Scarborough. Endowed. Send for catalog. BOX 218-B, TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

### TUXEDO PARK
A boarding school for children. Beautiful estate 32 miles from N. Y. Five- and seven-day boarders. Accredited. Prepares for leading secondary schools. Grades 1-8. Music, Art, Dancing, Shop, Skiing, Sports. WM. G. YARDLEY, HEAD, TUXEDO PARK, NEW YORK.

### VIEWPOINT
A Coeducational School, Grades 5 through 12. Chartered by New York Regents, offering general course and college preparation. Class work integrated with recreation and operation of 500-acre farm. Sports, art, music. Summer program offers tutoring and camp life. Fee includes riding.
Katharine M. Lake, Secretary
Viewpoint School Amenia, New York

### GREEN CHIMNEYS
farm for little folk
A child's dream come true! Pets, farm animals, 74 acre boarding farm for just 20 tots from 3 to 7. Everything provided—no extras. Medical exam. Trained personnel, registered nurses, under supervision of M.D. Near Brewster, N. Y. Fall applications accepted now. Write for brochure!
Dr. S. B. Ross • Hotel Roosevelt, N.Y. 17 • MU 6-6660

### SUNSHINE SCHOOLS

Warm, sunny days all winter. Healthful, happy outdoor life. Excellent public schools from kindergarten through 2-yr. Jr. College. Splendid private schools, including Florida Military Academy and Admiral Farragut Academy. For school booklet, write P. H. Davenport, Chamber of Commerce—
ST. PETERSBURG • FLORIDA

## Coeducational Schools

### ELGIN ACADEMY
Prepares for leading colleges. Grades 7-12. Small classes, excellent faculty. Coeducational. Gymnasium, pool, art gallery. Music, dramatics, sports. Near Chicago. Endowed. Est. 1839. Catalog. EDWARD T. DROSTE, 223 ACADEMY PLACE, ELGIN, ILL.

### WAYLAND ACADEMY
Prepares boys and girls for all colleges. Small classes, supervised study. Religious, home atmosphere. Music, dramatics. Commercial dept. Athletics. New gym, pool. Dormitories. Grades 8 to 12. 93rd year. WEIMER K. HICKS, BOX 61, BEAVER DAM, WIS.

## Music

### ELEANOR SEARLE WHITNEY
School of Music of Florida Southern College. Accredited. 4-yr. B.S. degree courses—piano, voice, instrumental, teaching. Also 3-yr. diploma, applied music. Distinguished faculty. Catalog. LUDD M. SPIVEY, PRES., BOX V, LAKELAND, FLA.

When writing for advice on the choice of a school, you will help us to serve you better by telling us whether your child is a girl or a boy—also give age, and previous schooling.

## Teacher Training

### MILLS SCHOOL
Offers four years stimulating life in New York City while preparing for work with children 2-9 years of age. B.S. in Education (Adelphi College). Equally valuable for teaching or homemaking. Information: DEAN AMY HOSTLER, BOX V, 66-5TH AVE., N.Y. 11.

### CHILD EDUCATION
FOUNDATION
Prepares teachers for Nursery, Kindergarten, Primary. B.S. in Ed. from Adelphi College, State Certification. Modern residence. Demonstration School.
535 EAST 84TH ST., NEW YORK 28.

### NATIONAL COLLEGE OF ED.
Thorough Preparation for Teaching Nursery School, Kindergarten, Primary and Upper Elementary Grades. Professional School with College Atmosphere. Social activities and opportunities. Fall and Summer Terms. EDNA DEAN BAKER, PRES., BOX 82H, EVANSTON, ILL.

### THE ANN-RENO INSTITUTE
Nursery School—Kindergarten—Primary Grades
A college program of teacher education leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Science awarded by Adelphi College and a professional diploma accredited by New York State Board of Regents. Modern preparation for public and private school teaching. Residence facilities. Demonstration School for children. Write for catalogue V. Telephone SU. 7-2244. 32 West 86th Street, New York 24, New York.

## Home Study

### YOUR CHILD CAN BE EDUCATED AT HOME!
Mothers with the help of Calvert "School-at-Home" courses can give their children a sound, modern education. Kindergarten through 9th grade. Easy-to-follow instructions. No teaching experience needed. All lessons, supplies provided. Sent by mail. Used by 78,000 children. Start any time. Catalog.
CALVERT SCHOOL 257 E. Tuscany Road, Baltimore 10, Md.

## Which School Shall it Be?

If we can help you, just fill in and mail this coupon.

Name_____

Address_____

Son_____ Daughter_____ Age_____

Type of school preferred_____

Location_____ Approximate tuition_____

Proposed entrance date_____

7-48

VOGUE'S SCHOOL BUREAU
420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

## Secretarial & Business

### MINNESOTA
SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
College level courses. Secretarial (general, medical, legal), stenograph reporting, accountancy, business administration. Coed. Residence. Placement. Bulletin. BOX B, 24 S. 7TH ST., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

### LATIN AMERICAN INSTITUTE
Diplomatic Service School. Foreign service; export technique. Business School: Complete secretarial training in English, Spanish, Portuguese, French. Co-ed. Degrees: 900 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 21, or 716 N. RUSH STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

### THE MOON SCHOOL
Secretarial. Personality Development Course for high school graduates develops poise, prepares for good positions. 6, 8, 10 months. Short courses for college women. Placement. 48th yr. Ask for catalog V. MRS. WM. T. MOON, 521 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C. 17.

### Wood Select Secretarial School

One and two-year courses with cultural subjects for H. S. graduates who wish to prepare for interesting, well-paying positions. Course for college women. Placement service. Residence. Enroll now for Sept. or Feb. Catalog V. 125 Park Ave. (100 E. 42 St. opp. Grand Central), N. Y. 17, MU 6-1560.

### BERKELEY
Training for preferred secretarial positions. Comprehensive courses for high school graduates, college women. Distinguished faculty. Effective placement service. Catalog: Assistant to Director.
New term Sept. 20
New York 17.....420 Lexington Ave.
East Orange, N. J.....22 Prospect St.

### Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL
• BOSTON 16 90 Marlborough St.
• CHICAGO 11 51 East Superior St.
• NEW YORK 17 230 Park Ave.
• PROVIDENCE 6 155 Angell St.
Outstanding training for high school and private school graduates. Special course for college women. Resident facilities. Catalog: Associate Prin.

### Weylister JUNIOR COLLEGE
Secretarial skills and cultural subjects (languages, history, social sciences, etc.) prepare young women for management of personal affairs and preferred business positions. One and 2-year courses. Transfer possible. A.S. degree. Placement service. *Catalog:* Mrs. Marian W. S. Beach, M.A., Box V, Milford, Conn.

### EDGEWOOD Junior College
Coeducational. A.A. or A.S. degree in two years. 4 Divisions: General College Course; Merchandising and Retailing; Executive, Medical, Legal Secretarial; Business Administration. Beautiful country campus in suburban Providence. Dormitories. Activities. Effective placement. Catalog.
C. V. Murdough, Pres., Barrington, R. I.

### Bryant COLLEGE
Executive Secretarial, Business Admin., Accounting and Finance courses leading to B.S. degrees in only 2 years. Superior technical training, cultural subjects. Also 1-yr. diploma Sec'l. Academic standards of a senior college. Dorms on campus. 22 buildings. Coed. 86th year. Providence, New York, Boston placement. Register early. Catalog.
Registration Secretary, Providence 6, R. I.

## Photography

### PHOTOGRAPHY
offers a profitable and interesting career for women. Learn the techniques and know-how in this finest of schools—on fringe of Yale Campus—staffed by experts headed by William Gerdes, M. Photog., of international fame. Living accommodations arranged. Coeducational. Portrait and Commercial Photography for beginners—Direct Color and Camera Repair for advanced students.
*Write for Catalog V*
PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
217 Park Street New Haven 11, Conn.

## Fine & Applied Arts

### VESPER GEORGE

Offers a three-year diploma course: Advertising, fashion, industry, interiors, illustration. Est. 1924. Enter Sept., Jan., June. Catalog. REGISTRAR. 44 ST. BOTOLPH ST., BOSTON 16, MASS.

### ART CAREER SCHOOL

DRAWING • PAINTING • ILLUSTRATION
Advertising Art, Fashion, Cartooning. Day, Evening, Saturday. Children's Classes. Individual instruction. Fall term Sept. 27. Est. 1926. ALBERTA T. ELLISON, SUITE 2004, 175 5TH AVE., N. Y. 10.

### COOPER UNION

ART SCHOOL
Endowed by Peter Cooper in 1859.
Competitive examinations each Spring and Summer for free day and evening curricula in six major art fields. Catalog. COOPER SQUARE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

### PRATT INSTITUTE

THE ART SCHOOL
Degree Courses—Architecture, Art Education. Certificate Courses—Advertising Design, Illustration, Industrial Design, Interior Design, Textile Design. JAMES C. BOUDREAU, DEAN, BROOKLYN 5, N. Y.

### CENTRAL PARK SCHOOL

of Art. Intensive training, Certificate Courses Commercial Art & Fashion Illustration. Special Portrait-beginners, Color Course. Personalized instruction. Catalog V. ARTHUR BLACK, DIRECTOR, STUDIO 2, 58 W. 57TH ST., NEW YORK 19. CO 5-8707.

### JAMESINE FRANKLIN

SCHOOL OF PROFESSIONAL ARTS, INC.
Advertising Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Architecture and Design, Painting, Illustration. Booklet on request. Fall session begins Sept. 8. PENTHOUSE B, 460 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

### NEW YORK-PHOENIX

SCHOOL OF DESIGN
Intensive training for careers in Fashion and Story Illustration; Commercial & Advertising Art; Textile design; Airbrush; Fine Arts. Catalog V. 160 LEXINGTON AVE. (COR. 30TH), N. Y. 16. MU 5-2973.

### PARSONS School of Design

Summer Session July 7—August 18
Also three year courses in Costume Design and Illustration; Interior Design; Advertising Design and Flat Design; Teacher Training. Special B.S. degree course. Catalogues on request.
Box V, 136 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

### The Whitman School INTERIOR DECORATION

Interior Design and Decoration, including Window Display and Stage Design.
*Send for Brochure.*
CLASSES BEGIN SEPTEMBER 20
MORNING, AFTERNOON, EVENING
170 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, AT 89th ST.
New York 24, N. Y. TRafalgar 3-1200

### Modern School

- RETAILING with Field Work
- COSTUME DESIGN
- INTERIOR DECORATION and DESIGN
- FASHION ILLUSTRATION
- ADVERTISING ART and Copywriting

Licensed by Com. of Mass. Dept. of Education
Directors: Carolyn L. Dewing; Donald S. Feeley
Box 5, 687 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

### Whitney SCHOOL OF ART NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WSA
A complete education in art amid cultural advantages of famous university town. Drawing, painting, design, illustration, advertising art, sculpture, ceramics, fashion illustration, interior decoration. Individual attention. Coed. Catalog V.
111 WHITNEY AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## Fine & Applied Arts

### MARYLAND INSTITUTE

1825 BALTIMORE, MD. 1948
Courses in Fine Arts, Teacher Training. Advertising and Costume Design. Interior Decoration. Stage Craft, etc. Rinehart School of Sculpture. Catalogue on request.

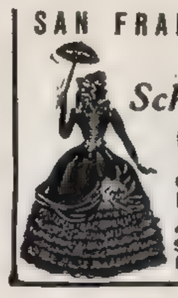
### AD-ART STUDIO SCHOOL

Practical Commercial Art and Fashion Illustration exclusively. Intensive 2-yr. diploma course. Professional artist instructors. G.I. approved. Limited enrolment. Free placement. 20th year. Catalog. E. V. HUTTON, DIR., BESSEMER BLDG., PITTSBURGH 22, PA.

### MOORE INSTITUTE OF ART

SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN
104th yr. Textile design, commercial illustration, advtg. art, art education, fashion design, fashion illustration, painting, interior decoration. Degrees. Residences. Catalog. 1340 N. BROAD ST., PHILA., PA.

### SAN FRANCISCO AND PITTSBURGH Louise Salinger Schools of Dress Designing



Pattern Designing, Pattern Drafting, Millinery, Tailoring, Sketching, Modeling. Day, Evening. Send for catalogue V.
47 Kearny St. San Francisco, Cal. DOuglas 28059
230 Oliver Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. ATlantic 3855

### ART INSTITUTE OF PITTSBURGH

A.I.P.
Unusual placement service obtains positions for graduates, many student-commissions. Diploma courses —18 months—in advertising illustration, fashion art, dress design and interior decoration. 9 months in photography. Individual instruction. 5 floors, 25 studios. 27th year. Catalog.
Willis Shook, Dir., Art Institute Building
635 Smithfield St. Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

### NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION

SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE
Starts July 7th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. *Send for Catalog 6R.*
HOME STUDY COURSE. Starts at once. For those who cannot come to N. Y. *Send for Catalog 6C.*
515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

### McDOWELL SCHOOL

FASHION DESIGN AND STYLING
Sound productive training for the Fashion Industry. Best known school for practical fashion work. Excellent courses. Thorough individual instruction. Expert individual placement service. Established 1876. Catalogue on request.
*Apply Now for Fall Admission*
73 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. BR 9-3085

### chic school

SUMMER SESSION in
PATTERNMAKING
GRADING - DRAPING
Including Costume Sketching and Dressmaking.
*Dresses, Suits, Coats, Furs, Lingerie, Sportswear, Children's Wear*
Co-ed. Register any time.
Day-Eve. Request Bklt. G.
229 W. 36th St., New York 18

### TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *For Results*

TRAINING HERE PAYS LIFE DIVIDENDS
Intensive SIX WEEKS' SUMMER Courses
Top honors 25 years. Professional methods in every branch of Fashion for beginners or advanced students. Credits. Approved by Regents—REGISTER NOW! Day & Eve. Our Graduates in Demand! Sales Dept. Free Placement Bureau. Send for Cir. 1. Phone CO 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d) N. Y. 19

### FASHION ACADEMY

THE SCHOOL OF FAMOUS GRADUATES
FASHION DESIGN • MERCHANDISING • BUYING
STYLING • FASHION ILLUSTRATION • REPORTING
To-day the young woman with a well trained fashion perspective and good style sense finds newer and greater opportunities. Intensive fashion training under direction EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN
America's Foremost Fashion Instructor and Style Authority. Resident enrollments request Book 4. . . . Home Study Book 4H
812 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 21 • Regent 7-0231-2

## Fine & Applied Arts

### ABBOTT ART SCHOOL

Fine and commercial art. Advtg., Fashion Illustration. Design for Textiles. Interior Design. Life, Oil, Water Color. Successful artist instructors. Credits, Certificates. Summer school. Catalog. ANNE F. ABBOTT, BOX V, 2013 EYE ST., N.W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

### NATIONAL ART SCHOOL

Study art in Nation's Capital. Individual instruction in Advertising Art, Fashion Illustration, Fine Arts, Costume Design, Interior Decoration by professional faculty. Start any time. 34th year. Booklet. 2027-V MASSACHUSETTS AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

### HIGH MUSEUM

SCHOOL OF ART ATLANTA, GEORGIA
One of South's outstanding professional schools. Fine and advertising art. B.F.A., M.F.A. degrees. Residential location. Summer school. Catalog. ROBERT S. ROGERS, BOX V, 1262 PEACHTREE ST., N. E.

### WESLEYAN CONSERVATORY

and School of Fine Arts (Wesleyan College). 4-yr. courses. B. Mus.: piano, violin, organ, voice. B.F.A.: painting, ceramics, sculpture, fash. ill., dress design; acting, radio. Catalog. DEAN, WESLEYAN CONSERVATORY, 451-V COLLEGE ST., MACON, GA.

### MIAMI ART SCHOOL

Fine and Commercial Art. Interior Design. Fashion Illustration. 1-, 2-year courses. Solid, sound instruction. Prepare now for distinguished career. Approved for Veterans. BYRON NEWTON, DIRECTOR, 1822V BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, MIAMI 36, FLORIDA.

### THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Professional School. Fine Arts, Industrial Design, Advertising, Interior Decoration, Dress Design, Teacher Training. Degrees. Diploma.
Catalog. Box 31, Michigan at Adams, Chicago 3

### CHICAGO ACADEMY of FINE ARTS

Founded 1902
Direct Project Training
Dress Design
Fashion Illustration
Interior Decoration
Art Essentials • Commercial Art
Illustration • Cartooning
Drawing and Painting
Day, Evening, Saturday and Sunday Classes.
*Write for free Catalog*
18 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 3, ILL.

### AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

PRACTICAL courses in all branches of Commercial and Fine Art, Drawing, Painting, Illustration, Advertising Layout, Lettering, Fashion Illustration, Pattern Making, Clothes Construction, Millinery. Individual instruction. Faculty with international reputations. Fall term begins September 7.
FRANK H. YOUNG, Director
Dept. 678, 25 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

### LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART

Thorough training in Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Advertising Design, Industrial and Interior Design, Painting, Illustration, Photography. Fall, Winter, Summer terms. Write for catalog.
CHARLOTTE R. PARTRIDGE, MIRIAM FRINK, DIRECTORS. DEPT. 678, 758 N. JEFFERSON ST., MILWAUKEE 2, WISCONSIN.

### ACADEMY OF ARTS

*26 minutes from Times Square, New York*
Fine & Commercial Arts, Anatomy, Fashion Design & Illustration, Water Color & Oil Painting, Interior Design, Advertising Design. Tuition & materials under G.I. Bill. Individual Instruction.
*Write for catalog V.* T. R. BOGUT, DIRECTOR
65-67 Clinton St. Newark 5, N. J.
Telephone: Mitchell 2-8378

### *We invite you . . .*

When you are in New York we invite you to call at our offices—a few steps from Grand Central—to discuss your school problem with us.
VOGUE'S SCHOOL BUREAU
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17

## Fine & Applied Arts

### CINCINNATI ART ACADEMY

Oldest art school west of Appalachians. Thorough grounding before specialization. Fine Arts, Commercial Art, History of Art. Modest tuition. Fall term: September 20. Catalog: MARTHA V. TIEMAN, REGISTRAR, EDEN PARK, CINCINNATI 6, OHIO.

### ELIZABETH KARDOS

FASHION INSTITUTE, INC.
Est. 1910. Practical Courses in Sketching, Pattern Making, Draping, Tailoring, Dressmaking. Approved for Veterans. Write for Catalogue. ELIZABETH KARDOS, 1375 EUCLID AVE., CLEVELAND 15, OHIO.

### MEINZINGER ART SCHOOL

Develops native ability in fine and vocational art. Professional courses in Illustration, Layout, Lettering, Design, Fashion, Photo Retouching, Portraiture, etc. Catalog. DEPT. 2, 12 E. HANCOCK, DETROIT 1, MICHIGAN.

### ACADEMY NVART

School of Dressmaking and Dress Designing
MLLE. NVART S. HAMPIKIAN, DIRECTOR
(Trained in Paris, France)
5757 CASS AVENUE AT COLBURN
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN TEL.: MADISON 5938

### HOLLYWOOD

ART CENTER SCHOOL
Approved for veterans. Fashion Design & Illust., Com'l Art, Int. Dec., Ceramics & Modeling. Dormitory for women. Enroll now for Sept. HENRY LOVINS, DIR., 1905 N. HIGHLAND AVE., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

## Retailing

### CHAMBERLAIN

A PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL OF RETAILING
Merchandising, promotion, personnel, fashions, display. 2-year course for college age girls. Training in fine Boston stores. Residence clubs. MURIEL V. COX, 739 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON 16, MASS.

### FASHION CAREERS

Train for interesting jobs in buying, fashion reporting, etc., in school equipped like dept. store. 1-year course for girls with one or more years of college. 2-year course for high school graduates includes liberal arts. Both courses offer store work with salary.
*Ask for Catalog V.*
LABORATORY INSTITUTE OF MERCHANDISING
45 WEST 34TH STREET NEW YORK 1

### Tobé-Coburn

*School for Fashion Careers*
• Training for styling, buying, copy writing, reporting. Concentrated One Year Course requires two years of college. Two Year Course with liberal arts for high school graduates. Store experience with pay, field trips, cultural activities, outstanding guest lecturers. Begins August 30. Send for catalog V and list of graduates' jobs. Miss Julia Coburn, Director.
ONE WEST 57 ST. • NEW YORK 19

### Famous Career School of the Central West The RAY Schools Chicago

Dress Design · Styling
Interior Decoration
Merchandising, Buying, Pattern Making, Fashion Advertising, Modeling, Millinery, Fashion Illustration, Photography. Individual advancement. Attractive school dormitory for girls. Training available under G.I. Bill. Entrances for Fall, 1948, on request.
116 SOUTH MICHIGAN BOULEVARD, CHICAGO • DEPT. V-7

## Finishing School

### Powers School

*Offers a Pattern of Perfection*
For the girl or woman of any age who wishes to bring her potentialities to perfection. A staff trained by John Robert Powers advises on styling, grooming, Make-Down, figure, posture, walking, speech, poise, self-confidence. Personal analyses, demonstrations, and consultations. Day, 8-10 weeks. Evening, 6 weeks. Special Summer Session, 8 weeks. Write *Virginia Vail.*
247 Park Avenue, New York 17
Schools: New York, Philadelphia, Detroit

## Medical Assistants

### OHIO INSTITUTE

Offers superior training to High School graduates and College Women—in Laboratory, X-ray & Medical Office Techniques. Resident and Day. Large Estate. Supervised Dormitory. Est. 1937. Request Catalog V. DOROTHY T. LAWTON, DEAN, CLEVELAND 6, OHIO.

## Physical Therapy

### JR. COL. OF PHYS. THERAPY

Coed. 2-year course for high school graduates. A.S. degree. Prepares State Boards. R.P.T. degree. Clinical laboratory and X-ray, senior option. Med. sec'l, 1 year for high school graduates. Catalog. BOX V, 262 BRADLEY ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## Laboratory Technique

### MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF PHYSIOTHERAPY

Founded 1937. Coed. Veterans' Program. Physiotherapy, X-ray, Laboratory Techniques, Medical Office Assistant. Licensed by COMM. OF MASS., DEPT. OF EDUCATION, BOX G, 240 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

## Dietetics

### BE A DIETITIAN!

**Short, Intensive Course** qualifies you for position in hospitals, hotels, schools, railroads, food manufacturers, etc. Day or Eve. Co-ed. Available to qualified veterans. Age no obstacle. Licensed by N. Y. State. Free Placement. *Catalog 4.*

**NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF DIETETICS**
660 Madison Av. at 60th N.Y. Tel: TE 8-8600

## Hotel Training

### Hotels Call for Trained Women

Record-breaking travel means nation-wide opportunities and a sound, substantial future for trained women in hotels, clubs, inns, apartment hotels and restaurants. Fascinating field, fine living; quick advancement. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write for FREE book.

*Course approved for Veterans' Training.*
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Room NL-6212 Washington 7, D. C.

## Airline Hostess Schools

### McCONNELL SCHOOLS

800 GRADUATED . . . 800 PLACED
Train for major airlines. Req. 1 yr. Col., R.N., or Bus. Exp., Single, 21-28, Even Teeth, Good Vision, 5'2"-5'8". Catalog. MCCONNELL SCHOOLS, RM. V-38, 1030 NICOLLET, MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.

## Dramatic Arts

### FEAGIN DRAMATIC SCHOOL

STAGE—SCREEN—RADIO—TELEVISION
Intensive training for professional work.
Approved for Veterans—Public Appearances.
Summer Terms: July 6, Aug. 2. Catalog V.
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630-5TH AVE., NEW YORK.

### FRANCES ROBINSON-DUFF

FAMOUS AS A "TEACHER OF STARS"
Dramatic Training: Stage. Screen. Radio. "Little Theatre" plays by pupils. Summer course July 8. Also 7-wk. course in modern plays. 28th yr. Bklt. O. 235 E. 62ND ST., NEW YORK 21, RH. 4-7900.

### AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. For catalog write: SECRETARY, ROOM 251, CARNEGIE HALL, N. Y. 19.

### LEWIS DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Acting careers planned personally by Mr. Lewis. Only talented students accepted. Productions with Protestant Actors Theatre. Special Vocal Dept. Girls' dormitory. Day-Eve. classes. Fall term Oct. 5. 16th yr. Free Book V8. 109 W. 57TH ST., N. Y. 19. CI 6-2994.

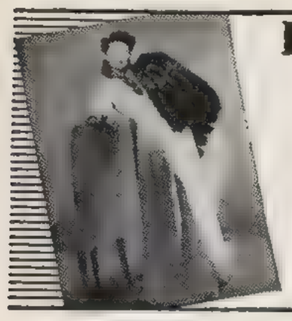
### THE Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre

offers two years intensive training in theatre—acting, voice, movement, make-up. Guest directors. Accredited Veterans' Admin. MUrray Hill 8-3770. *Catalog V on request*
340 East 54th St., New York 22

### PASADENA PLAYHOUSE School of the Theatre

START FALL QUARTER SEPTEMBER 27
Build your career with experience in this world renowned theatre-school. Stage, screen, radio, television. 4 stages—Hollywood, Broadway scouted. Two year course to degree. You can specialize in acting, directing, technical design, play writing, or theatre administration. Write today for details. Address Gen. Mgr. 36 S. El Molino Ave., Pasadena 1, Calif.

## Fashion Modeling



### FASHION AND PHOTOGRAPHIC MODELING

• *A distinctive career for attractive girls* •

Prepare for today's superior opportunities in modeling for photographers, in exclusive shops, showrooms and fashion shows.

FREE PLACEMENT SERVICE • DAY-EVE. SESSIONS
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE A ON REQUEST
Helen Fraser, *Director*

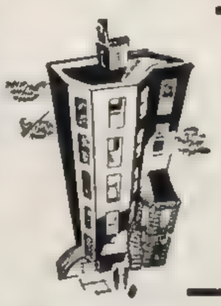
**BARBIZON STUDIO OF MODELING**
576 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

GRACE DOWNS
*Dean Of*
AMERICA'S MODELS

### BE A GRACE DOWNS MODEL

New York's oldest model school offers expert instruction in its own building, equipped with exquisite dormitories for out-of-town students . . . spacious, uncrowded and comfortable. Here, well known specialists help develop in you a keen sense for merchandising and designing . . . prepare you for fine positions in Fashion Showrooms, Photography and Motion Pictures. Self-Improvement Courses are also available. Get free Style Test. Write for booklet G.

STATE LICENSED G. I. COURSES



GRACE DOWNS HOLLYWOOD MODEL SCHOOL
16 W. 58th St. (5th Ave.) New York, N. Y.
Hollywood's New Home

*Prepare for a Glamorous Future!*

### COVER GIRLS • CAREER GIRLS

• Let Patricia Stevens develop your charm, beauty and poise . . . show you the way to a successful Cover Girl career. Professional courses in fashion modeling, photography, motion pictures, slide films, television.

• CAREER GIRLS . . . Learn the models' way to loveliness. Individualized instruction in make-up, hairstyling, figure control, fashions, voice and diction, charm.

**America's Largest, Most Famous Models' Finishing Schools**

For free information on Resident or Home Study Courses, write:
Patricia Stevens
Department V2
30 W. Washington
Chicago 2, Ill.
G. I. Approved

Patricia Stevens

**COAST TO COAST SCHOOLS AND MODEL CASTING AGENCIES**

- Chicago, 30 W. Washington
- Philadelphia, 20 S. 15th
- Minneapolis, Time Bldg.
- Dallas, 1618-A Main St.
- St. Louis, 1134 Locust
- Hollywood, 5515 Sunset
- Detroit, Book Building
- Kansas City, Mo., 3102 Troost
- San Francisco, 749 Market
- Milwaukee, 161 W. Wisc.
- Indpls., 17 W. Market St.
- Cincinnati, 528 Walnut

*"But of course! For the finest of hand weaves, look for this Craft Mark, because* **CHURCHILL HAS A WAY WITH WOOL.** *I should know!"*

*at better stores everywhere or write*

Churchill WEAVERS
BEREA, KENTUCKY

*Scarfs*
*Ties*
*Baby blankets*
*Couch throws*

Copr. 1948 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

© 1947 Caron Corporation.

100% IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

THERE ARE THREE VOGUES
AMERICAN, BRITISH, FRENCH

EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

AMERICAN VOGUE

EDITOR: JESSICA DAVES
ART DIRECTOR: *Alexander Liberman*
ART EDITOR: *Priscilla Peck*
FASHION EDITOR: *Bettina Ballard*
Associates:
*Muriel Maxwell*
*Eleanor Montgomery*
*Constance Bradlee Thayer* (Juniors)
*Madeleine Darling* (Fabrics, Corsets)
*Babs Simpson*
*Grace Hill*
*Virginia Thaw*
*Catherine Murray*
*Mary Hill* (Shop Hound)
*Jane Gray* (West Coast)
*Kathleen Aston Casey* (Midwest)
*Despina Messinesi* (Paris)
FEATURE EDITOR: *Allene Talmey*
Associates:
*Mary Jean Kempner*
*Elizabeth Francis*
*Rosamond Riley* (Paris)
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: *Mildred Morton*
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: *Millicent Fenwick*
*Evelyn Clark Emmet*
HOSTESS EDITOR: *Alison Bisgood*
BEAUTY EDITOR: *Evelyn Green Haynes*
Associate: *Mary Haas*
SOCIETY EDITOR: *Margaret Case*
MERCHANDISING: *Angeline Dougherty*
Associate: *Jane Kift*
COPY EDITOR: *Lois Bohlig*
STAFF WRITERS: *Carol Phillips • Mab Wilson*
*Kate Rand*
COPY EXECUTIVE: *Jeanne Ballot*
ADVERTISING MANAGER: *C. B. Van Tassel*
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES:
*420 Lexington Ave.*
*New York 17, N. Y.*
*Telephone—LExington 2-7500*

BRITISH VOGUE:
*37 Golden Square, London W. 1.*
EDITOR: *Audrey Withers*
MANAGING DIRECTOR: *Harry W. Yoxall*

FRENCH VOGUE:
*4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7*
EDITOR: *Michel de Brunhoff*

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY
THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
PRESIDENT: *I. S. V.-Patcévitch*
VICE PRES. & ADV. DIR.: *Frank F. Soule*
VICE PRES. & COMPTROLLER: *Benjamin Bogin*
TREASURER: *William E. Beckerle*
SECRETARY: *Mary E. Campbell*
BUSINESS MGR.: *Perry L. Ruston*

COPYRIGHT 1948, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR—TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS—ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERN CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. (ALSO PUBLISHERS OF BRITISH VOGUE, FRENCH VOGUE, HOUSE & GARDEN, GLAMOUR, VOGUE PATTERN BOOK.) EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES, 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y. EXECUTIVE AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: GREENWICH, CONN. SUBSCRIPTIONS $7.50 A YEAR, $12 FOR TWO YEARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U. S. A., AND POSSESSIONS, $15 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES FIFTY CENTS IN U. S. AND CANADA. $1 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES. FOUR WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, GREENWICH, CONN.; GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST WRAPPER.

# VOGUE

*incorporating Vanity Fair*

## JULY 1948, CONTENTS

Vogue incorporating Vanity Fair is published semi-monthly except for the months of January, June, July, and December, when it is published monthly. This will be the only issue in July.

*People and Fashions*

*New York this summer—places and clothes* . . . . . 32–34
*Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart; Mrs. André Embiricos* . . 42–43
*Mrs. Richard T. Wharton; Mrs. Byron Foy* . . . . . 44–45
*Mrs. Francis H. McAdoo, Mrs. Bertrand Taylor; Mrs. Mellon Bruce; Mrs. Winston Guest* . . . . . 46–47
*New hats move forward* . . . . . 48–49
*Summer silhouettes in Paris* . . . . . 54–55
*Hot weather fashions for the older woman* . . . . . 56–57
*Summer spices for the clothes you have* . . . . . 78–79
*In San Francisco: Mrs. John Menzies; Mrs. George Pope; Mrs. William Abbott Robertson, junior* . . . . . 80–83
*Frivolous shoe, tempered heel; stockings* . . . . . 86–87
*Furs are taking new shapes* . . . . . 88–91
*New York: summer day* . . . . . 92–93
*New York: young evenings* . . . . . 94–95
*New York's linen summer* . . . . . 96–97
*Signpost to beauty* . . . . . 98

*New York this Summer: People and Ideas*

*Vogue's eye view of New York* . . . . . 31
*Four New York scenes; Blumenfeld photographs* . . . . . 35–39
*If I were king of New York* . . . . . 40
*Mrs. Charles Amory, junior, and her baby son* . . . . . 41
*In New York, anyone who can swim, can swim* . . . . . 50–51
*Unique in New York art museums* . . . . . 52–53
*Inside N.Y.C. By Irving Penn* . . . . . 58–63
*Igor Stravinsky* . . . . . 64
*Luncheon in a New York garden* . . . . . 77, 111
*Joe Carter and the young visitor. By Thomas W. Phipps* . . . 84–85

*Summer reading:*

*Opera addict. By W. H. Auden* . . . . . 65
*Meditation on poise. By Rumer Godden* . . . . . 66
*Behind the lobby. By Ernesta Barlow* . . . . . 67
*"Let my pulse alone." By Evelyn Waugh* . . . . . 68–69
*Characters on the track. By G. F. T. Ryall* . . . . . 70–71
*A three-ply garden. By Mary Jean Kempner* . . . . 72
*Portrait of my father. By Caroline Duer* . . . . . 73
*The world of art and Reilly. By Frank O'Connor* . . . 74–75
*Truffles for weariness. By M. F. K. Fisher* . . . . . 76

*Special Departments*

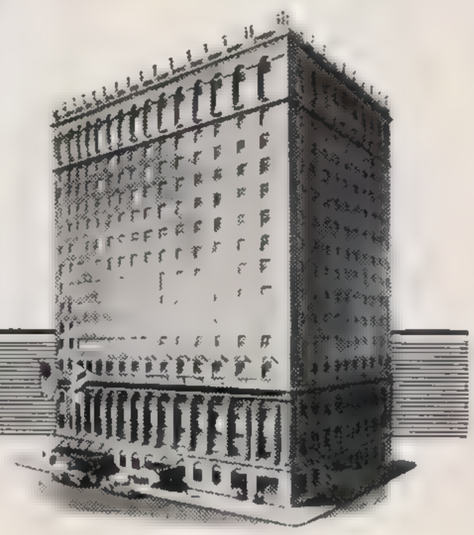
*Discoveries in beauty* . . . . . 8
*Men's Shop Hound; Shop Hound* . . . . . 13–16
*Vogue's School Directory* . . . . . 20–25

# Known the world over!

The pleasure of your New York visit will be enhanced if you stop at the Ritz-Carlton where service and accommodations are still measured by time-honored standards!

RITZ Carlton

MADISON AVE. AT 46TH ST., NEW YORK



**Yes indeed, la Province de Québec welcomes you to the scenic playground of North America. Explore the picturesque charm of its old-world towns and villages, linked by thousand of miles of splendid highways. You will be welcomed with truly French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.**

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

*For help planning your vacation, or for information covering the unsurpassed industrial opportunities in our province, write the Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada.*


# AROUND NEW YORK

### THE BIG SHOPS

All department stores, large specialty shops, and most of the larger Madison Avenue shops are open only five days a week through July and August—Monday through Friday. The two notable exceptions are Gimbels and Saks 34th Street, which remain open on Saturdays and arrange to give their staffs the needed extra day in a stagger system. The summer hours for almost all stores are 9:30 to 5:30. It is, as elsewhere, best to shop in the morning hours; cooler, too, on the street. But almost all the department stores are air-conditioned either throughout, or on enough floors to keep you fresh no matter how protracted your stay within their doors. Lord & Taylor, Altman, Gimbels, Macy's, and Stern's all have some sort of restaurant under their roofs so you can spend an air-conditioned shopping day if you wish.

### POLO

There is a new excitement and interest in polo this summer with the six teams of the National Polo League scheduling games near New York every Sunday at 3:30 o'clock through July and August (except for the Fourth of July week end). The six teams are Meadowbrook, Bostwick, Westbury, Blind Brook, Westchester, and Texas. All appear at some time in the course of the season at one of these fields; watch the sports pages of the New York daily papers for schedules if you are a fan of any one particular four. The Meadowbrook Club is in Westbury, Long Island, about an hour out of New York; the stands are enormous and comfortable, but be sure to look up your member friends for a card if you want to sit in the membership reservation. Bostwick Field is in Old Westbury, Long Island, and operates on the come-one, come-all theory. The Blind Brook Field is at the Blind Brook Club, Port Chester, in Westchester County. All three fields are within an hour to an hour and a half of New York, but Sunday traffic *can* double the time.

### SUMMER RACING

Out at Monmouth Park track, Monmouth, New Jersey, there will be racing through August 7th. It is one of the prettiest club houses anywhere around, and racing there has a special sort of gala. (It is about an hour from New York.) From July 19th to July 31st the Jamaica track will have a card called "Saratoga-at-Jamaica." You can go there by subway, or by Long Island Railroad if you are leery of traffic jams. The subway is under an hour; the railroad about a half-hour with another half-hour to allow for a taxi from the station to the track. From August 2nd to August 28th there is racing at the famous Saratoga Springs. This is no easy day's jaunt, as Saratoga is about five hours by train from New York. If you mean to try to stay a few days, be sure you have hotel reservations, as Saratoga at racing time is jammed. But if you are really enthusiastic about seeing the gee-gees there, you *can* go by train, or drive up and back within the twenty-four-hour space. But don't make any pressing engagements for the next day!

### ANTIQUE SHOPS

New York has more exciting little antique shops than anywhere on the earth today. Treasures from all over Europe have found their way here, and anything from a Louis XV chair to a diadem is on sale at some one of these fabulous smaller places. For the real "antiquer" who loves to dig out the treasures for herself, Second and Third Avenues and the streets between, from 59th Street to 42nd are a Happy Hunting Ground. From hooked rugs to Aubussons, from Coalport to ironstone, from antique paste to ex-royal jewels . . . all are there to be searched out. Madison Avenue's beautiful little shops are more accessible, more specialized, usually deal in more finished objects.

The Globe Trotter is at 828 Third Avenue. Ardlea Court is an arcade with several little antique shops at 51st Street and Third Avenue. Ann Elsey at 413 East 53rd has French Provincial furniture. The Newel Art Galleries, 883 Second Avenue, have almost everything; seem to specialize in Victorian iron furniture.

Below, a list of some of the other antique shops where you might find buried treasure:

FLEA MARKET
*1003 Second Avenue*

OLD VERSAILLES
*152 East Fifty-third Street*

FRENCH ANTIQUE SHOP
*957 Third Avenue*

HARRIET SHERRY
*874 Third Avenue*

W. JAY SAYLOR
*149 East Fifty-third Street*

ATTMAN-WEISS
*863 Third Avenue*

JULIUS CARLEBACH, INC.
*937 Third Avenue*

HELENA PENROSE
*931 Third Avenue*

PAST AND PRESENT
*129 East Fifty-seventh Street*

K. T. LIANG
*16 East Fifty-fourth Street*

LILLIAN JOY
*840 Third Avenue*

WESTPORT ANTIQUE SHOP
*19 East Fifty-third Street*

CARFAX
*625 Madison Avenue*

GEORGE BLUNDELL OF LONDON
*385 Madison Avenue*

ANTIQUE MARKET
*521 Madison Avenue*

ASHLEY KENT
*165 East Fifty-fourth Street*

NONA J. BROWN
*61 East Fifty-seventh Street*

GEORGE W. FUNK
*862 Lexington Avenue*


SCHRAFFT'S
New Restaurant
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
21 West 51st St. • 30 West 52nd St.
NEW YORK
OPEN 7:45 TILL MIDNIGHT
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
★
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
TEA • COCKTAILS
DINNER
AFTER THEATRE SUPPER
FOUNTAIN
CANDY AND BAKERY

FINE FOOD
*In The New York Manner*
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • AFTER THEATRE
*One Block Below the Bustle!*
Dunhall's
1440 B'WAY
bet. 40th & 41st

Be it ever so lavish, there's now
A PLACE LIKE HOME
and the food is just like you think mother used to make
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • AFTER-THEATRE
HUTTON'S
LEXINGTON AT 47th STREET
PLAZA 8-0354

HOTEL LAFAYETTE
NINTH ST. at UNIVERSITY PL.
NEW YORK 3, NEW YORK
*Famous for our*
★ *French Cuisine*
Restaurant & café closed Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.

BUY
★ U.S. ★
SECURITY
BONDS
NOW!

*Magic meant for you . . .*

*the shimmer of your diamonds.*

*Becoming you anew with every*

*wearing, these jewel-lights are*

*ever lovely, ever right.*

Three-carat "Square" cut diamond

causes excitement in a clip or pendant. Priced from $4500 to $6700, plus tax, in New York City.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

# bouquet lenthéric

## the daytime fragrance

Genuine Bouquet Lenthéric possesses its own endearing freshness. Universally beloved as the delicate, lingering fragrance for daylight hours. Echoing the haunting Lenthéric perfumes, Dark Brilliance, Tweed, Anticipation, Shanghai, Miracle, Confetti and the Lenthéric Floral Presentations, in flacons and decanters.

Copyright 1948, Lenthéric, Inc.

# VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

## *of New York*

## *(in an anthropologist's eye)*

COVER: *Seen through a glass clearly: the man-made miracle of the Rockefeller Center towers; against them the natural miracle of a slowly opening rose. The recurring subject "a view through a window" which every painter, at some point, puts down on canvas, is here set down delicately, imaginatively, by Vogue's artist-photographer, Irving Penn. The windowsill is on Saks Fifth Avenue's sixth floor. "Golden Rapture," the rose, is from Totty's.*

New York is a large village on a small island, with indigenous customs and habits. Notwithstanding the limitations of the island, and the tropical heat, inhabitants of outlying districts pour in to take part in the summer ceremonies and festivals.

The village is turned over to young people (the Elders and children go into retreat during the hot weather) who go about, according to some ritual pattern, in two's, and to the observer, the life seems given over to pleasure, lacking in discipline and order, and centering around 1) exotic parts of the village, i.e.; Chinatown, Little Sicily; 2) a large meadow in the centre of the village; 3) the Roman and Egyptian ruins, housed in an edifice called by the natives the "Met." Not to be confused with the sing-song house, also called the "Met" (see *Meaningful Inflections* by N. Lawford). During this period of aestivation the natives develop a light-minded attitude towards the jungle heat, a child-like enjoyment of cold foods and roof tops (see *Man Reaching Upwards* by Mortimer Tenny) and a curious inability to understand why other tribes "wouldn't want to live there."

In a symbolic reversal of winter custom, summer invitations are issued as late as possible, the natives vying with each other in lateness of call, and growing sullen and resentful at any efforts to bind them to distant engagements. This is not to be construed as an anti-social characteristic, for at the evening meal one sees them herding convivially, to eat the traditional summer food: a cold white soup, with a votive offering of green herbs on top, and a frozen substance (propitiation to winter gods) not unlike snow.

Due to some local taboo, natives of this village are penalized by ostracism, contempt, or long, cold looks, for use of certain words, viz. "humidity," "crowded," or "hurry," and on a mysteriously specified day an initiate of some secret order places an egg on the pavement before the Temple of Reading. The author was unable to discover the significance of this ceremony and the natives could not (or perhaps *would* not) tell.

At the end of every week, the natives leave the compound to congregate in two large enclosures called "stations," for tests of strength and endurance. Here a ritual takes place, half gauntlet, half wrestling, possibly based on the mid-summer Escape from the Sun Daemons. Obviously further initiations ensue, for the natives return to their huts at the beginning of the week, battered, flushed, and in a state of spiritual exhaustion. The author *was* able to ascertain that these sacrifices are made to the god of pleasure (see *Duality and Opposites*, by A. Quayle).

Anthropologists have found it impossible to tabulate the aborigines as a tribe. The variations in skull measurements (high-brow, low-brow), pigmentation, and stature defy classification. While it is obvious that the natives descend from many ethnic divisions, their extraordinarily congenial relations confute the theory of necessary disunity among diverse tribes.

# NEW YORK

## THIS SUMMER

New York expands in the summer heat, oozes over the bridges into Long Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Westchester. The city outlines become pleasantly blurred and the soft lassitude makes a country meadow out of Central Park, a summer village out of New York. A hundred years ago, most of New York was precisely that: a summer resort to which families came, to stay in the country inns that flecked the rivers, to enjoy the cross-island breeze, the sight of East River rip tides.

*Today, a dark green cotton dress swings down the Avenue, under a natural straw cartwheel; wrist-long white cotton gloves against a barely showing brown wrist; dark green linen shoes, shadowy greyish stockings.... There is the perennial little black summer suit, looking 1948 with its longer, full-in-back skirt, a shadow-making hat; black Shantung shoes, white cotton gloves. (Tomorrow, that lady might wear a natural straw, black-veiled beret with her "uniform.")*

New York can be as cool as a Maine coast (any air-conditioned movie); as hot as a Kansas wheatfield (any pavement in July). Most of the big shops, all of the hit plays, are air-cooled.... *Allegro, Annie Get Your Gun, Make Mine Manhattan, A Streetcar Named Desire, Harvey, Inside U.S.A., Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!, Mister Roberts, High Button Shoes, Angel in the Wings, Command Decision, The Play's the Thing, The Respectful Prostitute,* and *The Heiress* will run all summer.... Some of the museums are air-conditioned, but with or without it, there's always a special museum coolness.

*For each temperature, a gesture. A greatscarf of silk is wrapped against the indoors chill in a* (Continued on following page)

OPPOSITE: It might be the Bois, it might be deep-country, but the scene happens to be New York City. Seen, in the shade along Fifth Avenue and Central Park: this year's version of the perennial black suit-dress, with nothing aflutter about it except the pigeons. Made by Aywon in Verney rayon faille, $30. Altman; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Straw cartwheel, $4; Crescendoe cotton gloves: Altman.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

# NEW YORK *continued*

*theatre. A woman raps her fan open in the uptown bus. A little fur wrap is carried into a movie.*

The dozen or so roof restaurants, the hundreds of open-air cafés and dining places increase their number indefinitely if you drive an hour outside the city. If you go twenty minutes away to La-Guardia Field, you can dine in the Kitty Hawk and watch the big ships fly. If you go for a five-minute ferry ride (from the Christopher Street slips, downtown) you can go to Hoboken to a clam house for some of the best clams and beer in the world. You can eat out-of-doors at the Marguery, the Chatham Walk; in the small garden-restaurants on almost every side-street in the city. You can watch television at "21" on week nights. You can be as spoiled as you like; dine—and well—at any hour you like: The Colony is open until midnight; the Brevoort (and its pleasant sidewalk café) until almost one; the Barberry Room until two o'clock. And until 4 A.M. at La Zambra, a new air-cooled restaurant on West Fifty-second Street, you can eat hot Spanish *paella* and drink chilled white wine, and listen to flamenco music, played by the famed guitarist, Vicente Gomez.

*Going into the Voisin bar at about six o'clock, a lady in almost ankle-length black satin skirt, a superlative handmade white blouse. (She had a little pink wool jacket over her arm—a black veil tied over her hair.) . . . A white linen, a black linen, a beige linen ankle-long dinner dress step into the lift for the St. Regis roof. . . . An ankle-length dark printed lawn dress on the J . . . R . . .s' terrace after dinner.*

In New York, in summer, day lasts until six o'clock, is followed by three hours of half-day (although the clocks at Grand Central Terminal take an independent view of time).

*All day long, little brief-jacketed, full-skirted Shantung suits in beige and black and a half dozen colours; printed tie-silk dresses and suits; shell-like shoes, more often closed-toed than not. Black linen, tucked all over, longish sleeved, sparked with a tiny white hat and gloves; a huge beige thin silk scarf thrust through the belt. . . . At the Colony, at one o'clock, a sense of all-white hats with little wings of feathers, veiled in black or dark blue. . . . Cutting through to the Marguery garden for luncheon, a lady in a white-crêpe-with-black-dots dress, a black belt. Her gloves, her shoes, and bag were black, her hat a scoop of lemon-pale straw curving round the line of her black hair. Lemon-y cologne. . . .*

Little boats will go on pleasure trips all around Manhattan Island, all day, all summer. *The Islander, The Visitor,* and their family of three or so sister ships leave from the docks at West Forty-second Street. There are seven sailings a day; the last, a last look at New York by day, is at 6 P.M. Each trip takes three hours, and you can buy sandwiches and coffee on board. . . . Night baseball will compete with night music. The three New York-and-thereabouts baseball teams will each play fourteen home games at night: which means fourteen evenings at the Polo Grounds, fourteen at the Yankee Stadium, fourteen at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. At the latter, there is music of a sort: an organized group of fans, known as the Brooklyn Sym-Phony, comment on the game's progress via cymbals, slide trombones, trumpets, and bass drums. . . . There are midget auto races at the Polo Grounds every Wednesday and Saturday night. . . . Night trotting races at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, Long Island.

*A brass-buttoned beige cardigan pulled on over a red-and-beige tie-print dress, stepping into a new Ford convertible (dark blue with red leather upholstery) pointed toward Long Island.*

The most-often called telephone number is WEather 6-1212.

*A white piqué jacket flirting out at the back, over a dark stem of a skirt. The girl, hatless, her short, smooth hair capped with a shape of veiling. Her purposeful umbrella, garnet-coloured poplin.*

When weather permits, there's music at night at Lewisohn Stadium all nights excepting Fridays and Sundays until August seventh. Fritz Reiner will conduct; and Pierre Monteux, Dmitri Mitropoulos; José Iturbi. . . . And there's the World's Fair of Music (the first one) at Grand Central Palace, July 19 through July 25; a potpourri of exhibitions, demonstrations and performances. In August, the film *Hamlet* arrives; any night, there's a wide choice of French films. . . . Of the every-night *including* Sundays places, there's Copacabana, El Morocco, the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf. . . . The U.N. Security Council sits at Lake Success until July 25, and you may sit with them.

*In the five-thirty subway rush, entering the ten-cent turnstile of the IRT, a young woman in a cool, nickel-grey cotton dress with sun-dial tucks of the non-wilting variety. With it, the plainest little straw roller banked with red poppies, beige gloves, natural straw opera pumps. . . . A black silk Shantung dress with short sleeves, a mildly full skirt, worn with chalk-white beads, chalky gloves.*

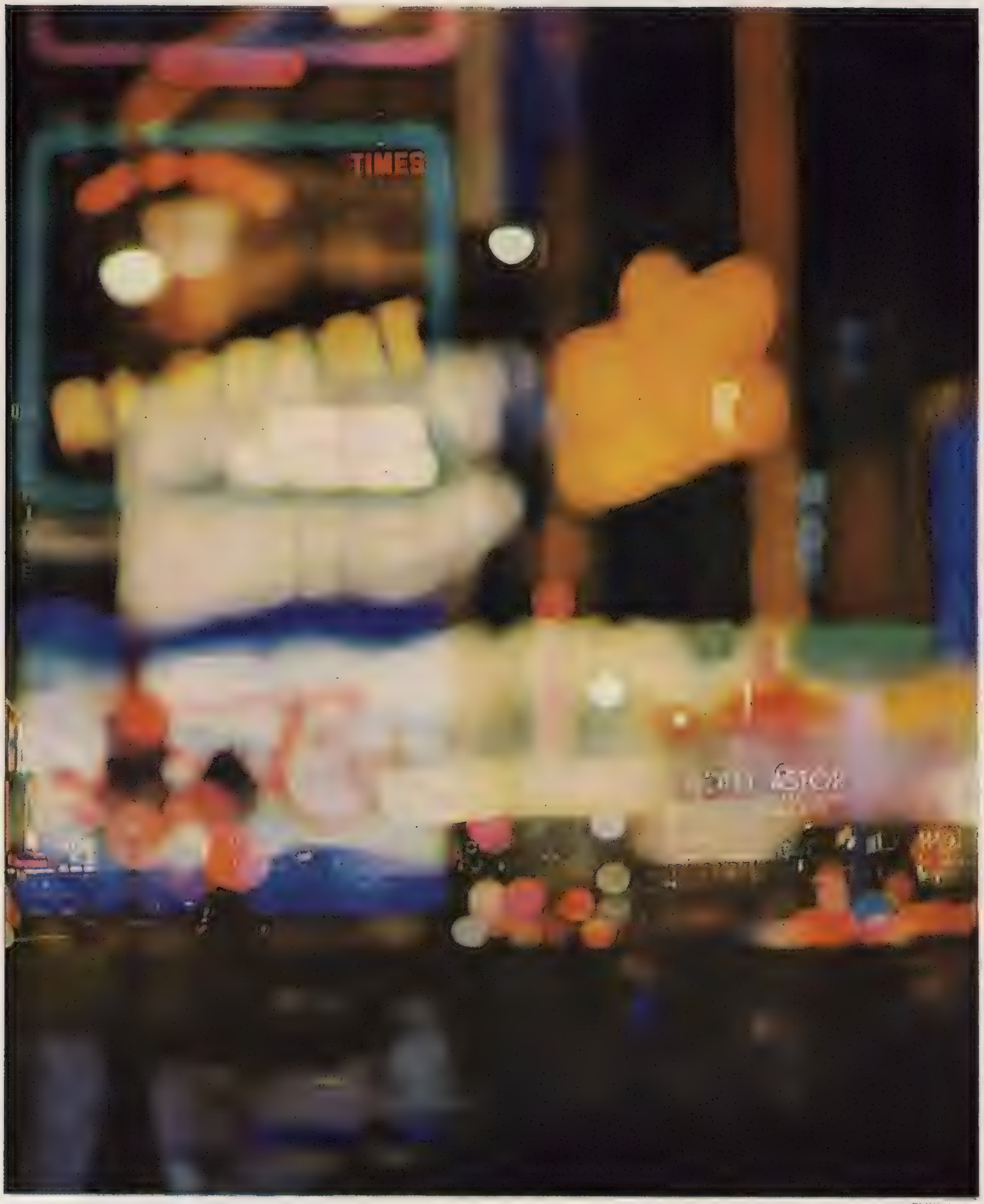
A record in to-Europe travelling. Swarms of handsome, sun-washed people, driving in from the country, to see swarms of people off. At the Queen Elizabeth's sailing, 8:30 A.M. (and already blistering) the officers in wonderful-looking white shorts and shirts.

*A girl on the dock waving good-bye, in a pale-blue linen shirt-waist dress, a red rose thrust in her belt, dark blue opera pumps, and a white piqué floppy hat. . . . Her face, un-made-up looking, like so many of this summer's prettier faces, with a slash of lipstick and a natural looking summer glow. . . .*

The roof tops from the bridges, the bridges from the roof tops spread out a summer Northern Lights display; the music at the Stadium makes a shape in the night like a flower; people talk to one another in buses. An occasional dray horse wears a veiling hair-do almost like the ones Bergdorf Goodman makes for chic ladies. The shadow of the sole remaining El makes a transient, documentary poem to treasure against the day when this El too will pass away. And the biggest boats in the world sound out at midnight in the river, in the centre of New York.

On the next five pages:

NEW YORK'S IRIDESCENCE HAS BEEN PUT INTO WORDS AND PICTURES BY THREE POETS, AND VOGUE'S PHOTOGRAPHER, ERWIN BLUMENFELD




BLUMENFELD

## BROADWAY: AT THEATRE TIME

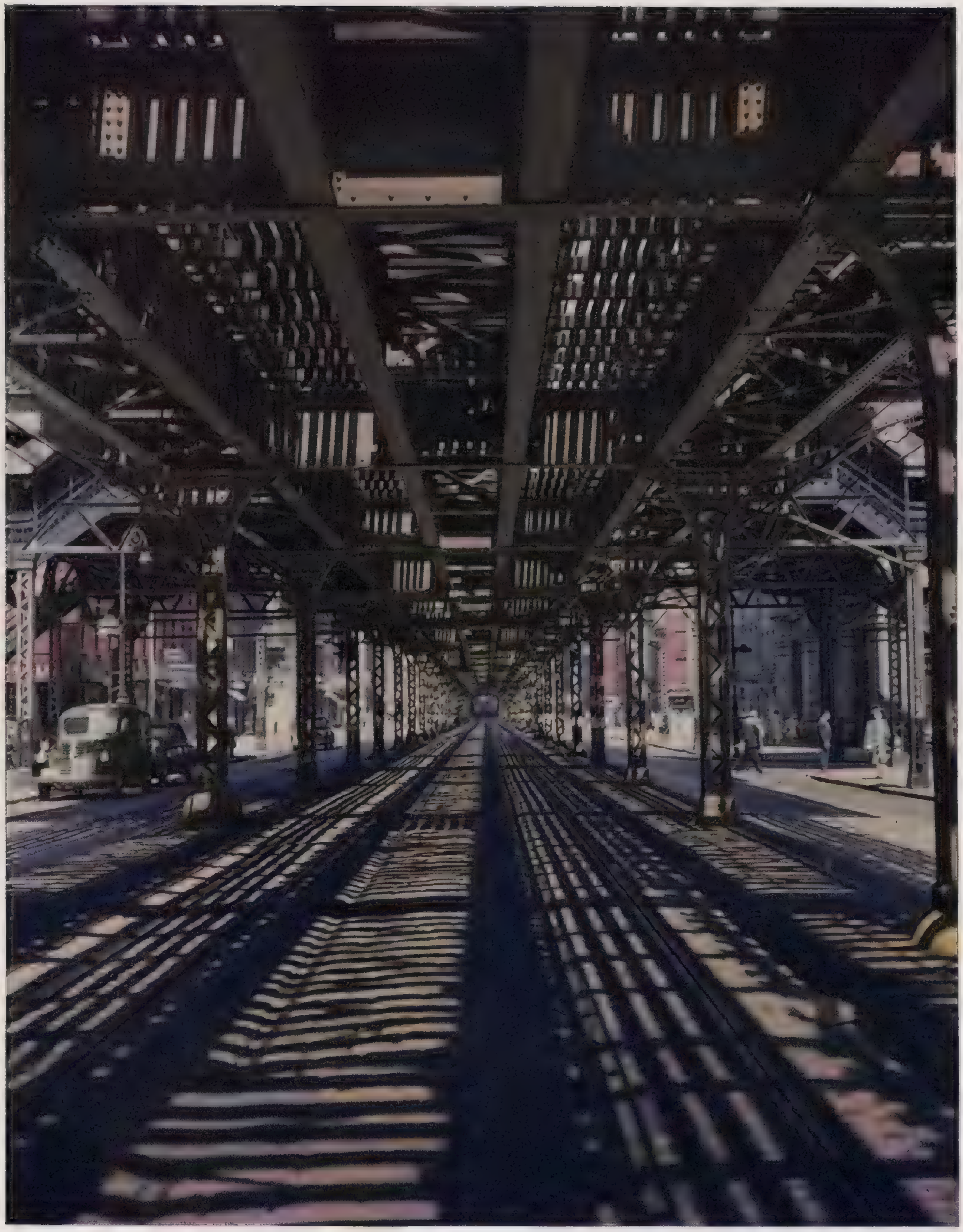
*". . . After dark Broadway was tolerable. . . . People were shapes of no consequence and, with a little mist, these lights were aqueous, flotillas of shimmering points on a hovering uncertain vastness."*

THOMAS BEER

CENTRAL PARK: BOATING ON THE LAKE

*"The little lake, sequestered from the winds . . .*
*A sunken mirror where the skies may keep*
*The azure of their summer dream enshrined;*
*Unsullied by the rims of roofs behind."*

JOHN MYERS O'HARA



BLUMENFELD

UNDER THE EL: THIRD AVENUE

*"Street of coolness, slanted light, the frontal cliff and gulch of steep blue shade . . . street of the million morning feet forever hurrying onward in the same direction . . ."*

THOMAS WOLFE

AT THE CLOISTERS: LOOKING DOWN THE HUDSON

*"The Hudson River is like old October . . . it is like long pipes and old tobacco. . . . The Hudson River takes the thunder of fast trains and throws a handful of lost echoes at the hills."*

THOMAS WOLFE

BLUMENFELD

## BROOKLYN BRIDGE: CITY AND PORT

*"There are forgotten fumeflaws of bright smoke above Manhattan, the forest of masts about the crowded isle, the proud cleavages of departing ships, the soaring web, the wing-like swoop and joy of the great bridge . . ."*

THOMAS WOLFE

# IF I WERE KING...

# OF NEW YORK

First off, of course, I'd establish the practice of Divine Right so that I could issue commands which would be carried out immediately. Then I'd begin. I would start rather quietly, by ordering a hundred little tables and striped umbrellas (*not* orange and green), and I'd have them set up on the terraces surrounding the Public Library. There my subjects could have coffee or tea or cold drinks, and watch the city's wheels go round.

The very next day I'd turn Ellis Island into a handsome casino, with a giant marquee (for summer dancing), a really good restaurant, and superb planting. Perhaps National gardens, because Ellis Island is, after all, a kind of welcoming-place.

I would order a golden haze (gold-plated, for economy's sake?) to float over the city this summer, as compliment to the Golden Jubilee, and see to it that all rings on children's merry-go-rounds were 14-K. And I'd start saving, today, for the diamond dust to be scattered twenty-five years from now. Note: Better start saving for new crown, too.

I would commission the municipal transport companies to name all buses: "Ammaryls," "Old Girl, III," or "Love in a Mist." Whatever the bus drivers liked. And bus drivers would be encouraged to paint their buses at whim. Then I'd build a summer theatre in Central Park, open at the sides, but with an extended roof (in case of rain). In summer, Command Performances of light opera and musicals; in the fall, experimental plays. I would summarily execute, on a raised platform at the Battery, all landlords who refuse tenants with children, and, on the findings of my Ministry of Antiquities, publicly pillory those who uncaringly tear down fine old houses and replace them with jerry-built lofts.

If no revolutions ensued, and the tumbrils stayed in the carriage house, I'd air-condition both railroad stations and subway, have Musak laid on, and in the subway stations put in murals based on the neighbourhood. At 34th Street, a painting of the old Waldorf-Astoria. At 42nd, Mrs. Murray detaining Cornwallis and Howe, and farther down, Peter Stuyvesant, peg-legging it up the old Wall.

By royal proclamation, I would order a whiteness of swan on the lakes of Central Park; an ascension of larks every fine Sunday morning. I would commandeer more hurdy-gurdies, with more monkeys, and larger repertories. I would open air-conditioned swimming pools in the basements or sub-basements of all large office buildings. I'd insist on open-air flower markets at the Battery, 42nd Street, 110th. Somehow, I'd arrange for more places to *sit*.

I would issue an edict that, under penalty of something very annoying, city officials must see to it that there are enough apartments, large enough to house, not only three or four or five children, but temperaments as well.

I would train and employ city-paid baby sitters—to sit in the park during the day. I would encourage a push-button civilization up to a point, but watch carefully for signs of push-button minds and emotions. I'd have trees planted in all the side streets, and flowers, in one-colour sequences, all up and down Park Avenue. I'd pronounce all clichés punishable by the silent treatment. I'd have current magazines chained to the benches in the park.

And then, of course, it would be more fun to be a citizen than a king.

On the next seven pages:

SUMMER LOOKS OF NINE OF NEW YORK'S BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

PENN

MRS. CHARLES AMORY, junior, the former Cheseborough Lewis, a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty, photographed with her baby son, Charles Minot Amory III, who has already achieved a fluff of hair, and a taste for pearls.

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART. Cool, blond, and appealingly fragile, Mrs. Stewart has a gentle repose that is a great part of her beauty, here framed in pale blue summer chiffon designed for her by Castillo.

PENN

MRS. ANDRÉ EMBIRICOS. She is like a precocious, beautiful child, tiny, blond, with a famously pretty figure. Pink is one of her favourite colours; this dress of palest pink satin, a favourite dress.

MRS. RICHARD T. WHARTON, *above,* is the former Mara di Zoppola.
She has an agreement of bone, colouring, and grace which makes her one of the most interesting of the younger beauties.
She and her husband are among the growing number who now live in Newport all year.
Here she wears a pale blue satin dress, draped, shaped for her by Charles James.

MRS. BYRON FOY, *opposite,* has a round fractional waist, superb shoulders,
and a celebrated flair for clothes. She has one married daughter, Mrs. Raymond French, and one of school age,
who is going to Europe with her this summer.
Here she wears a dress of absinthe yellow chiffon, over crinoline, designed by Castillo.

CECIL BEATON

MRS. FRANCIS H. MCADOO, and her daughter-in-law, MRS. BERTRAND TAYLOR, III. Mrs. McAdoo is one of the most faithful backers of the Salvation Army (as her friends know when the drives are on), and is a permanent member of the Advisory Board. Here she wears her New York summer favourite, a closely-patterned foulard in reddish-brown and black, delineated with all-black accessories. *Right:* Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Taylor, the former Virginia McCulloch, sketched in an I-live-in-it-all-summer dress—two parts, of pink and grey small-patterned silk, neckline closed high with a jewelled pin.

MRS. MELLON BRUCE, the former Ailsa Mellon,
is tall and slender,
frequently wears full-skirted evening clothes.
For this summer, she has chosen
an old-fashioned pompadour taffeta,
of white, woven with rose-coloured flowers,
the wide skirt angling out from a twisted peplum,
the neckline low, elbow sleeves.
Made for her at the Salon de Couture
at Bonwit Teller, copy of a Lucien Lelong model.

MRS. WINSTON GUEST, the former Lucy Cochrane,
is going, with her husband, to Europe this summer.
She has chosen an evening dress,
made for her by Mainbocher,
of white English eyelet embroidery,
the wide skirt buoyed and enlarged by crinoline skirts.
Over one shoulder, a wide green ribbon
worn like an order, and a green belt, a colour alliance
perfect with her spill of pale gold hair.

BLUMENFELD

# NEW HATS MOVE FORWARD:

go first, precede you into the room, into the autumn. At the first sign of summer's ebb, you'll see shapes such as these on New Yorkers (who are famously acquisitive as to hats): brims that advance in front, retreat in back to turn up, turn in, or cut away to nothing. Straight or tilted, to be worn very slightly down-on-the-brow. Here, two examples of the more-fore-than-aft silhouettes. *Above:* Beret of violet and black puffy velours, anchored by bands that cross, tie. Lilly Daché; Hudson's; T. A. Chapman. Gold and diamond earrings, by Verdura. Beautyskin gloves, $6; Altman. *Right:* New slant on the plateau; lightly tilted. Double-brimmed jersey hat, stabilized with cords. Paulette copy, made-to-order. Pearls-in-gold pendant earrings. All Bergdorf Goodman.

In New York:

# ANYONE WHO CAN SWIM... CAN SWIM

TURNS out that, in and near New York City, there's a far wider choice of places to swim than just Jones Beach, Jones Beach, Jones Beach, and the River Club. There are, obviously, clubs: Colony, River, college clubs, et cetera. But if you aren't a member, and you haven't been invited by friends, there is still more water to take a plunge into than you might think. You can take the long, but usually worthwhile haul to a sandy beach near the wilds: it's practically impossible to beat the splendid clean spread of the beach at Jones, where anything you need—bathing suit, towel, chair, umbrella, food—can be bought or hired. But with patience and fortitude, you could take the Long Island train to Sayville, taxi to the Fire Island ferry, and swim off the Island's good beaches. You could take the same train to a further stop, Bay Shore, ferry to another point in Fire Island, train back to the city at dark, or stay in one of the little pot-luck inns there. Farther from nature, but closer to the city are the easy-commuting points in Long Island—Manhasset Bay, Port Washington, Great Neck—where there are docks and beaches to investigate, although most township-operated swimming places are for townspeople only. And at most port and bay places in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, it is usually possible, with a certain amount of angling, to hire a boat from which you can swim. (There's a fleet of rowboats for hire at a little clam house called "Louie's," hard by the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club in Port Washington.) If you've no bias against swimming pools, there are, within walking distance of wherever you are in New York City, a surprising number of public pools. On the East Side, there are these hotels, where you can swim for a price: the Barbizon (for women only), and the Shelton (anyone). On the West Side, the Henry Hudson, Parc Vendome; downtown, the pool beneath London Terrace; in Brooklyn, Hotel St. George. You can take private swimming lessons at the Dalton Swimming School.... But the city itself, via its Parks Department, runs seventeen public swimming pools *out of doors,* where the water is kept fresh through chemicals, a constant-filtering system, and natural sun. These are open every day until ten at night when weather permits. No passes, no fingerprints, no proof-of-anything is required of anyone. Just twenty-six cents and a bathing suit.

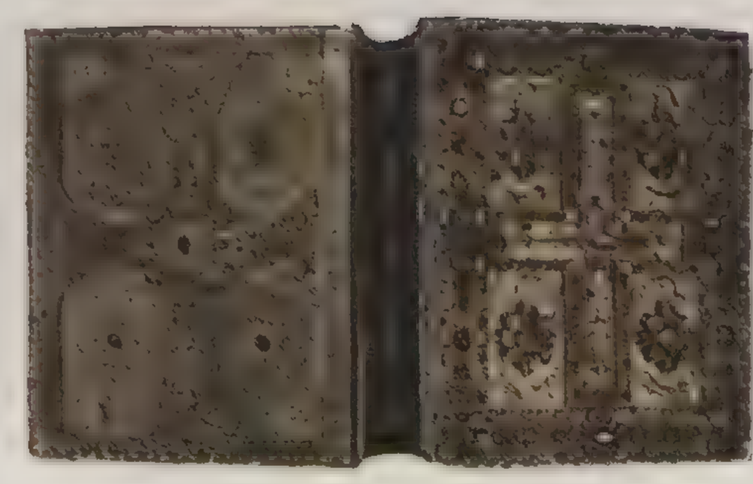
Then, if the *sight* of fresh water is a psychological cooler for you, you might look at New York's underground river—the old Gramercy River—which goes its secret way, bubbling up for a moment in a marble fish-pond in the lobby of a hotel on Washington Square.

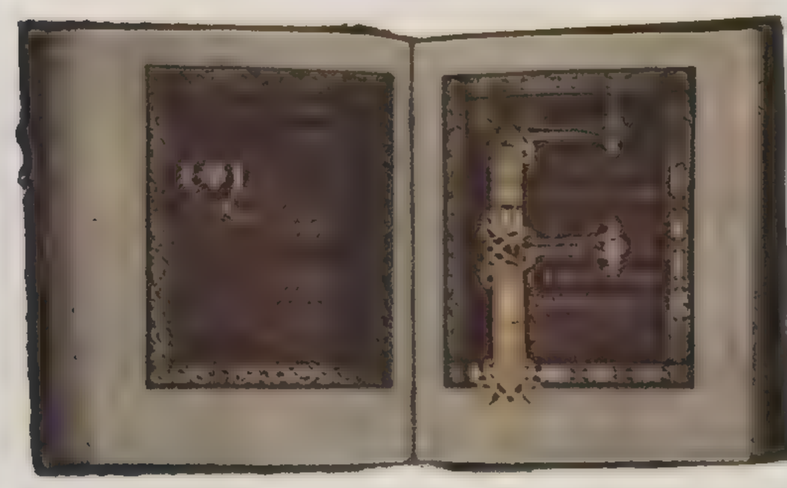
RAWLINGS

Nectar to the perfect figure, and kind to both sides of the norm, a one-piece bathing suit with a shirred rayon jersey bodice, the rest in Verney faille of rayon and Lastex. It has a baby Columbine skirt. Frances Sider design. $18. The Tailored Woman; The May Company; Himelhoch's. Elizabeth Arden's "Sun Gold" lipstick and nail polish.

IN THE CLOISTERS:

"The Hunt of the Unicorn," a set of six magnificent late-Gothic Franco-Flemish tapestries. (Above, a detail.)





IN THE MORGAN LIBRARY:

"The Ashburnham Gospels," a ninth-century Swiss manuscript, its covers, goldsmiths' masterpieces.

IN THE FRICK COLLECTION:

The Fragonard Room, with eleven enchanting Fragonard panels; among them, "Storming the Citadel." (Above, a detail.)

IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM:

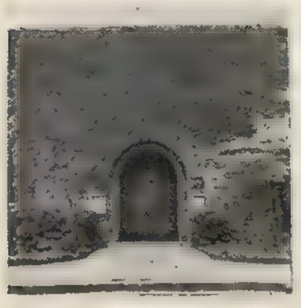
"Etruscan Warrior," a powerful statue, eight feet high.

IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: "Guernica," Picasso's largest, most famous painting.

# UNIQUE IN NEW YORK

## Their rarest treasure— as chosen by five New York museums

IN THE CLOISTERS, the Metropolitan Museum's Mediæval Branch, hang six great tapestries, "The Hunt of the Unicorn." James J. Rorimer, curator of Mediæval Art and The Cloisters, believes that they surpass the Cluny Museum tapestries, exhibited here last winter. He said: "After twenty years of studying mediæval tapestries, I still believe that the 'Hunt' series, in design, in the beauty of their colouring, in the intensity of their pictorial realism, form the most superb example of late mediæval tapestries in existence."



IN THE FRICK COLLECTION there is a high, gilt-edged room walled by eleven Fragonard panels, seven tall ones, and four over doors. This is the only place in the world now where the timeless charm of Fragonard can be seen in its full decorative scope and feeling. Gathered together by Fragonard, who painted them at different times for various clients, the panels show him at his best. It is the completeness of this room that gives it its unique compulsive magic. "Storming the Citadel" (10′ 5″ x 8′) was painted for the Comtesse du Barry, successor to Mme. de Pompadour in the graces of the aging Louis XV.

IN THE MORGAN LIBRARY is that rarely exhibited, extraordinary book known to the museum as *Morgan I*, but famous in the world as *The Ashburnham Gospels*, illuminated by the monk Folchart, in 850 A.D. This manuscript is dense with meaning, a summary of mediæval civilization, and a prediction of the Renaissance to come. To Charles Rufus Morey, the art historian, its greatest glory is the gold and jewelled cover, "the most finished specimen of Carolingian goldsmiths' work in existence."

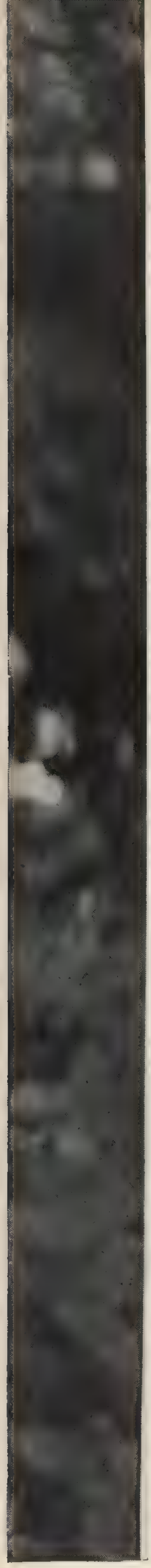
IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, at the far end of the classical wing, stands this giant statue, "Etruscan Warrior," ferocious and beautiful. About 500 B.C. it was freshly, sharply, precisely modelled and fired, all in one piece, in terra cotta. Gisela M. A. Richter, the Metropolitan's curator of Greek and Roman art, said: "It belongs to the era when Etruria was a great military power." It is the only one of its kind remaining in the world today.

IN THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART hangs Picasso's twenty-five-foot-long mural "Guernica," grotesque, overwhelming, all black, grey, and white. To many it is, with understatement, a modern Apocalypse. Alfred H. Barr, junior, Picasso scholar, head of the Museum's collection, said, "Let those who find 'Guernica' inadequate point to a greater painting produced during the last terrible decade or, for that matter, during our century."

COFFIN

# SUMMER SILHOUETTES IN PARIS

**THE ARC SILHOUETTE,** *above,* in a Jacques Griffe afternoon dress of white silk with a dazzle of red polka dots. The pleated skirt makes a wide arc, the waistline a tiny one, sashed by blazing pink chiffon. The soft open curves of the cuffed neckline seem repeated, on a broader scale, in the sweeping curves of the Gilbert Orcel hat, covered in white mousseline. **THE ARROW SILHOUETTE,** *opposite,* in an afternoon version by Schiaparelli: a black taffeta jacket pointedly faced with plum taffeta, over a shaft-slight dress. The small horsehair hat swerves forward under the impetus of its lace veil.



HONEYMAN

# 50-ODD AT 90 DEGREES

Herewith the second appearance of Mrs. Exeter, our heroine of fifty-odd, who in this issue airs her views and findings on the subject of dressing well and wisely for city heat.

"WELL," said Mrs. Exeter, pulling up sharply, "what on earth are you doing in town in July? The painters? Oh, my dear, in this heat, too. Well, come and have an iced tea—the club is right in the next block. What am I doing? Chores, my dear. Plain and fancy chores. I've been bullied by my upholsterer all morning, and I'm due at the wallpaper place in an hour. Then I'm going to Ackerman's to look for some prints for my son's birthday, change a slip for Enid, and have the handle of my coffeepot mended. My entire summer seems to be devoted to chores in town. I'm here at least once every two weeks. Still—I prefer ambles to scrambles. I simply can't rush in this heat.

"But I've learned a thing or two about living in city heat. About dressing, particularly. And it's not a simple problem at my age. The youngsters can wear those fresh little cottons in town and they look sweet, but I'd look as if I were heading for the cutting garden. Still, I've evolved a good working formula, and I must say that this year it was very easy to find clothes to fit it. So many of them were nice and easy through the body and armholes, which is so important. (You know the

*A two-part dress, generous at the ribs, sharply nipped at the waist; slim skirt and two "deluding" bows at the hip. Black Bur-Mil rayon faille, $50. By I. Doctor. Altman; Marshall Field; Hudson's.*

*The hat, quilled orange velvet. John Frederics.*

*Quietly draped dress of Cohama rayon tissue faille, with set-in sleeves, flat-hip yoke. $45. By Fred Greenberg at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's.*

*Both dresses, sizes 14 to 44 and 14½ to 24½.*

psychological effect, in the heat, of anything that binds. It makes *me* more bearish than tight shoes.) And most of the clothes had pleasant, middle-of-the-road skirts, that good medium width, rather flat over the hips, and the majority had either long or nearly long sleeves. So wise. Especially for women my age, for our upper arms are best veiled in silence, or *something* opaque. . . . Besides, anyone who has played it both ways knows that (aside from the æsthetics of it) it is cooler to be covered than exposed. Just as often it's cooler to wear more than less. Petticoats for example. The coolness of petticoats is a fact *I've* known about for forty years—especially cotton or organdie. Why? because they buoy out one's skirt, keep it *away*. What, my dear, is hotter (or more humiliating in the larger sizes) than a skirt which clings damply. One looks like a sitzmark in motion.

"Another thing I have strong convictions about is the covered head. At our age we *must* look neat. An almost unfair percentage of our looks depends on it. A bare-headed older woman in town looks somehow mussed, flustered. A hat makes her look finished, pulled together. It establishes a silhouette, and most of us can use the help of becoming colours. A coif of veiling has the same effect.

"Another thing I've noticed is that, in the matter of heels, a little does a lot, and often it seems to be a question of shape rather than height. I usually wear high heels, but the medium heels I've seen this year are so pleasantly *un*-sturdy looking. Curved rather than angular, and aside from the comfort, they give that little lift that, like high heels, puts the body in becoming balance. I'm sure there is a Euclidian principle to prove my point —probably the one about the displacement of battleships.

"Shopping has really been fun this year. Caroline, my sister, and I came in yesterday to buy That Dress. What? Oh, we always call it That Dress. It's the dark, city-ish kind one suddenly needs desperately in the middle of July. For town-jaunts, like today, and to start us off in the early fall when we come back to town. A July-through-September thing, cool enough for right now, and fall-ish enough to slip under a coat later. We were both in luck, and I succumbed to a second. Both with flat-falling skirts. Why? My dear girl, the full, dirndl-y kind of skirt *must* spring from a small waist, and mine measures 33 inches. Really? Dear Charles. But that was *then*. And I'll tell you something in strictest confidence: we all lied *shamelessly* about our waistlines. And we lie even more in retrospect. We reminisce in the most barefaced way about our 18-inch waists, when the truth of it was, with rare exceptions, most of us *barely* laced into a 22-inch. Still, there's a kind of freemasonry among a generation, and we usually back up each other's fibs. As a consequence I can, and do, flatly state that *all* my friends weighed ninety pounds when they were married, *and* had 18-inch waists. What happened? Oh, there's a standard answer for that (delivered with a wistful smile), 'Of course, after the *babies* came . . .'"

*For restaurant dining, for the movies after, for any wedding reception, a two-part dress (nearly a suit) of navy-blue rayon Jacquard taffeta, cut to extol the waist, diminish hips, and fit easily across the shoulders and back. $70. Martini design (sizes 10 to 20). At Jay Thorpe; Montaldo's; Gus Mayer. Mrs. Exeter wears with it a close mist of veiling, sometimes adds a tulle scarf under her pearls.*

# INSIDE N.Y.C.

On this and the next five pages are the faces of twenty-six men and women (and two signs) photographed by Irving Penn. The link between them may seem tenuous, but is no less taut; all are part of the New York scene.

OPTICIAN'S SIGN: This pair of head-on painted eyes watch Wall Street's bankers, brokers, its clerks, and kidding, hacking-around messengers.

CHARLES AND BARBARA ADDAMS. As *The New Yorker's* cartoonist of memorable ghouls, he caricatures himself and his pretty wife whom he transforms into a lank-haired harpy.

JOHN HERSEY is the author of *Hiroshima*, a magnificent atomic age document; of *A Bell for Adano*, and *Into the Valley*. Now at work on a new novel, Hersey's literary strength lies in his understanding of life in process, in his depth of focus, simplicity.

ELIA KAZAN is a director distinguished in two mediums: the chiaroscuro of his almost infallible direction evidenced in the movie *Gentleman's Agreement,* and in the theatre in the Pulitzer Prize winning play, *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

PAVEL TCHELITCHEV'S big canvas, "Hide and Seek," has been one of the three most popular paintings at the Museum of Modern Art for the past six years. A brilliant draughtsman, his ambivalent images have the shrill and exact beauty of butterfly wings.

WRESTLING ON TELEVISION: THE DUSEK BROTHERS. Wrestling is television's stand-by—whenever there's no better card. Because N. Y. C. has more video screens than any other city, it sees more of the Dusek Brothers.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II and RICHARD RODGERS are the success-ridden-and-spurred writer-composer team of such hits as *Oklahoma!*, *Allegro*, and next season's *Tales of the South Pacific*. The important shows they produce and those they write, playing in N. Y. C., on the road, and abroad, have hit a box-office peak of half a million dollars weekly.

JOE LOUIS has been world heavyweight boxing champion for eleven years, has fought twenty-five defending bouts, mostly in N. Y. C.'s Madison Square Garden or at the Yankee Stadium.

WOLCOTT GIBBS is *The New Yorker* magazine's distinguished drama critic. His reviews make outspoken and good reading, often lash out with corrosive violence, more rarely with enchanted praise.

MAC KRIENDLER and JOHN PERONA are key figures of two N. Y. C. meeting grounds. Kriendler is the host in the mock club atmosphere of the restaurant "21"; Perona sits among the blue and white zebra stripes of his night club, El Morocco.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG is one of the great men of jazz, a superb trumpeter, singer, and improviser. He has appeared five times in the past two years at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall.

ISAMU NOGUCHI is one of America's most important sculptors. He was born in California, has been in New York most of his life. His work is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the Whitney Museum owns his five-foot curvilinear figure, a proud and tragic Humpty Dumpty.

PENN

JIMMY SAVO is one of the world's great pantomimists and comics; his classic songs, "River Stay Way from My Door" and "One-Meat Ball." He entertains N. Y. C. with the regularity of the cuckoo in the clock, on Broadway, at night clubs, or the Plaza.

# INSIDE N.Y.C. *continued*

E. B. WHITE is a subcutaneous, crusading perfectionist who often writes the Notes and Comment lead for *The New Yorker.* His semantic rapier pulls ignorance and pretension apart delicately as if they were a bowknot and then—like Cyrano, impales them for the sake of humour and humanity. Among his books are *One Man's Meat, The Wild Flag,* the classic *Stuart Little.*

AGNES de MILLE is the best known American choreographer; her idiom has the grass-root tradition. Among her serious ballet successes, the now classic "Rodeo," and this year's "Fall River Legend"; among her musical comedy hits are *Oklahoma!, Brigadoon,* and *Allegro.*

JOHN J. BRODERICK is N. Y. C.'s most famous detective, was known as "Broadway's one-man riot squad," and as a major character in Damon Runyon's stories of Broadway.

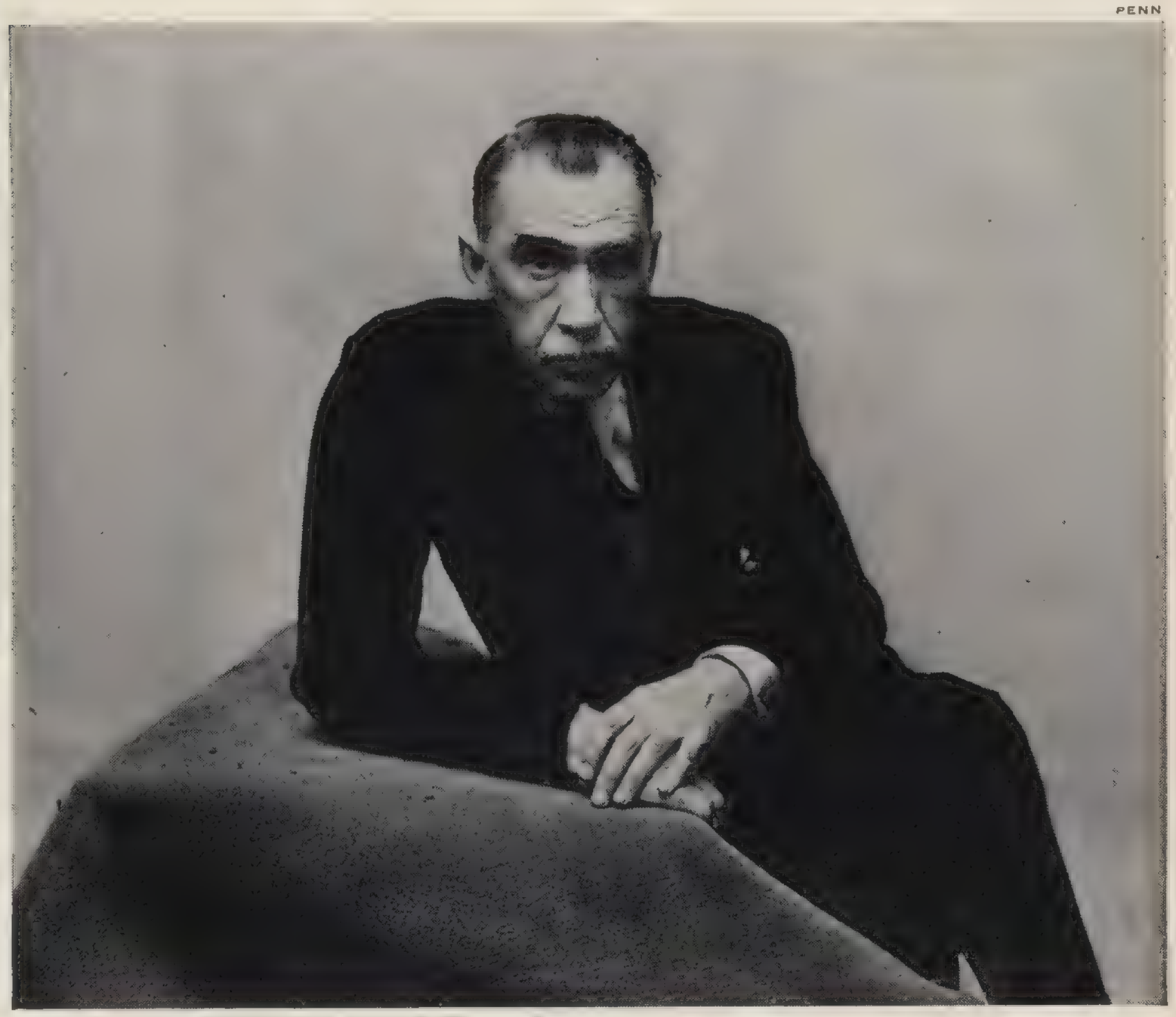
THE ANGEL, a Frenchman whose real name is Maurice Tillet, is a wrestler arbitrarily billed as "a giant dwarf"; ferocious mugging, more than skill, is his major charm. A college graduate, he studied law for two and a half years at the University of Toulouse, spent six years in the French navy, rising to the highest non-commissioned rating.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN is America's best young conductor; he has guest-conducted many major orchestras, conducted the N. Y. C. Center Symphony, 1945-1948. A composer of serious music, he also did the score for the hit *On the Town.*

JACOB AND GWENDOLYN LAWRENCE. A painter of social tragedy, his canvases—rather like poetic posters—hang in the Metropolitan Museum, the Whitney, and the Museum of Modern Art, which owns thirty of his paintings, high in key, inevitably plain-spoken.

BOWERY SIGN: black eyes treated with hot towels and make-up; takes ten to twenty minutes, costs a dollar or less.

PENN



ROBERT E. SHERWOOD is a deeply idealistic playwright with an affinity for success; three of his hits have won Pulitzer Drama Prizes. He helped make history working on President Roosevelt's speeches; recently finished writing a controversial history, *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* based on Harry Hopkins' papers.

# OPERA ADDICT

## At the root of the addiction is an understanding of wilfulness

BY W. H. AUDEN

No one is dispassionate on the subject of opera. Either he thinks it the most ridiculous and boring entertainment ever devised by man or he becomes an addict who will cheerfully sacrifice his health, his fortune, and his friends to gratify his craving. What makes an opera addict? To answer that question, one must, I believe, first ask another. What is opera about? Just as art in general can only deal with a portion of our total experience, so each of the arts has its special field with which it can deal better than any rival medium can, and its special limitations which it transgresses at its peril.

Thus, the essence of literature is reflection; there can be poetry and prose because we can stop to consider ourselves and the words. Drama depends upon the fact that we can be deceived, about character or identity or time. Ballet is based on ritual, that is, on an acknowledgement that there are relationships which are obligatory and independent of our personalities; its most characteristic gestures are those of courtesy, homage, and command.

And opera? One can, of course, only draw conclusions from the past, and the history of opera is very odd. The two greatest outbursts of creative activity in a dramatic medium which the world has seen so far were the succession of plays produced by Athenians during the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., and the succession of operas produced by Europeans, most of them Italians or Germans, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries A.D. Only one hundred and twenty-five years separate Gluck's *Orpheus* (1762) from Verdi's *Othello* (1887) but the list of operas produced in that period occupies 452 closely-written pages in Loewenberg's *Annals of Opera.*

Hundreds of these have, of course, been deservedly forgotten, but there remain many more works of great value than the combined opera houses of the world have time or talent to produce. Every opera fan builds his day-dream house in which with his daydream cast he stages his daydream repertoire of seldom performed operas by, say, Bellini or Rossini or Weber or Meyerbeer or Gounod or the young Verdi, which he longs to hear and fears he never will. That is one reason why, as a rule, he is a conservative who does not welcome new opera; there are too many from the Golden Age which he has still to hear. That age is over: after Verdi and Wagner come Puccini and Strauss, but one can not listen to either without being conscious that this is the end of something. From Gluck until them the development of the form is continuous and organic, but there it stops. New operas may and, let us hope, will be written, but their composers can not carry on from where their predecessors left off, but must start anew from the beginning.

What, then, is opera, as we know it so far, *about*? It is about *wilful* feeling. There could be no opera if we did not, in addition to simply having emotions, insist upon having them at whatever inconvenience to ourselves and others. The ideal operatic hero and heroine are people who make life very difficult indeed: they fall in love with the most unsuitable person they can find, an enemy, a social inferior, the consort of a friend, a criminal, a nun; they keep appearing at the most embarrassing and improbable times and places possible; they persistently and shamelessly make scenes in public; they expire in a prodigious explosion of defiance and *folie de grandeur.* All the great operatic characters, Don Giovanni (who is wilfulness incarnate), Norma, Lucia, Brünnehilde, Aïda, Carmen, etc., conform to this type and, indeed, it is risky for an opera to attempt to use any other variety. The passivity of Mimi, for example, almost wrecks *La Bohème*, and *Figaro* is, in my opinion, the least satisfactory of the great Mozart operas because its hero is too sensible; he is ingenious and practical rather than wilful, which has the effect of making me more interested in secondary characters like the Count than in him. The Figaro of the *Barber* is more operatic because he is more of a busybody who interferes for the sake of interfering.

Whether or not you will like opera will depend, then, I think, upon how characteristic of human nature, and how important to understanding it properly, you believe wilfulness to be. If you think that, normally, emotions just happen to people and that only a few hysterics try to make them happen, or that most human conduct is dictated by the demands either of natural appetites and aversions or of reason, then you will find opera artificial and insincere. If, on the other hand, you believe that human beings are most characteristically human, as contrasted with any other creature, when they are doing something just for the hell of it, or that all men are constantly adopting some emotion and defending it with the same intense energy as that *(Continued on page 101)*

IGOR STRAVINSKY *(opposite)*

One of the most extraordinary contemporary collaborations is that between Igor Stravinsky, who for thirty years has had the greatest influence on musicians, and W. H. Auden, who has had an equal one on poets. For their first opera, *The Rake's Progress,* they are taking point, plot, and period from Hogarth's paintings of the decline of a rococo London rake. (It will be produced two years from now at Covent Garden.) Stravinsky, small, concise, and precise, and Auden, long, untidy, and flaying, are working mostly at long distance, with the composer in Hollywood and the librettist in New York. Incidentally, Auden's last long semi-dramatic poem, *The Age of Anxiety,* was set mostly in a Third Avenue bar, which he filled with his dazzling rhetoric, his profound feeling, and his wild wit. Last spring, New York had a concentrated week of Stravinsky when Ballet Society performed his "Orpheus," and the Juilliard School his 1927 "Oedipus Rex." Before Auden, Stravinsky's great line of collaborators has included, C. F. Ramuz, Jean Cocteau, and André Gide; Picasso, Chagall, Berman, Tchelitchev, and Matisse.

PENN

# MEDITATION ON POISE

## "In poise there is a sense of proportion, a sense of rest and order"

BY RUMER GODDEN

"THERE was Mrs. Ramsay . . . still presiding but now with every trace of wilfulness abolished, and, in its stead, something clear as the space which the clouds at last uncover, the little space of sky beside the moon.

"Was it wisdom? Was it knowledge? Was it . . . the deceptiveness of beauty? Or did she lock up within her some secret which . . . people must have for the world to go on at all?"

Mrs. Ramsay was an ordinary woman with a husband, children, friends, projects, duties like the rest of us. She was, we are told in the book [*To the Lighthouse*, by Virginia Woolf], helter-skelter, wayward, wilful; we find, as we read, that she was sharp as well as sweet. What was this thing she had? Wisdom, knowledge, beauty came from it but were not ingredients of it. What Mrs. Ramsay had was poise.

Poise is a quality made up of other qualities but with something added of its own; some of the qualities are obvious: sympathy, gentleness, good manners, self-control but there are others that, on first sight, do not show as clearly; the first of these is, I think, any amount of courage; not a resistant courage, greater courage than that; the courage that is resilient.

When I was a child I was given a little doll that was so weighted that, if it were knocked over or laid flat, of itself it sprang up again. Only force could make it lie down and if the force, a hand or the lid of its box, were removed, up it sprang. I have always remembered that doll because that is what one seems to need in life, that inner spring. At first it seemed to me that it was the knocking flat that mattered, later I saw it was the ability to spring up. The doll had no power to resist the fall; far from resisting, it swayed and rocked to every touch; it was sensitive but it always came back to rest upright again.

This resiliency is far more powerful and outlasting than resistance; if we know we can spring up we are not afraid to go down. "Victory is made up of defeats," said Octavia Hill and to run on the pricks, to suffer to the hilt, is probably, in the end, to be hurt less; resiliency gives a poise that is sure because it is not afraid; resistance often exaggerates the thing resisted; it takes up more room than it ought and we can not be poised if we are lopsided.

In poise there is a sense of proportion and where there is proportion there is a sense of rest and order. Keeping people and things in their right places is one way of being kind, perhaps the kindest way; in one person's life there are many people and many things but kept in their places they still leave room for space and peace. Mrs. Ramsay had a clever, absent-minded, moody husband: "He had an eye like an eagle for extraordinary things. But did he notice the flowers? No. Did he notice the view? No. Did he notice his daughter's beauty or whether there was pudding on his plate or roast beef? No."

She had eight children, two houses, servants, and not much money; she had projects, and charities, the model dairy, the island hospital; she had friends, troublesome, troubled, dreamy and impecunious, friends in love, friends without love, each as difficult as the other; manifold people and manifold things but, as we examine her, we find about her still a sense of order and of space through all the manifestations, interruptions, annoyances, joys and tears.

"She listened. The drawing-room door was open; the hall door was open; it sounded as if the bedroom doors were open; . . . that windows should be open and doors shut—simple as it was, could none of them remember that?"

That seems curiously familiar to me. She was, her daily life was, like mine, but I am so unlike her. She was alive, enchanting, sympathetic, her life full, herself calm:

" 'Goodbye,' . . . she said and they walked up the street, she holding her parasol and walking as if she expected to see someone round the corner while, for the first time in his life, Charles Tansley felt an extraordinary pride . . . felt the wind and the cyclamen and the violets for he was walking with a beautiful woman for the first time in his life. . . .

" 'It is a French recipe of my grandmother's,' said Mrs. Ramsay speaking with a ring of great pleasure in her voice. Of course it was French. What passes for cooking in England is an abomination (they agreed); it is putting cabbages in water, it is roasting meat until it is like leather. It is cutting off the delicious skins of vegetables . . .

"and here she was, she reflected, making Minta marry Paul Rayley . . . was she wrong in this? she asked herself . . . wondering if she had put any pressure on Minta . . . to make up her mind? Was she not forgetting again how strongly she influenced people? . . . She was responsible to Minta's parents, the Owl and the Poker. Her nicknames for them shot into her mind . . .

"The children were not asleep . . . it was almost eleven and they were still talking . . . it was that horrid skull again . . . Cam couldn't go to sleep with it in the room and James screamed if she touched it . . . 'But think, Cam, it's only an old pig,' . . . but Cam thought it was a horrid thing branching at her all over the room . . . 'Well then,' said Mrs. Ramsay, 'we will cover it up.' . . . and she quickly took her own green shawl off and wound it round the skull, round and round and round and then she came back and laid her head almost flat on the pillow beside Cam's and said how lovely it looked now . . . it was like a bird's nest . . . it was like a beautiful mountain . . . with valleys and flowers and bells ringing and birds singing and little goats and antelopes . . . and Mrs. Ramsay went on saying still more monotonously and more rhythmically and more nonsensically how she must shut her eyes and go to sleep and dream of mountains and valleys and . . . antelopes and gardens . . . until . . . she saw that Cam was asleep."

And her husband: ". . . knowing that he was watching her . . . she turned, and looked at him. And as she looked at him, she began to smile, for though she had not said a word, he knew, of course he knew, that she loved him . . . and, smiling, she looked out *(Continued on page 106)*

# BEHIND THE LOBBY

## How to change a bill into a law; by an ardent lobbyist who is opposed to the whole idea

ERNESTA BARLOW

THIS is not the story of the big, powerful lobbies, the N.A.M., the Farmers, the Legion, Labor; this is the story of the voter with a cause and a principle at heart, of a small group organized and duly registered in Washington for the purpose of working for the passage of a particular bill.

Lobbying is a well-recognized, perfectly reputable form of political action. And yet the word *lobby* has come to carry with it a stigma of disrepute. This is because many lobbies, most lobbies in fact, are organized purely for selfish interests. They press for the passage of a bill from which their group alone will benefit financially. But other lobbies work solely for what their members believe is the public good. Between them is a great gulf, yet both groups are rightfully called lobbyists.

To lobby is the voter's method of trying to get Congress to adopt some measure which he, as a citizen, wishes to see become a law of the land. The lobbyist may work as a volunteer or he may receive a salary from the organization which is pushing for passage of a bill. Either procedure is technically honourable and current in our system of government. If a group organizes for the purpose of lobbying and collects funds to support the lobby, that group must be registered as a pressure group, state its aims, and report on its finances. Most bills have their lobby and most lobbyists go through much the same mill—a mill which grinds your illusions exceeding fine.

My own experience in this field has been illuminating. I began during the war, with a group of other unpaid volunteers, to agitate for passage of a National War Service Act. As an unpaid volunteer, I continued after the war to press for passage of Universal Military Training.

Whichever path a lobbyist takes leads straight to the Capitol. When I first stepped into the great marble hall, I looked about in awe.

"This belongs to me," I breathed in reverence, "practically. To me, Mrs. American Citizen! Quarterly I send a check for its upkeep; and I have something for my money!"

A polite, uniformed guard asked me if I was looking for the Visitors' Gallery. I said, no thank you, I was looking for my congressman. He directed me to the House Office Building across the park.

A congressman has an outer office full of secretaries, his home newspapers, and people who want to get him to do something. He is on the far side of a closed mahogany door. He is a very busy man. But he is accessible. It is part of his job.

The best time to call at the Hill is early. Each Congressman is on some committee, and the lobbyist must squeeze in before the meetings. The pros and cons of new legislation are thrashed out in these small groups before coming to the Floor of the House or Senate for final vote. Witnesses are called to testify before them at hearings. Every field of congressional action has its allotted committee. National defense measures come up before the Armed Services Committee, farm problems before the Committee on Agriculture; education, conservation, or war claims are each dealt with in their proper atmosphere.

If your bill is in committee, one of your jobs as a lobbyist is to see the chairman and then all the other members and try to find out how they will vote.

Valuable as these committees are, they are also one of the ways of delaying a bill for months or even years. If the committee does not favourably "report out" a bill, it can not get to the Floor of the House or Senate for a final vote. Very controversial proposals often meet this fate; for example, Universal Military Training. This bill has never reached the Floor, yet here is a measure which has had exhaustive hearings. Three years ago, the proposal came before the Post War Planning Committee. It was reported out favourably. That was a special committee, so UMT had to take another jump. This time it was the House Military Affairs Committee which scheduled hearings. They failed to report at all. Next, at popular request, President Truman appointed a civilian committee of nine members to probe the whole question. From them the vote was unanimous in favour. Each time, all factions were heard; private citizens, the military, diplomats, members of Congress, the clergy, educators, scientists, organizations for and against. Last fall the new House Armed Services Committee, which now combines Naval and Military Affairs, approved the Towe Bill for UMT by a vote of twenty to nothing. Still it languishes in the Rules Committee, which must approve the bill before it can be taken up on the Floor. A bill is alive during the entire Congress in which it was introduced. Bills which do not come to a vote before the end of the Congressional year are tabled and have to be introduced again with the new Congress.

One of the steepest hazards for the green lobbyist is the powerful Rules Committee which decides when and under what conditions a bill shall get to the Floor. The Rules Committee can hold up or expedite any bill.

But the lobbyist finds that even the Rules Committee can be by-passed. This is done "by petition." It will take a hardy soul to attempt this means of getting a bill to the Floor. First requirement is to secure two hundred and eighteen signatures—a majority of House members.

While petition will permit a vote, it may also precipitate chaos, because it suspends rules. Every member can now have a whack at the bill, and can amend it beyond recognition. On the final count, the lobbyist may find himself opposing with his last breath the bill which he has nearly bled and died for to get through.

Even after a bill passes the House and Senate, it has not yet taken the last jump. There are few bills that do not involve an appropriation. This is where the lobbyist tangles with the Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

In the course of lobbying, perhaps you are called to testify before a committee. If it is the first time, you may be very nervous. This is a vital bill; the opposition is well organized, with committee members pretty evenly *(Continued on page 105)*

# "LET MY PULSE ALONE"

## An interview in Happyland—a defense for the victims of today's interviewing technique

BY EVELYN WAUGH

Was it a peculiarity of my own or do you, Gentle Reader, as I once did, keep a black list of public characters? Mine grew longer every year. It comprised men and women quite unknown to me except through the newspapers, eminent in spheres where I never sought to compete—air-marshals, female physicists, prelates—who never did me harm nor indeed were aware of my existence, for whom nevertheless I had a sharp personal dislike.

It is the sort of emotion, I suppose, which leads more volatile races to assassination. With us (for I include you, Gentle Reader, however much you protest; I believe the habit to be universal), with us it is a transient mood, forgotten with the rest of the day's nonsense as we lay down the newspaper. But momentarily, just while you are reading about them, you do feel warmed and invigorated when you learn that one of your *bêtes noires* has broken his leg or had her jewels stolen; chilled and depressed when his new play gets praised. The mood passes, but the victims remain out of sight, in the concentration camp at the back of your mind, drab wretches waiting their turn to be hauled out and knocked-about whenever their names next appear in the public prints. You have long forgotten the original offense which made you dial the secret police and have them pulled in.

You will observe in the foregoing paragraph some rather fast practice with tenses and pronouns. What I am trying to convey is that I once had this habit and am cured; I believe you have it still. I will tell you about the cure in a minute. First let us examine the black lists again, turn up the files in the camp registry and find the charge sheets.

In a few cases, no doubt, you will find that the trouble was visual—a smirk in the photographer's flash-lamp, a jaunty step in the newsreel, a hat; sometimes it was aural—adenoids at the microphone; but the vast majority of the inmates, at any rate of *my* camp, were there for intellectual offenses. It was something they were reported to have said to the press; "interviews." They are things that get remembered and by which the mighty are judged. A man may spend a lifetime explaining himself in ten public speeches a week and three octavo volumes a year, but if once stepping out of an airplane after a bumpy passage, he makes one remark that is thoroughly idiotic, he may be sure that it will appear in large type in his obituary.

I refer, of course, to those utterances which seem to gush out spontaneously, washing away the patient camouflage of years in a great cataract of self-revelation. It is to avoid floods of this kind that the politicians now resort to "press-conferences," assembled on their own ground, in their own time, and for their own ends. They are carefully rehearsed; the light is arranged to fall as kindly as possible on the protagonist's frightful smile; there are introductions by press-attachés or public-relations officers, handshakes, confidences on and off "the record"; sometimes there is whiskey, sometimes there are cigars; always there is an idea to be propagated; an appearance to be sustained.

At the other extreme are those brief, dramatic incursions into public life of essentially private individuals. "Interviewed yesterday at her home in Barnet, Mrs. Everyman said she was too much upset by the discovery to have made any plans for the future. . . ." We all know what that means—Mrs. Everyman in hysterics upstairs, a bulldog snorting under the garden gate, and Master Everyman, happy as a lark, perched on the garage roof with his air gun.

Between these classes—the blackly guilty and the snowily innocent—there stands an intermediate, piebald set who, like Pekingese and poodles, have nothing to say but like a little attention. They are in the upper branches of their various trees and they have come to regard publicity as the measure of success. They are kind in the home, good at their jobs, but when there are reporters about, something comes over them and it is then that they make their atrocious, unforgettable utterances—or so I used to think, when I watched them chatting to the men with the notebooks, posing for the men with the cameras.

The classic ground for the sport is a liner arriving in New York. New Yorkers still retain a friendly curiosity about their foreign visitors—indeed, believe it or not, a bulletin is printed and daily pushed under your door in the chief hotels telling you just what celebrities are in town, where they are staying, and nominating a Celebrity of the Day, an introduction to whom is often included among the prizes in radio competitions.

To satisfy this human appetite the reporters come on board with the first officials and have ample time before the ship finally berths to prosecute their quest. They are not got-up to please. Indeed their appearance is rather like Poe's "Red Death"—a stark reminder of real life after five days during which one has seen no one who was not either elegantly dressed or neatly uniformed. American papers have at their command most prepossessing creatures of both sexes, but they choose only those who look like murderers to greet visitors. They are usually elderly and, one supposes, embittered men. Their business is exclusively with the successful. Their revenge is a ruthless professionalism. They look the passengers over and make their choice like fish brokers at market. One of their number, the grimmest, stalks into the lounge, breaks into a distinguished group, taps an ambassador on the arm and says: "The boys want a word with you outside."

I have often watched the process and decided that the fox on the whole rather enjoyed it. Eminent people get the feeling of moving everywhere among flash bulbs and questions, and miss them if they are not there, as dog-lovers like to be greeted by a hairy, dribbling, barking herd whenever they enter their own houses. I suppose it is like being an officer in the army. One's first day in uniform one was embarrassed at being saluted; after a short time one expected it. Anyway I used to think, as I saw the distinguished goats segregated from the sheep and hustled away so brusquely, that they would greatly have resented being left out, and I read the results with stony heart. How they gave themselves away, I thought.

But I have become altogether a softer man in this matter since last summer when, one ghastly afternoon, I found myself one of the victims—not, of course, in the open competition of the First Class Deck of a Cunarder, but in far more modest but equally disturbing circumstances.

I went to a country which I will call "Happiland"; a small, friendly country never much visited by the English, and last summer quite deserted by them, so that my arrival was, to that extent, remarkable.

I CAME by air. We landed at what should have been lunchtime, at what indeed *was* lunchtime for the various officials whose consent was necessary for our entry. This is no season in which to expect a sympathetic hearing of the vexations of travel. We will all go through hell cheerfully nowadays to get abroad. I did not repine, but I was weary when at length some hours later I reached my hotel. It was a stuffy afternoon; Happilandic trams rattled below the window. I shut out their sound and with it every breath of fresh air. I lay down on the bed, lit a cigar, and, before I had smoked half an inch, was asleep.

It was still in my fingers when I awoke at dusk; there was ash all over me, a hole in the top sheet and a smell of tobacco and burned linen. There was a strange figure in my room. It turned on the light and revealed itself as a young woman dressed as though for sport—not "*le sport*" of Mr. Michael Arlen: athletics, putting the weight most likely.

"Goodnight, Mr. Wog," said this apparition. "Excuse please I must make a reportage of you."

I sat up and began slowly to remember where I was; much more slowly than in detective stories the heroine comes round from chloroform.

"I am of . . ." said my visitor uttering some deep Happilandic gutturals, "our great Liberal newspaper."

"Do sit down." I waved to the arm chair; noticed that it was full of my clothes. "I am sorry to receive you like this."

"How you are sorry to receive me? I represent all anti-fascist intellectual activities."

"Ah, well; do you smoke?"

"Not too much."

She sat on my clothes and looked at me for some time without noticeable interest.

"Well," I said at length, "I suppose this is really worse for you than for me."

"Excuse please?"

"I simply said this was worse for you than for me."

"In what directions please?"

"Well, perhaps it isn't really."

"I am not understanding what is worse, Mr. Wog."

"No, it meant nothing."

"So."

There was another pause in which I began slowly to regain my self-possession. It was a game of snakes and ladders. The next throw set me back six squares.

"Mr. Wog, you are a great satyr."

"I assure you not."

"My editor says you have satirized the English nobility. It is for this he has sent me to make a reportage. You are the famous Wog, are you not?"

"Well, I'd hardly say that. Some of my books have been fairly popular . . . a very ordinary Wog, you know."

"I know, like the great Priestley."

"No, much more ordinary than him. Quite different."

"How different, Mr. Wog? You have said 'Fairly,' 'Popular,' 'Ordinary.' I have those words written down. I understand well. You believe in social justice, you write for the people, yes? You represent the ordinary man? That is why you satirize the nobility. They abuse you?"

"Yes, come to think of it, some of them do."

"Of course. In Happiland we are having many such proletarian writers. But since we have no nobility, they must satirize the secretaries of the Trades Unions. Do you also satirize the secretaries?"

"No, I can't say I do. You see, I've never met one."

"They are high people?"

"Yes, very high."

"So. I find you are a timid man, Mr. Wog, to be afraid of the secretaries. In Happiland are many jokes about them."

She seemed cast down by her memories of Happilandic humour and sat silent for some time. When she next spoke it was in the *plume de ma tante* tradition.

"Mr. Wog, how are your pens?"

I did not try. I simply said, "Very well, thank you."

"Here are many pens. I am not a pen. My editor has been an international pen in Swissland. Were you an international pen, Mr. Wog?"

Light broke. "The Pen Club? I'm afraid I am not a member, myself."

"How can that be? In Happiland all the great authors are pens. There is much jealousy to belong. Some say the elections are by intrigue but it is not so. It is all by merit. Is it not so in England?"

"Yes, I am sure it is."

"How then please are you not a pen? Do the great English writers scorn you?"

"That's exactly it."

"Because you are a proletarian?"

"I expect so."

"Oh, Mr. Wog, how I will satirize them in my reportage! It will enrage my editor. He will protest to the International Committee of Pens."

"Jolly decent of him," I said, perhaps rather weakly.

She wrote busily, in longhand covering several leaves of her notebook. Then she said: "Mr. Wog, you have come here to satirize Happiland?"

"Certainly not."

"Why then have you come?"

"Oh, just for the change."

"That is interesting me very much. You think Happiland is greatly changed?"

"I mean for myself."

"In what directions, please, do you wish to change?"

"In all directions."

"So. And you come to Happiland for these changes? Because of the new Age-Spirit?"

That was a long snake, leading me back half-way down the board. "Yes," I said, contemptibly.

"And your school? That will change too?"

"Oh, I expect so. All the schools are changing every day, I'm told . . . I know what you're going to ask: in what directions? Well, not so much classics, you know, modern languages, more stinks."

This seemed a ladder.

"I am not understanding stinks, Mr. Wog."

"That's what we used to call science at my school."

"YES, yes, now I understand you. It is an American idiom. Science stinks, yes? You suffer the cosmic despair because of the atom bomb. You antagonize the sciences. In Happiland we are having many such desperate intellectuals. And to express this world-sorrow you are leading your school of proletarian satyrs to new language-forms away from the classics. Mr. Wog, this will be a fine reportage. I must go with it to my editor."

She was gone and as I lay back among the singed bed clothes I felt deep gratitude that none of my friends read Happilandic.

Think of this more or less true story, Gentle Reader, when you feel moved to intolerance. It may be your turn next.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Evelyn Waugh is the British author of* Vile Bodies, Black Mischief, A Handful of Dust, *and* Brideshead Revisited. *His most recent novel is* The Loved One *(in which the setting is California, and the subject two cemeteries, Whispering Glades, for humans, and the Happier Hunting Ground, for dogs).*

# CHARACTERS ON THE TRACK

## Touts and tipsters, their intricate social system, working methods

BY G. F. T. RYALL

It takes all kinds of people to make up a race track crowd. You see the same faces wherever you go: at Belmont Park, at Saratoga, at Hialeah, at Santa Anita, at Churchill Downs for the Kentucky Derby, at Pimlico for The Preakness, at Arlington Park for the Classic Stakes. If there was only one race meeting in the country, and that was in the middle of Death Valley, all the old familiars would be in the paddock at post time for the first race. How some got there might be one of racing's minor miracles, but they would be there; owners who have run out of money, trainers who have run out of horses (one, an engaging fellow, who danced in the same floor show as George Raft), former bookmakers' clerks, most of whom sell or cash pari-mutuel tickets, old jockeys now booking agents for younger riders, and, of course, a few clockers—Sally and his partner, the Florida Owl—and maybe Ollie, an ex-Pullman porter, who can time with a split-second watch in each hand—to catch the morning workouts.

Also, you'd see ever so many characters just doing the best they can; like Tree Tops, who used to sit in trees outside the tracks and wigwag the results of races to a news service for poolrooms, and The Gink, who sells jewellery to horse players in the money, or makes a quick loan—with satisfactory security—to a customer who has tapped out on the sixth race and has a hot tip on the seventh. Besides being a patron of the turf, The Gink is also a patron of the arts and a subscriber to the Metropolitan. His friends recall how once the wife of a high player from out of town all of a sudden one evening wanted to go to the opera. The performance she had her heart set on was a very special one for which tickets simply could not be had, but The Gink averted a family crisis by selling her his seats. "I got out on the season on Chaliapin," he says.

At every track you can see professional bettors clustered near the windows where the hundred-dollar mutuels are sold. They know that one ticket bought by a certain person on a certain horse is far oftener a better guide to what a stable really thinks of its chances than ten tickets taken by somebody else. However, although many owners, and all trainers, bet on their horses, few actually do it themselves. The reason is obvious. In the pari mutuel, the pay-off is fixed by the amount wagered on a runner—the more money on him, the shorter the odds. Also, the fact that a shrewd trainer has supported his horse to win a substantial stake will cause a lot of people to follow his lead. Then, too, they will tell their friends, and that will not improve the price. Wiseacres who play angles are always on the lookout for what they call the right for a stable—the fellow who has the inside track. Harry the Cop, who was one for a while, is indefatigable at this. One day at Belmont Park he shadowed a horseman for more than an hour, and when the horseman protested, he said, "Well, if you tell me what you're doing in the next race, I'll lay off."

To give themselves a cloak of invisibility, some trainers and betting men have what they call a beard—not a disguise to snap on when they go to the ticket windows, but an acquaintance, usually a businessman, who likes to do a chore of betting in exchange for inside information. Of course, as a ruse this is about as effective as green whiskers, for, in practically no time, beards become very well known, but everybody takes the whole thing as good, clean fun.

One of the better known beards is Meyer the Buyer (not to be confused with another beard, a chubby little Italian everyone calls Myer because once in a horse-room, when he was pressed into service to describe a race he got flustered and said, "My-a horse he's-a in front, another horse he's-a second . . ."). For ever so long, Meyer the Buyer has been the beard for a character called The Champ, whose exploits as a promoter and an owner are almost legendary. Meyer's favourite story is how they built up and brought off a betting coup at Saratoga with a 40–1 shot. "And the day before the race," Meyer always says, "we locked The Champ in his room in the States, and Little Augie put two of the boys in with him to guard him, and they kept him there until everything was all over. You know, if we let him get around town he would of touted everybody on the horse, and ruined the price."

Touting and tipping the winner are as old as racing. Everyone around the tracks does it one way or another. The owner of a large and expensive stable may confide to his dinner guests that he is starting a nice two-year-old on Wednesday, and invite them out to see it run. Or he may advise an old friend or a favoured business associate to have something on Soandso next time. After all, nobody objects to picking up a bit of money these days. The small horseman wires his clients that he has a good thing going in the third race tomorrow, it will be a long price, and don't forget to bet for him. If the tip clicks, the winnings pay the feed bill and keep the stable going. Or the last time you were at the track you may have backed a horse in a race at six furlongs, and the beast wasn't in the money. However, noting that in spite of being crowded and bumped, he appeared to be running on at the finish, you said to yourself, "That animal wants a mile." This conjecture, when passed on to someone, amounts to tipping.

Touts are something else again. Also, the social structure of their profession has many levels. At the bottom are the hustlers, who work the paddock, get themselves up as grooms or exercise boys —always with rub-rags hanging out of their hip pockets to make them look completely in character—adopt a mysterious attitude, and tell you confidentially that they are in one of the leading stables. (Strappers from the leading stables also try to pick up a soft dollar touting, which seems fair enough all round.) Slightly higher in the scale are the sharp-faced

fellows who sidle up to you, borrow a pencil or a match, and then point out a teammate as Jockey Arcaro's agent or the brother-in-law of Citation's trainer (which, of course, he isn't), who might be induced to win you a big bet if you gave him your money to buy the tickets with. And at the top of the list are the well-organized companies, with plush offices, which handle tens of thousands a day.

A highly regarded character is Tootsie, who has a passion for Tootsie Rolls, and is the best telephone man in the country. He can—in fact, he does—ring up a dozen men in half a dozen cities every day and talk them into betting five hundred on a horse, with the winnings of a fifty-dollar play his piece of it. Of course, several of the horses he advises betting on are in the same race, but his saps, as he calls them, don't know that. His sucker list is fascinating; on it you'll find the names of bankers, a department store owner, lawyers, doctors, a mayor, four chiefs of police, and a reverend. Tootsie is cynical about his clients. "They're all full of larceny," he says. "They want to bet on fixed races, and if they lose they scream they was robbed. I'd like to fix just one race some time. If I could, I'd win enough to retire."

THERE is, of course, plenty of authentic racing information in the way of workouts and past performances in the daily papers, to which anyone can add a take-a-chance guess at trainers' plans. As good a hand at putting all three together was a character who called himself The Old Kentucky Fox. No doubt old-timers still remember him. He was a little wisp of a man, with hair like a halo of cotton wool, and he must have been close to a hundred years old when he died. His cry was, "The Old Kentucky Fox! I got 'em yesterday, and I got 'em again today!" In his slave days he was a jockey for a Southern stable, and he spent all his life around the tracks. He really knew horses, and picked a lot of winners.

Another old favourite was Longshot Jack Reilly, a little, red-faced man with a big voice, the first tip-seller to work the race trains. One July 3rd he picked seven winners, and seven more the next day. That evening his grateful and enthusiastic customers carried him on their shoulders through the railway station and the streets of Buffalo. Another time, at Suffolk Downs, he picked for his Twenty-five Dollar Longshot Special (price fifty cents), something that won at 12–1. On the strength of that he sold fifteen hundred cards next day. Then there was Frankie Ott, who was as well known in Baltimore as the gates of Pimlico. After he died, $40,000 was found hidden in his bedroom.

A number of touts have other occupations as well. Eddie the Fiddler was a musician of considerable ability and played the violin in one of the better orchestras. However, he wasn't very good at explaining away the defeat of a hot horse—"cooling out a loser" is the race track phrase for it—which is an important part of a tout's stock in trade. He probably would be still around, though, if he hadn't charmed a Staten Island barber with his music and promoted him to bet his shop on a race at Jamaica. The horse didn't win, the barber chased Eddie around the stables for hours, and shortly thereafter Eddie and his violin went to New England.

Then there was Clam Frank, who once had a fish-and-chowder place on Long Island, and whose favourite clincher to emphasize a racing certainty was, "You can bet the Brussels carpet on this one." In the days before he devoted his entire attention to the turf, Frank would bet on his own tips. If short of cash, he'd slip out of the lunchroom, where his wife, a strong-minded woman, was the cashier, rush home, rip up the carpet in the living room, and take it to a pawnshop. Then he'd go to a horse-room. Frequently he would have a hard time winning the carpet back, and after a time it began to wear thin around the edges. One day Mrs. Clam Frank, returning unexpectedly early, caught her husband putting down the carpet. Even the money he won that afternoon couldn't square things for him.

If ever the statisticians who are now so busy making surveys of everything else found themselves with a spare moment, they might try their hands at summing up the systems for picking winners. Tips to one side, the most popular is the one that uses the times of previous races as the basis for calculations. One of its variations is what is loosely called speed-chart handicapping, which, by the way, is a pretty complicated business. The runners in a race are timed individually as well as collectively, with watches that record in tenths of seconds, the finish is photographed to get the exact distance between the horses, and finally each animal's performance is evaluated and given a rating called a figure. A common remark of one handicapper to another is "I got a bad figure on that one today."

The school of thought next favoured takes into account only comparison and consistency—the way most people pick football teams. Other racegoers, however, prefer divination. (No, you shut your eyes and do it with a pin.) Numerology has its followers, and the best customers of an astrologer who has a pitch in downtown Miami are horseplayers. Also, there are people who believe that cards help them pick winners. For years an odd-looking old man used to sit under the grandstand at Jamaica, with a board on his knees, playing a curious kind of solitaire with tarots and comparing the results of the game with cabalistic signs on his program.

For a sport so concerned with the present, racing's heart is remarkably set in the past. The older regulars like to talk of Chicago O'Brien, a peppery little Irish bricklayer who bet on horses to show at incredibly short odds. Once he wagered forty-five thousand to win ten thousand—and didn't win it. When he died, however, his estate was appraised at more than a million.

THEIR favourite, though, is a character named Nick F., who came from the Levant, was a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and was unequalled at expressing in figures a horse's chances of winning a race. The speed-chart boys recall, almost reverentially, that he brought an anemometer to the tracks, set it up, and took into his calculations the wind resistance it recorded. "He was a great handicapper," they say. "His figures always stood up for him." Also, his admirers insist, nobody ever played as high, and he was as successful as a bookmaker as he was as a bettor. The first winter he booked at New Orleans he won all the money in the ring. At the end of the meeting he announced that he would give a railroad ticket home and a hundred dollars for expenses to anyone who needed it. Horsemen still wonder how much it cost him. Unlike most race-trackers, he was careless about his clothes, and once, after much persuasion, a friend took him to a Fifth Avenue tailor. Nick ordered seven suits, all of them brown. He had definite ideas about horses, however. One day he quoted 30–1 against an animal the other bookmakers held at 20–1, and Tom Shaw said to one of his men, "Bet him a thousand." Nick took it and put up 40–1. Shaw sent over another thousand. As he took that one, Nick said to the messenger, "Now go and ask him why he doesn't bet me something." For the record, the horse didn't win. A few years later Nick began to run out of luck and health. Towards the end he and his wife were living in a small hotel in New Orleans, and one night a fire broke out downstairs. "Daisy," he said, "save the figures."

*EDITOR'S NOTE: George F. T. Ryall is a former sports writer on the old New York* Morning World. *Since 1926, as Audax Minor, he has been writing* The New Yorker's *racing column.*

# A THREE-PLY GARDEN

## Vital medical research, beauty, and education join forces at the New York Botanical Garden

BY MARY JEAN KEMPNER

A FLOWER garden and cancer research seem to have no connection, but the eccentricities of plant growth might supply a key to cancer. Botany and virus diseases, such as infantile paralysis and the common cold; and bacterial diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, and pneumonia, are not generally associated. The link between them may lie, however, in bacteria. Bacteria are a form of plant life. And plants play a Jekyll and Hyde rôle. Although without them we would starve or suffocate, in their villainous moods plants are responsible for damage ranging from mildew to cholera.

Clues to the solution of such vital human problems may well emerge from the New York Botanical Garden's three-pronged sphere of interest. This tripartite program includes the obvious horticultural beauties of one of the world's greatest public gardens; educational facilities ranging from simple courses in amateur gardening to postgraduate work of full university status; and formidable medical research. The importance of the Garden's research is underlined by the organizations which are subsidizing some of its work; among them, The Rockefeller Foundation, The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and The American Cancer Society.

Cancer's hermetically sealed door is being bombarded from a multitude of directions and in a multitude of ways. At Memorial Hospital, in New York, they are working with nitrogen mustard gas as a possible form of treatment; at the Institute for Cancer Research, in Philadelphia, on a substance called bacterial polysaccharide, which is a kind of sugar and which has successfully immunized some mice against cancer. At the University of Colorado, they have been able to cause cancer in roach-like insects by cutting a nerve in the region where the cancer is planned; at the University of Minnesota, they are working on the premise that mice transmit breast cancer to one another through an agent in the mother's milk. At the Southern Research Institute, in Birmingham, Alabama, they are working with radioactive iodine as a possible treatment for cancer of the thyroid. At Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, they are working with hormones; at Jackson Memorial Laboratory, in Bar Harbor, they are concerned with genetics; and at the New York Botanical Garden, they are working with molds and vegetables, studying "growth, normal and abnormal."

What makes cancer cells grow and what it takes to *stop* their growth once it becomes runaway are cancer's major mysteries. Because molds or fungi follow the same laws of genetics as people, they are ideal experimental material. "Molds take up little space and when you're through with them you have no compunction about killing them," said one of the researchers in the Garden's laboratories.

The Director of the Botanical Garden and of its research laboratories is the famed plant physiologist, Dr. William J. Robbins. While most botanists concentrate on the classification of plants, Dr. Robbins' interest is in their behaviour—good and bad. A powerful, granite block of a man in his late fifties with greying hair, gruff mustache, and a trace of Missouri accent, he sustains a deadpan intensity broken by wisps of irrepressible and highly carbonated humour. His talent for understatement, particularly when it relates to his own work, is developed to a highly scientific degree. Around eight-thirty each morning, Robbins arrives at his office, carrying a metal lunchbox which gives him more the appearance of a company foreman than that of a scientist. (As there is no restaurant in the hundred-and-thirty-acre Garden, the Director saves time by bringing with him a sparse sandwich and fresh fruit which he eats on location.)

An austere man—his staff rarely call him by name, use his title instead—the Director slips into the relaxed warmth of a man-in-his-element the minute he enters the laboratory, which is the first stop of his Garden day. Sprawled out in the basement of the archaic administration building (architecturally the building is a fine example of Victorian-flavoured Renaissance caricatured by the cartoonist Steinberg) the laboratories are a cross between a busy kitchen and a nineteenth-century lawyer's office.

In these high-ceilinged laboratories experiments are being run on vegetables made "cancerous" by bacteria injection, and on "cancerous" molds growing in a variety of nutritional bases. (Molds often require large doses of vitamin $B^1$; in fact, four vitamins were discovered by noting that simple plants needed them.) Soft, fuzzy substance lies in round glass plates which look like king-size coasters supplied with lids to prevent contamination and are called petri dishes. In some of these petri dishes, the fuzz or mold was smooth, in others it had developed bubbles. These bubbles, Dr. Robbins explained, represented "a region of faster growth," which is the description of a tumor.

Among the tumorous vegetables were artichokes, beets, and carrots. A brilliant young English scientist, wearing a work-stained white coat and sandals from the Far East, spoke lovingly of these diseased vegetables: "Look at the velvety excrescence of this beet root and the soft green of my 'cancerous' carrot . . . beautiful, isn't it?" So far his most successful experiment was run on a sunflower. By injecting bacteria into the flower's stem a tumor had been produced. This tumor was then removed and grown in a laboratory flask. Although the tumor in the flask was rid of its bacterial cause, it still continued to grow. As such it was pure tumor tissue. When grafted into normal sunflower tissue this diseased tissue—though rid of its original bacteria—nonetheless was able to produce tumor tissue in a healthy sunflower host.

Laboratories throughout the country also are working with grim tenacity on the unknown factors of infantile paralysis and other virus diseases. At the Botanical Garden, Dr. Robbins and his staff are working with a group of thirty thousand molds collected from all over the world, searching for molds which produce a substance that will *(Continued on page 102)*

# PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER

## He was punctilious; in his office hung a sign: "Gentlemen will not smoke in this office. Others must not."

BY CAROLINE DUER

My father was not in the least like Clarence Day's father, either in the colour of his hair or the quickness of his temper. Indeed, he had no temper. He was aloof, reserved, and very kind, in so lofty a way that everybody—except children—appeared to be a little in awe of him. This, since he was quite unself-conscious, was surprising to him. An acquaintance met him one afternoon strolling nonchalantly uptown and stopped him to say with mock gravity, "Please, Mr. Duer, may I walk in your Fifth Avenue?" Papa, in relating the incident to us, said, in an aggrieved tone, that he did not know what the damned fool meant by it!

He used the same expression (only in the plural) when six of his friends sent him copies of an article called, "Travels with a Reformer." The hero of the article was a gentleman who stood up boldly for his rights. On one occasion, the waiter in a dining car refused to serve him chicken, on the not unreasonable grounds that they had run pretty short in chicken. The Reformer (who had just seen it being served to another man near him) merely asked, "then why did you serve it to that gentleman?" "Oh," said the waiter, "he's a director." "He has no more right to chicken than any other passenger," replied the Reformer, and he made such a point of it that somehow or other chicken was produced for him.

This attitude was completely my father's, and he saw nothing in it but proper citizenship. In the days of horsecars there was a line that ran downtown to the office section of New York. At a certain point after a certain hour, passengers were supposed to change to another car which transported them further. Notice of the change was supposed to be posted in the car about to be taken off. One day no notice was put up, but the passengers were told by the conductor to change. (There were always conductors in those days.) My father immediately requested that the notice be shown him. When none was produced he advised the other passengers to remain in their places, and finally the horses were put-to again and the car continued on its proper way.

As a young girl, after we became less well-off than we had been, I was sometimes obliged to go out to parties in a public conveyance (a great inconvenience, too, in those days of elaborate costume) and I used to be in an agony of fear that Papa, who escorted me to my destination, might be minded to match the rights of private citizens against the rulings of the public conveyance companies. I always saw myself being deprived of my amusement for the sake of principle. And if he had felt that his way was right and he was not getting it, I should have been, too.

As quite a young man he had been put into the banking firm of James Gore King's Sons to replace his father, who had become seriously ill. I do not think he was an astute businessman but the routine of business was dear to him. He went to the office at exactly the same hour every day, worked hard, went to his club in the late afternoon, and returned to his family in the evening. He was punctilious about all points of etiquette, business and social. We were never permitted to be a moment late for any engagement. Every letter to the firm was answered in perfect script. Ceremonious politeness was the rule, and I always remember his pleasure in a notice he had had printed and hung over his desk: "Gentlemen will not smoke in this office. Others must not."

He had the most charming smile in the world and no child could resist it. He loved small children and he and they were always happy in each other's company. He used to make them delightful toys: windmills, little boats, anything that could be made with a penknife, a chisel, and sandpaper for smoothing wooden surfaces. He made his daughters a fine sailing yacht called the *Cea*, from the first letters of our names, and many a Sunday afternoon we have spent at the pond on our Staten Island place watching that good ship sail from one side to the other and rushing round to turn it back again.

He was fond of music and had, himself, a sweet, natural voice. One of the first songs I remember is a rhymed version of "The Babes in the Woods," which began, "My dears, don't you know, how a long time ago"—and only ended when the robins so red buried the children under the strawberry leaves. There was another pathetic one about a mother who could not see her dying boy because she had no light, though "a thousand lamps were glancing in yonder castle fair." A more cheerful note was struck in "Vilkins and his Dinah," which, though it ended in their being buried in one grave, was intended to be humorous. We knew every verse of it. Also a good many of the songs that had been sung during the Civil War: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," being a great favourite of Papa's. The operettas of Offenbach, as they came to this country, and many others, German and French, were a delight to him. When I grew old enough to play the piano, I could not please him better than by giving him a succession of his pet melodies from the *Belle Hélène*, *Barbe-Bleue*, the *Black Hussar*, and any of the English musical comedies.

He was fond of horses, drove good ones, and was a member of Jerome Park, where he went constantly to the races. He was also a member of the Kennel Club because he liked dogs, and of the Union Club because all his friends were there. I believe he played billiards, or at least liked to see it well played, and must have bet upon the results, for I remember his handing money he had won to the waitress, saying with his usual grave pleasantness, "Mr. Grant hopes you and Eliza [our beloved cook] will go to the theatre tomorrow night." I suppose he had bet upon the skill of Mr. George de Forest Grant and had not been disappointed.

He was distinctly a man's man, and while he loved my mother dearly, he never knew in the least how to please her. Neither did he know when he had displeased her. When she was really provoked, she used to address him only through one of her daughters. He never was aware of this at the time, but if he happened to discover it later, his feelings were deeply hurt. I once saw the letter in which he proposed for her to her father. It ended by saying that *his* father *(Continued on page 107)*

# THE WORLD OF ART AND REILLY

## About some of "the remarkably queer people who do so understand art"

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

I DON'T know how the devil it is, but I seem to have no feeling at all for art. That's all the more surprising because since I was a kid I've been dotty on books, pictures, and music, and, as my sister Kate says, it's funny that now when it would be of so much use to me, I don't know the first thing about it. Ever since the political situation has got so unsettled, even Kate can see how useful art is, for salting away your spare cash and dodging income tax and estate duties.

It's remarkable the queer sort of people who do understand art. It seems that the queerer they are, the more they understand about it. Take Reilly, for instance. Reilly suffers from a sort of split personality like a lot of other businessmen I know. Half of him is a man-eating tiger and the other half a monk. Reilly used to speculate on wheat when it was wheat, and as long as you had Reilly in view you need never look at a newspaper to see what prices were like, for the moment they began to drop Reilly the monk came on top. "Donovan," he'd say, "I know you think I'm a materialist, but you don't understand me at all. No one really understands me. All I ever wanted from life was a quiet little cottage in the country with a stream running by the door." Now he speculates on art, and I've noticed since he took up art that the monk doesn't appear so often. He goes to an exhibition and marks what he likes, and a month afterwards he calls on the painter and offers him half, or even a third, of the prices he asked. Sometimes the painter is doing well, and he kicks Reilly down the stairs, but that never worries Reilly. He has a thick hide, and he knows what painters are like.

But that's only on the side. His great line is silver, Irish silver. A couple of weeks ago my brother-in-law, Jerry Monks, and myself were having lunch with him in Dublin. Now Jerry isn't a bad sort of chap, only that his mum wasn't a lady, and about ten years ago he got a sort of misguided notion into his head that my sister Kate was. He must have got it very bad, because he has it still. Anyway, after lunch Reilly asked us round to see his collection of silver. He took us to a little antique shop in a side street and introduced us to the owner, a bloke called Mr. Cooney, a slight little man with a lean face decorated with whiskey and a genial, melancholy air like a professional mourner.

"Gentlemen," says Mr. Cooney solemnly, "any friend of Mr. Reilly's is a friend of mine."

It seemed to me I recollected having heard that remark before, and it strengthened the impression I had of the gentleman's character. It struck me that Reilly's introduction mightn't be altogether pure kindness, and I was beginning to wonder if there wasn't some little understanding between them. He brought us down to a sort of strong-room in the basement, and as he switched on the light I gave a gasp. I declare, it was more like Ali Baba's cave than anything else.

"Some nice work here, gentlemen," says Mr. Cooney.

"Oh, oh," says I, gaping like an idiot. "Isn't it beautiful? And is all this yours, Reilly?"

"All Mr. Reilly's," said Mr. Cooney in the tone of a clerk answering Mass. "One of the finest collections in the world, I may say."

"Well, now, Reilly," says I, "aren't you going to find it very crowded in that little cottage in the country?"

He wasn't a bit offended. The monk was having a day off.

"Well," he said, beaming at me, "any time now you have a little bit of money to invest, I'm sure Mr. Cooney will be glad to advise you."

"Oh, you can rely on that, gentlemen," said Mr. Cooney, rolling his head, and as true as God there were tears in the old ruffian's eyes. Jerry Monks is a tearful sort of chap too, but his tears are always retrospective. I wasn't so sure of Mr. Cooney's.

"What's that?" says I when we got back to the shop, and I pointed at a bloody big oil painting of a lot of naked women.

"Oh," said Mr. Cooney, "that's a Rubens." (He called it "Reubens.")

"Go on!" said I. "And how much would it cost?"

"Eighty pounds," said Mr. Cooney, standing in front of it with a contemplative look in his eye. "And cheap at that."

"Well, now, you couldn't expect to get a good Rubens for less," said I. "And I suppose that's a Rembrandt alongside it?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Cooney with an air of surprise. "That's a Van Dyck. Wouldn't you know his delicate touch?"

"I would not," said I. "And how much is he?"

"Sixty-five," said Mr. Cooney, "but I don't know that I'd personally recommend it. I think it must be one of his early works."

"I suppose you wouldn't have anything small, suitable for a lady?" asked Jerry with his ingratiating smile. "The wife and myself will be married ten years next Wednesday, and I'd like to give her something good."

"Well, to be quite frank with you, Mr. Monks," said Mr. Cooney, "I haven't much in that line, barring one of them nice little cameo brooches in the window. . . . But hold on now a minute," he added, raising one finger. "I have something special here that might interest you, though 'tis on the dear side."

He went to the safe and brought back a little box which he tenderly opened under Jerry's nose.

"Now, that," he said confidentially, giving each of us a whiff of alcohol in the puss, "is a little diamond ring I got last week from a very good house."

"That's a very nice bit of work," said Jerry, trying to look as if he knew the difference. "Isn't it, Tom?"

"Ah, 'tis all right," said I, trying to

do the same only more so. I was going to spend the week end in Cork with Jerry and Kate, and I had no particular fancy for explaining to my war horse of a sister how I'd let her husband be diddled under my eyes by a Dublin peddler. "How much is it?"

"A hundred and twenty," said Mr. Cooney in a wounded tone as if he was getting tired of my crudity. "Of course, I'd let Mr. Monks have the same discount as Mr. Reilly. That'd bring it down to a hundred and eight."

"What do you think, Tom?" asked Jerry, hovering on the verge.

"Begod, Jerry," said I, "I'd say you must be bloody fond of your wife."

"As a matter of fact, Tom," he said, deciding to go all sentimental on me, "I am. I remember the last Christmas before I met Kate, I was working in a drapery shop in a little town in Connemara. I had nowhere to go, and no money to go there, and I sat the most of that night at my window crying, listening to the music through the town all round me. Two weeks after I met Kate in the bank, and I never looked back since."

"Or sideways," said I.

"I never wanted to look sideways," said Jerry reproachfully.

"Mr. Monks," said Mr. Cooney, laying a respectful paw on Jerry's sleeve, "I heard a similar story only three weeks ago from Mr. Zhelinski, the great art expert—Mr. Reilly knows Mr. Zhelinski—Well, Mr. Zhelinski got engaged to the charming young lady he afterwards married when he hadn't a rex. One day he happened to be passing a little curio shop when he saw a little ornament in a window. It was just a bird's claw in some sort of cheap metal; nothing more. 'How much is that?' says he. 'A bob,' says the shopkeeper, a morose sort of individual. Mr. Zhelinski put his hand in his pocket, and all the money he had in the world was tenpence. The same man, Mr. Reilly will tell you, must be worth a million today. 'Will you give it to me for tenpence?' he says. 'No,' says the shopkeeper. 'The price of that article is one shilling.' Oh, a disobliging sort of man, you know. So Mr. Zhelinski went out and borrowed tuppence from a friend to buy it. Now, I have it from Mr. Zhelinski's own lips, he sold that afterwards to the Copenhagen Museum for one hundred and eighty pounds. One hundred and eighty pounds. That was the first money he ever earned. It was the missing foot of a twelfth-century shrine, and they had the rest of it there. Oh, that's as true as you're standing there. One hundred and eighty pounds!"

True or not, it put the finishing touches to poor Jerry. The picture of himself as Mr. Zhelinski, the great art expert, went to his head. I don't believe even Kate could have stopped him then.

"Will it be all right if I leave you a deposit?" he asked. "Tom is coming down to stay with me, and he'll bring you the rest in on Monday."

"Oh, any time, Mr. Monks, any time at all," said Mr. Cooney with a wave of his hand. "Any friend of Mr. Reilly's is as safe as the Bank of Ireland."

"Oh, I wouldn't be too sure of that, Mr. Cooney," said Reilly suavely. "You'd be surprised at some of the peculiar friends I have."

"He must be very innocent indeed if he's surprised at anything about you," I said, being as close as I could conveniently go to telling them both what I thought of them. I had to wait till I got that poor sod Jerry alone before I could do that.

"You must be out of your mind," I said. "Anyone in his senses could see that Reilly was only acting as a decoy duck. No wonder he can collect Irish silver if he can pick up ten quid as easy as that! And you call yourself a businessman! What do you know about diamonds? I suppose they're paste?"

"Ah, they're not paste, Tom," said Jerry with his smug air as if he were sorry for me. "That's a very nice ring."

"Who told you?" said I.

"I have an instinct for things like that," said Jerry.

"Have you?" said I. "The very first time in your life you were in an antiqué shop and you lit on a bargain. You're a most remarkable man, Jerry Monks, do you know?"

We had tea together and then we caught the evening train. Every time I remembered it, I nagged Jerry all over again. He's a useful person to nag as it never seems to take anything out of him. When we went down to the Pullman for a meal we found ourselves sitting opposite a good-looking American, and within five minutes Jerry was telling him the story of his youthful struggles. Jerry's youthful struggles are very entertaining until about the third time you hear them, and the American seemed to enjoy it and even admired the photo of Kate and the kids which was duly produced.

"You're not in the drapery line yourself?" asked Jerry, who thinks everyone ought to be.

"No," said the American. "I'm a jeweller."

"A jeweller?" said Jerry with interest. "Are you really? That's a coincidence because I bought a little ring myself today. Of course, I don't know the first blooming thing about it, but I wanted something nice to give Kate on the tenth anniversary of our marriage."

He produced the ring from his waistcoat pocket, and the American studied it.

"That's a very nice ring," he said respectfully. "You may know nothing about it, but you didn't make any mistake in that. How much did they charge you?"

"Give a guess, can't you?" said Jerry with a laugh. "I'd like to know was I stung or not."

The American looked at the ring again before handing it back.

"That ring," he said slowly, "is worth about a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars?" I cried, nearly jumping out of my seat with the excitement. "Two hundred pounds?"

"That's right," said the American.

"Two hundred pounds?" repeated Jerry mournfully. "Is that all?"

"Is that all?" I said to myself and looked at him, wondering if he were mad. Then I gradually realized that he wasn't mad at all: this was simply Jerry the businessman supervening on Jerry the devoted husband.

"Why," the American asked in surprise, "how much did you pay?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five," replied Jerry without a blush.

"Eleven hundred dollars," commented the American. "Oh, you haven't done badly with it. It might be worth a hundred more or less."

"You mean," asked Jerry innocently, "that as an expert in jewellery you'd be prepared to pay eleven hundred dollars for it?"

The American suddenly tumbled to Jerry's little game, and leaned back in his seat with his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I wouldn't mind paying you eleven hundred dollars for that ring."

"Ah," said Jerry with a laugh, "I don't know anything about the blooming thing. I only wanted it as a present for the wife."

"If you're really anxious to sell it," said the American, "I'll give you twelve. I wouldn't be prepared to go beyond that."

"And what would Kate say if I sold the ring I was after buying for her, haw?" asked Jerry with a loud guffaw. I could see the man was torn asunder between Kate and the money, but that he wouldn't be torn far. Of course, he thinks the world of Kate, but if wives were a salable commodity I don't think Jerry could ever resist the temptation of seeing how much he could get for her.

"If you're *(Continued on page 100)*

# TRUFFLES FOR WEARINESS

## A recipe for weariness—not benzedrine, but a cloud of truffles

BY M. F. K. FISHER

Any man who has pondered on his occasional and inescapable exhaustion can give some sort of prescription for it: Brillat-Savarin counselled the measured drinking of a strong soup based on the flesh of an old cock-rooster, while present-day doctors, amateur and professional, depend more on benzedrine. I am as innocent of the old French lawyer's nostrum as I am of the Hollywood writer's, but I do know that one time the invisible aura of *truffles* pulled me honourably through the most tiring ordeal of my gastronomical life.

There was a village high on a crag in southern France, where truffles were commoner than potatoes, and where an ancient and much-honoured chef drew out his last days happily as owner-cook of the sole café, expending the black mysterious nuggets as he had never dared to do in Paris.

Gold became dross for me, the day I ate with him, and I who had never thought to have enough of the flavour, the savour, of a truffle wished fleetingly that I might never see another: they were in great slices and chunks in every one of the five or six courses of the noonday meal. I reeled where I sat, but I knew the old man watched me from the kitchen as each dish appeared.

He served forth a broth with grated truffles, which tasted Chinese. There was an omelette, like a cloud with truffle blackbirds winging through it. There was a kind of sole with a kind of sauce, but all I can remember is the heady overlay of truffles. There was a rich, deep-brown ragout, of wild boar I think, with more truffles than meat in it. There was a salad, and it was of Belgian endive, brought with what difficulty to this high outpost of Lucullus, and over it lay delicate slivers and rounds and crumbs of truffle.

The meal ended, as unmistakably as any overpowering if well-constructed fugue. I sat back. I did it politely, although what I dreamed of was to slide gently onto the good stone floor. I was, literally, finished.

The aged chef came in, spry as a cricket and looking as pleased as any surgeon after a well-done hysterectomy. "Madame feels somewhat tired?" His voice was sympathetic, and I hoped I was mistaken in the note of expectation I heard in it. He held up his hand before I could speak. "Madame is, shall I say, truly at the end of her gastronomical forces?"

I nodded.

"Ah," he said happily, and trotted away.

I sat in as near a stupor as I have ever known. Outside the café, I could hear the wind, and my driver playing *boule* with a one-legged man whose crutch tapped like a goat's hoof over the flags. Inside the café a fancy coffee-machine hissed on the bar counter. Inside me... surfeit, despair, and a kind of drugged, sensual delight...

The chef stood by my table holding a flat crusty thing in a pan. It looked a little like what is called a Washington pie. He set it down gently before me, himself sat down across from me, and divided the dish into halves.

"This is an unimportant biscuit of my own invention," he said in a pleasant, chatty way, as if I were not semi-conscious there before him. "It is, to be blunt, of great digestive powers."

He lifted half the biscuit onto a plate, put it in front of me, and served himself with the same formidable generosity.

"But digestive? That is a ponderous word, truly. So I make it less so by calling my little invention the *Gâteau des Moineaux de Sainte Anne.*" He held up his fork, and there was a kind of excitement and delight about him, and suddenly I felt much older than he would ever be. I felt tipsy, too, not from the heady flavours of the wines that I had drunk, but from the countless, endless, indescribable truffles. "The title means, candidly, absolutely nothing," he said. He nodded, and in a kind way, as if I were the child and not he, he said, "Try it."

I was helpless before his shiny ancient face. I took a bite of the crisp light cake. Then I ate my whole big portion of it. At the end I felt as crisp and light and fresh as it. It was miraculous.

The chef polished his plate too, and sat back smiling at me. Without speaking, he got up and brought glasses of a thick greeny liqueur, made by a brotherhood near the village. We drank slowly, surfeit forgotten.

Finally he remarked, in a detached way, "Madame is curious, no doubt. Who would not be? With this particular biscuit it is, of course, a question of freshness . . . the eggs, the cream, even the flour. But that is nothing extraordinary. Then the filling to put in the split, at the last minute, must be lightly seasoned with pounded tangerine peel and this local elixir made by the Brothers. And," he smiled like a restrained but keen old satyr across our *(Continued on page 101)*

THIS, TOO, IS NEW YORK *(opposite)*

Walled gardens, secluded as sanctuaries. From the windows of the taller buildings they look like pocket handkerchiefs, squared off in neat rows, always individual; sometimes a clipped lawn, big enough for croquet, or a fountain, chairs, a cocktail table, or a cobbled courtyard where roses are. In these back gardens New Yorkers lunch, dine, in peaceful privacy as complete as that of a Somerset village. *Opposite:* the garden of Mrs. Arthur Kudner's house on East 62nd Street. Translated from the tropics for tropical New York-in-summer, it has a Hawaiian air, one of the few private swimming pools in town. The luncheon table is set with a blue-embroidered white linen cloth, Royal Copenhagen china in "Blue Fluted Half Lace," Lunt's "William and Mary" flat silver. China, silver, crystal glasses, Marghab linen, all at Georg Jensen. The decorator is William Pahlmann. The flowers are new hybrids named "Fleur d'Amour," from Judith's Garden. A detailed photograph of the silver design is on page 111.

KERTESZ

# Bright ideas... a flair of your own

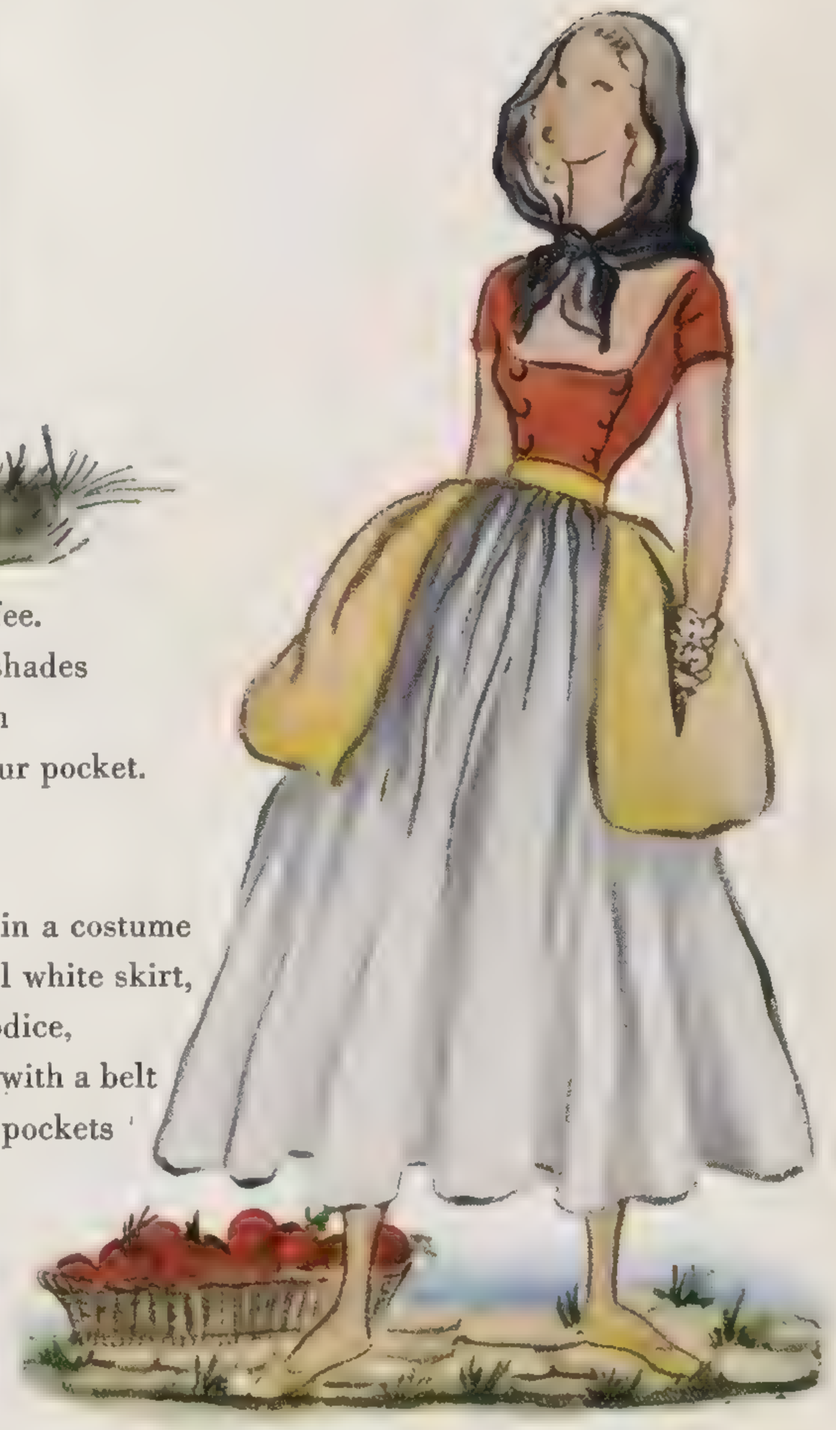
A dark apron with huge pockets to play up, refresh, a pale Shantung or cotton. Added chitchat, a contrasting handkerchief, a watch strung on a ribbon, in the pocket.

Get yards and yards of leopard-print chiffon to wear with a straight sheath of a dinner dress. Or, if you're not Diana-esque, try the scarf in a flower design.

For terrace luncheon in a rustic mood, try a strict cotton, its skirt rolled up and under its belt, above a striped petticoat.

Scarfs to a costume are as cognac to coffee.
This year—experiment with colours, complements, shades
(try rose with pink, lemon with parchment) ; wear them
with a white dress. One for your shoulders, one in your pocket.

Have a white-dotted scarf to make
a new yoked neckline of a low one,
to serve as a sash (pin it at the throat,
pull the ends through the belt).
Icing to a frosty white dress on a hot evening.



Country dinner in a costume
that starts from a full white skirt,
fitted bodice,
goes Dresden-rustic with a belt
hung with two huge pockets

To wear with culottes for dinner-on-your-terrace,
a billow of a blouse
with a Byron collar,
ribbons on your espadrilles.

MRS. GEORGE POPE, photographed above in the I. Magnin hat department, wears a rust tweed coat with fluted pockets, pleated skirt; by Monte-Sano in Hockanum's super-soft new nubbly tweed. About $235. I. Magnin.

# IN SAN FRANCISCO

Photographed on these two pages in the extraordinarily beautiful background of the new I. Magnin shop on Union Square: fashions chosen with a special reference to San Francisco's year-round affection for wool suits and coats. The new shop is a landmark in the blooming. It spreads a sort of functional glamour from the pale marbles of the first floor with its delicately coloured plaques (*photographed opposite*), to the faintly grey walls and brocaded chairs, to the superb chandeliers, to the incidental shock of a scalding petunia pink carpet. Mrs. John Menzies (*opposite*) has three young children, manages their upbringing and her own varied activities with admirable dispatch. The Menzies live year-round in Marin County outside of San Francisco. Mrs. George Pope (*above*) gives a wide wedge of her spare time to work for the Children's Hospital, has three sons and a daughter herself. The family winters in San Francisco and moves to Burlingame for the summer.

MRS. JOHN MENZIES, *opposite*, in the luggage department of I. Magnin's new store, wears a Monte-Sano suit, grey wool and Rémond-Holland gold wool suède. $225. Lilly Daché velours hat. Both, I. Magnin.

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

Mrs. Robertson in a dress that promises to be as nearly regulation as a dinner dress can be: ankle-length, frame-collared. By Adele Simpson in dark brown rayon satin. $110. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin; Harzfeld's.

## IN SAN FRANCISCO *continued*

Photographed in the apartment of Mrs. Michael Brown high on Russian Hill: Mrs. William Abbott Robertson, junior, in two foreshadowing dinner fashions. Mrs. Robertson has a poised, long-eyed, exactly outlined beauty, is the daughter of another beauty very well known to San Francisco, the former Geraldine Graham. Mrs. Robertson, who was Roxana Dabney, married in the year of her début; now, at the age of twenty-one, she is the mother of a year-old son. Mrs. Brown's apartment, after the best manner of the city's renown for magnificent views, looks endlessly off over the Golden Gate on one side, takes in San Francisco Bay from the terrace on the other side.

MRS. WILLIAM ABBOTT ROBERTSON, junior (*opposite*), in a back-gathered dinner dress (shades of skirt shapes to come), cut just over the ankle. Of dark blue silk twill; by Ceil Chapman. $70. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; Chas. Stevens.

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

HORST

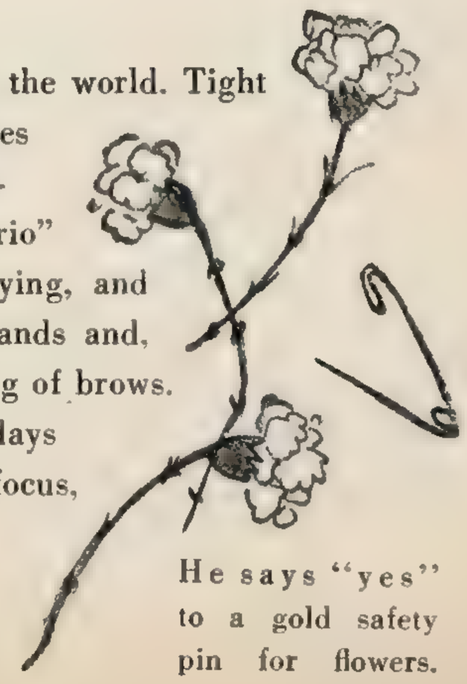
You don't have to be witty at luncheon, for Joe Carter, if you look like this: your dress a simple tie-print silk, with sleeves; a white roller, veiled; white cotton gloves; no more than two strands of pearls. (Suit-dress, amber and navy-blue; Ben Barrack, $50; Shalimar gloves, $3; Marvella pseudo pearls; hat; all, Altman. Dress, A. Harris, too. Straw bag, $13 plus tax, at J. & J. Slater.)

# JOE CARTER AND THE YOUNG VISITOR

BY THOMAS W. PHIPPS

The cable reads: "PLEASE INTRODUCE MY COUSIN MARIA TO NEW YORK STOP SHE ARRIVES WEDNESDAY ON A QUEEN STOP YOU CAN'T MISS HER STOP SHE WILL WALK DOWN GANGPLANK CARRYING AN OPEN PARASOL STOP LOVE NORA."

Joe Carter gives a half smile, stuffs the cable into the pocket of his loosely-cut tropical worsted and looks around at the crowded pier. There is the usual undercurrent of excitement that surrounds the arrival of any ship at any port anywhere in the world. Tight little family groups . . . upturned faces wreathed in expectant smiles . . . white-coated cockney stewards saying "Cheerio" to Brooklyn stevedores. There is crying, and laughing, and a violent waving of hands and, through it all, a great deal of mopping of brows. It is one of those steaming New York days when everything is just a little out of focus,



He says "yes" to a gold safety pin for flowers.

Joe likes to be seen with a five-o'clock cool black dress, veiling and a bow as a headdress.

sounds are muffled in the heat, taxis, buses, people, and pigeons all seem to be moving in slow motion.

Joe pushes his lightweight straw hat with the faded red and blue band to the back of his head, runs a large white linen handkerchief around the inside of his collar and leans against a well-worn leather trunk covered with half-torn labels from hotels in Cairo, Kenya, Sierra Leone, Tasmania. Madagascar, and New South Wales.

Joe glances down to see if the initials are W.S.M.—but they aren't.

From where he stands he has a full view of the gangplank. Now, as he watches it, two Englishmen in black Homburgs, wearing narrow-striped shirts with stiff white collars, carrying attaché cases and tightly-rolled umbrellas, come strolling down. They are about to walk into a new land, but they look as unconcerned as if they had just ambled out of the tube at Tottenham Court Road. Behind them is an excited little French woman with tiny feet and a bunch of imitation flowers gaily perched on the side of her head. And then—alone and looking as if she has just stepped out of a Cellophane wrapper—comes a girl in a cool, brown linen suit, a turned-up straw hat, and short white gloves. She has golden brown hair and her long, stockinged legs are firm and flowing. Her feet are small and neat and her highly-polished leather pumps—the heels, Joe notes approvingly, not too low—seem excitingly full of mischief.

In one hand she is carrying a light straw handbag; in the other a small yellow parasol. She hesitates at the top of the gangplank, bewildered and full of delight. Joe has taken his eyes from her face and now he is staring, in fascination, at the parasol. The girl starts forward. Suddenly she stops. She looks down at the parasol, then, very slowly, she holds it up. Joe catches his breath. For a moment she stands quite still, then with a sudden shy little smile she gives it a flip and it opens.

Joe lets out a sigh that can be heard two piers away, thinks happily of his new blue linen tie, and starts forward to meet her.

Vuitton luggage . . . keys . . . a glimpse of satins and silks . . . tissue paper . . . the scent of sachet . . . smiles . . . tips . . . a taxi with an open top, the leather seat painfully hot . . . and then a quiet hotel in the East Fifties.

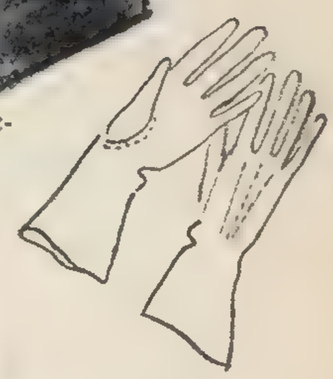
Joe waits downstairs in the cool panelled bar and orders a bottle of white wine and soda. Maria takes a quick shower and puts on a stone blue Shantung dress. When she is ready, she joins Joe, standing, for a moment, at the table for his approval. She is wearing no hat now. She has brushed her hair so that it is up and away from her forehead . . . one string of pearls . . . fresh white gloves, and from where he stands Joe catches a wave of cool, light perfume, a glimpse of long, narrow black opera pumps.

Maria's eyes are a soft brown and full of quiet humour. Her nose is deliciously pert and her mouth is sensitive and very much alive.

"Please," she says with a slight accent, "am I all right for New York?"

Joe touches his fingers to his lips in an out-of-character gesture. "Perfection," he says.

Maria smiles happily, they have a drink of white wine and by the time they are outside and in a taxi headed for the Ritz Garden they are on the same wave-length and completely in tune.



Joe O. K.'s her neat box-bag, white cotton gloves, *one* gold disc on her bracelet.

A light dinner—Vichyssoise, cold breast of chicken and salad. Orange ice and iced coffee. It is far too hot for strong drinks.

Maria is a little disappointed that the floor is not a mass of jitterbugs, her first night in New York. No music, no dance floor, just lovely coolness. They stroll out and towards Fifth Avenue. *(Continued on page 107)*

RUTLEDGE

In Central Park, Joe Carter's eye was caught by these black kidskin Rice-O'Neill opera pumps with shapely, medium heels; $17; their big, steel-beaded buckles, $4. At Bloomingdale's.

RUTLEDGE

# FRIVOLOUS SHOE, TEMPERATE HEEL

*VOGUE, JULY, 1948*

## STOCKINGS, THIS SUMMER

Last summer, the first to see nylon stockings back in abundance, saw, too, the opening of a new chapter in hosiery history, the change from sun-tan to costume-colours, the biggest change in stocking colours since sun-tan replaced black a quarter-century ago. When all the best stockings were made of silk, high or deep colours looked thick, heavy; so did the wearer's legs. People had reason to say they "didn't like coloured stockings." But when nylon stockings were dipped in costume-colours even the darkest became so diffused *on the leg* as to seem only a bloom, an aura.

Sun-tan devotees began to be converted. Lengthening skirts were setting a new value on the looks of as much of the leg as remained visible. This summer, that value is widely recognized. Even the most conservative are turning toward dusky shades and such fresh tints as an impalpable blue, greyish green, faint grey, pink misted with grey, to wear with dresses (and/or shoes) in the same colour families.

The new dark shades still seem most at home in town. The countryside continues to welcome lighter neutral tones, especially in seamless nylons (as closer to nature), though these tones, too, grey-cast as they are, have come a long way from the sun-tan range. Far enough away so that this summer, if you see bare legs below a city dress, they will seem undressed, impromptu (even if you tolerated them when there *were* no nylons and when girdles and garters were made of imperfect rubber substitutes). Young rebels themselves, who used to greet daylight-saving time as the opening of the bare-legged season, are admitting the comfort of having nylon between foot and shoe-leather, the charm of a faint play of colour over a shapely leg.

New in the shoe world, beginning to be seen on the sidewalks of New York, the shorter shapely heel for five o'clock shoes. *Above:* The slight, medium heel on a navy-blue suède shoe with a cut-steel buckle; about $20, Andrew Geller; J. W. Robinson; Best's Apparel. The nylons, echoing the buckles, pale steel-grey, one of Schiaparelli's delicate new stocking tones, $2.65; Bonwit Teller. *Opposite:* The same type of shapely midway heel on a bronze kid shell-shoe with instep strap, shown beside a Cadillac at the Hotel Plaza, where tea in the Palm Court is a city tradition. This shoe, by Evins, $33, I. Miller; I. Magnin; Neiman-Marcus.

# Furs are taking new shapes

JULY'S THE TIME TO GET YOUR EYE IN

See on these pages, and the next two, fur silhouettes with a future. It's an old-designers' custom to begin showing some of the best new fur fashions in midsummer. Then you can be comfortably foresighted about what's most worth meeting, ordering. A quick look shows shoulders are melting; collars arriving, many lifted but ready to lie down. There is reason to point at a waistline, a hem. New ways of mounting furs, of working them. For instance: VARIABLE STOLE OF MINK long, flexible enough (because the skins are mounted separately on grosgrain), to handle fluently. *Above:* wrapped slimly, front to back; a Julio Laffitte design in natural wild mink. Forward hat, brown velours copy of a Legroux. Aris doeskin-finish lambskin gloves, $9. All, Saks Fifth. MELTING-SHOULDER RUSSIAN BROADTAIL, *opposite,* a coat to study, to learn from, about shoulder narrowness, elbow-to-elbow width, collar boldness, the focus of a big bow, the flag of a bright taffeta lining. A Charles James achievement in Hammer Brand black Russian broadtail. The wise straight little hat of black velvet, at Hattie Carnegie; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves, doeskin-finished lambskin, $12, at Best's. Belle-Sharmeer's heather nylons. $2.25; from Lord & Taylor. Revlon's "Misty Coral" lipstick. NEPO

# New shapes in furs

**RING-WAISTED MINK,** *opposite.* A piece of furriers' magic in natural wild Labrador mink that seems hardly weightier than chiffon. For that tininess of waist, that rippling spread of hem, the skins are worked like godets. Notable, too, the slender shoulders, the tall, tapered cuffs. By Maximilian. Felt and velvet beret, Hattie Carnegie; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. **DROPPED-SHOULDER LEOPARD,** *above,* so softly done it citifies leopard. A Julio Laffitte design, three-quarter length, in Somali leopard, with an up-or-down collar. Coat, and green felt hat, copy of a Legroux. Saks Fifth. **FLARING SHORT MINK,** *below.* Fresh version of the over-everything-from-tweeds-to-satins, day-evening jacket, done here in natural wild mink with depth to the collar, breadth to the cuffs, flare to the back. Russeks. Pale beige felt beret, made to order at Sally Victor. Beige doeskin-finish lambskin gloves, $8.50; from Saks Fifth Avenue. Completing the portrait, *opposite:* Rose-diamond and gold jewellery, from Hammer Galleries; Polava gloves, doeskin-finished lambskin, $13, Bonwit Teller; peach silk Glentex scarf, $3, at Best's; Holeproof nylons, $2.25, from Arnold Constable.

NEPO

Right: *79th Street Boat Basin on the Hudson. Dress of brown Cohama rayon-and-cotton crash. By Kay Dunhill; $9. Franklin Simon; Halle Bros. Beige rayon crash hat. Hats on this page are by Betmar; price, about $5. Franklin Simon.*

# NEW YORK: SUMMER DAY

New York is remembered for its surprises; for a small white frame house in a fathom-length of brick buildings; for the high-story view of a brownstone block with the whole hollow centre a space of flowers; for painstakingly gilded and carved roofs, noticed only in a sun-flash; for spotless white boats bobbing at the yacht basin in world-record shipping lanes. The women often wear, on deeply humid days in Manhattan, the same bare-armed, deep-coloured dresses or pale simple suits they wear in the country. For the city, they wear dark linen opera pumps instead of pastel ones; sometimes choose little linen gloves dyed to match the shade of their shoes.

Opposite page. *Surprise: a midtown frame house. No surprise: pale linen city suit. This one is pink Belgian linen, by Mollie Parnis; $60. A little pillbox; $5. Both from Bonwit Teller.*

Right. *A dress of rock-garden green Mallinson rayon, looking like linen. By Kay Dunhill; $9. Franklin Simon; The Broadway. Echo's pure silk scarf; $4. From Franklin Simon.*

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

Right: *George Washington Bridge's electric garlands. For galas, Concordia's blue Bur-Mil rayon faille taffeta, with lace. $30. Bendel's Young-Timers; Woodward & Lothrop.*

# NEW YORK: YOUNG EVENINGS

Through the summer, the young of New York never stop dancing. They dance well into the morning, to the Stork Club's tireless tunes; outdoors in the gardens of the Claremont Inn; above the city at the St. Regis Roof, to some of the best waltzes in town. Serious performers take to LaRue's spirited music, earmarked Eddie Davis. or the Coq Rouge's small expert band. Of the young's better whims: the subterranean sambas of El Chico's in the Village, the great-viewed roof of the Hotel Bossert in Brooklyn. They wear confetti satin pumps; dark taffeta or faille for its dance-floor rustle and spin, suit its length to the young man's suit or dinner jacket.

Right: *The Claremont Inn. For cocktails, open-sky dinner: rayon crêpe top, quilted rayon taffeta skirt. J. L. F. Original. $40. Bendel's Young-Timers. The beaded bag by Lujean, from Henri Bendel.*

Opposite page: *Penthouse panorama. For roof-gardens, dances: frame collar, skirt yards, black rayon taffeta. About $55. Bendel's Young-Timers; I. Magnin; Garfinckel's. The white cotton gloves; Henri Bendel. The penthouse, Mrs. Howeth T. Ford's.*

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

Left: *Lafayette Hotel bar. Black Moygashel Irish linen shirt and skirt; fullness worn back or front. Each $25. By Mary Stevens. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.*

# NEW YORK'S LINEN SUMMER

The city spreads in the heat. Even domesticated New York natives choose to wander, on a Fifth Avenue bus (No. 4), up to Fort Tryon Park just for the ride, or to stop in at the Cloisters Museum, or to lunch out-of-doors at the restaurant in the Park. Downtown at the Hotel Lafayette, with its polished gasolier nostalgia, is the ice-box simplicity of the bar: all tiles, marble table-tops, mirrors, and grey and green paint. In middle mid-town East Side, the Hapsburg House opens its miniature grilled balconies with hot-weather flourish; offers, all year, faint classic zither music, Bemelmans' frolicking *trompe-l'œil* murals. And all about the town, for the hottest days, casual and non-casual evenings, women wear linen; like two-part dresses for their seasonable variability.

Left: *Ft. Tryon bus terminal. Peach-pink Irish linen shirt, $11; skirt, $15. Echoing linen hat, $7. Bonwit Teller.*

Opposite page: *Hapsburg House. Black Moygashel Irish linen bare-topped dress with a like length of stole. By Mary Stevens. About $50. At Neiman-Marcus. Dress and all shoes (Palter DeLiso linen pumps), at Bonwit Teller.*

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

Eighteenth-century Venetian glass chandelier throws a subdued pastel glimmer over Helena Rubinstein's private office.

# Signpost to beauty

The direction of beauty begins, in this instance, with the salon itself: Helena Rubinstein's new glittering world-of-its-own at 655 Fifth Avenue. Many bright treasures, antique and contemporary, have been gathered here. Colour is played against vivid colour and delicate contours-of-another-age are blended with current, understated lines. This seemingly impetuous (and successful) décor, where the hopeful beauty can find her way under strict supervision—in imaginative surroundings, is the result of the brilliant collaboration of two people: Madame Rubinstein and decorator Ladislaus Medgyes.

In a sun-filled individual-exercise room: mats, filmy curtains over wide-spread windows, a mirrored wall to serve as a candid critic. Nothing else.

Consultation room is a room-at-ease. Result of delicate seventeenth-century hand-painted Mexican flower panels and a vivid red satin-covered couch.

Magic make-up lesson: a daily (two-to-four o'clock) class in skin-care and make-up analysis, under individual supervision and lighting.

LEMUS

Here: One of many welcoming reception rooms at the salon. Predominantly beige décor is varied by illuminated shadow-boxes and stone figurines.

Exercise class in the Rubinstein Wonder School, a two-hour plan for beauty that you can catch at any one of three convenient intervals every day.

At the downstairs reception desk: Victorian couch and armchairs of light, bright blue tufted satin, framed with massive bands of carved rosewood.

A VERY FINE EAU DE COLOGNE

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

# CHANEL

Quaint decor on new profile
Tweedie Footwear Corporation
Jefferson City, Missouri

Tweedies®
ALLURING FOOTWEAR
Shoemakers since 1874

# THE WORLD OF ART

*(Continued from page 75)*

asking my opinion," I said, "I fancy Kate will be better pleased with the profits."

"Oh, all right," said Jerry.

I thought that was self-sacrificing of him considering what he'd managed to achieve without haggling. And then and there I saw that quiet-looking American take out his wallet and hand over two hundred and forty smackers all in a roll.

"Thanks," said Jerry smugly, and then as the transaction was complete he gave a sly laugh. "And now I'll tell you something," he said triumphantly. "When I said I knew nothing about these things, I was only telling the God's truth. I bought that ring today, and Tom here will tell you, for all I knew it mightn't be worth sixpence. A hundred and eight, that's all I gave for it."

It struck me that having had the audacity to make me a party to a fraud on the American, the least he might have done was have the good taste to keep it to himself. But the American didn't seem to be unduly put out.

"Well," he said in his quiet, well-bred way, "I do know quite a lot about these things, and I can assure you I have a customer who'll pay me seventeen hundred dollars for this within twenty-four hours after I get back."

"Seventeen hundred dollars?" echoed Jerry, aghast, and that put the stopper on him for the night. Of course he was quite pleased with his profit, but the thought of that extra hundred pounds would come between himself and God on the last day. No one who knows me will say I am a covetous man, but the gambling instinct was roused in me.

On Monday, Jerry paid me some money he owed me and gave me the remainder of the money for Cooney. I took the morning train to Dublin and called at the shop after lunch. Of course, I said nothing about the American. I wasn't such a fool. I looked round me, at the Rubens I could have for eighty pounds, and the Vandyck with the delicate touch I could have for sixty-five, and wondered which of them Mr. Zhelinski, the great art expert, would favour. I decided finally that he wouldn't favour either. There was something wrong with the shop. The lighting was different. Even Mr. Cooney was different. It might have been that Reilly wasn't there to tap the natural benevolence of his disposition, but I liked him even less than the first time. By this time I was really getting desperate. I had a look at a set of ivory Chinese chessmen which rather tempted me. They were about the only things in the shop of which you could honestly say that they were what they were supposed to be, Chinese and ivory.

"How much are these, Mr. Cooney?" I asked with no great display of interest.

"Thirty quid, Mr. Donovan," said Mr. Cooney.

"Thirty quid?" I said, letting on to be shocked. "My goodness, that's on the dear side, isn't it?"

"Ah, not at all," said Mr. Cooney with a smile at my innocence. "Sure, them things often go for four and five times that. Of course, if you liked them, I could let you have them at the same discount I allowed your friend."

"Those are handmade, aren't they?" I asked, hoping this was the right thing to say.

"Oh, all handmade," replied Mr. Cooney as though it was. "Look at the little balls they're mounted on."

The little balls, of course, were another thing you couldn't go far wrong on, and to my eye it seemed as if there were a good thirty quid's work in each of them. But when it came to the point, the thought of my good thirty pounds choked me. It wasn't even as if I played chess!

"I'll see about it," I said, feeling as if something had died inside me. "I'll let you know by tomorrow."

"Oh, any time, Mr. Donovan," he said morosely.

That evening I rang up a man I knew who was interested in ivories. I felt keenly concerned about the fate of those chessmen. If I couldn't have them I wanted them to find a decent home.

"He'll ask thirty," I said, "but if they're any good I'll get them for you at a discount."

"Oh, thanks, Tom," said Leahy enthusiastically. "I'll drop in and have a look at them tomorrow."

Next afternoon I sat and waited for a call from Leahy. It didn't come. Perhaps, I thought, he was delayed. He would ring next morning for certain. At the same time I was piqued. That set of chessmen was on my mind the whole time. I felt as if I had left a fortune to be picked up by someone else but I still had a personal interest in it. A secondary personality, Mr. Zhelinski, the great art expert, had been expelled from my system, and was wandering the world like a ghost, while I sat at home longing for news of him. When I had heard nothing by the third morning I could stand it no longer. I rang up Leahy.

"Oh, the chessmen?" Leahy said doubtfully. "Yes, they were a rather nice set. Would you like to come up and see them?"

"No," I replied crossly, "I don't want to see them. I just wanted to know if you'd bought them and how much you paid."

"Oh," said Leahy, "I believe it was eighteen quid."

"Eighteen quid?" said I.

"Yes," said Leahy. "He wanted twenty, but then I mentioned that he'd promised you the discount, and he agreed at once. Thanks for telling me."

"Don't mention it," said I and rang off.

But you see what I mean when I say I have no feeling for the arts....

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Frank O'Connor is the Irish writer whose recent collections of short stories,* The Common Chord *and* Crab Apple Jelly, *were published in this country by Alfred A. Knopf.*

# OPERA ADDICT

(Continued from page 65)

which the characters in a Shavian play adopt and defend some point of view (incidentally, Shaw, on his own admission, learned his trade by studying opera), then all the usual objections of the opera-hater—the unromantic physical appearance of the lovers, the improbability of the plots, the suspension of critical action while the singers get things off their chests, the palpably sham scenery, will seem to you not objections but positive advantages of the medium.

"But how true to life," you will reply, "that out of two mountains of corseted flesh should issue such difficult and wonderful expressions of undying passion; that is what any really human love always is—and what a medium like the movies, which make love seem a natural effect caused by animal beauty, conceals—a triumph of Spirit over Nature. What psychological insight to construct so many plots around one or other of the two most uniquely human acts, laying down one's life for one's friend and cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. How realistic to show that, whatever it may be in between, life at its best and at its worst is a *performance* that defies common sense."

Opera can show these aspects of life better than any other medium, for drama is already to some degree reflective literature. That is why, though *verismo* is fatal to both, it only makes drama dull but reduces opera to comic bathos; a naturalistic music drama seems much more absurd, more "artificial" than a formal opera like *Alceste* or *Così fan tutte*.

Yes, opera is a performance like drama, only more so, and this has one unfortunate consequence. We opera-addicts are a quiet, inoffensive people until singers are discussed; then we become socially intolerable. Among our contemporaries we suddenly turn into choleric maniacs who will publicly insult a perfect stranger for daring to express an opinion that differs from our own and, among our juniors, we turn into merciless bores. The fact that I have suffered acutely from the Melba and Tetrazzini generations is not for a moment going to stop me inflicting the same punishment in my turn.

I can see myself thirty years hence, when the young are raving over some new performance of *Götterdämmerung* or *Walküre* or *Don Pasquale* or *Ballo in Maschera* or *Il Trovatore*, ignoring the glazed stare on their faces as I thump the table and croak: "What do you know about opera who never heard Flagstad, Lehmann, Sayao, Milanov, Bjoerling?" And, wilful as the art I love, I shall refuse to believe that their successors are any good. I shan't even listen. Let the young, though, be patient; soon enough my senile head will droop and they will be able to escape and still arrive in time for the overture.

For we are natural beings who must eat, sleep, and forget as well as spiritual beings who are always on the go; we are the anonymous faces accidentally caught by the newsreel camera as well as the wilful hero or heroine of our private operas, and we must straddle these two worlds as best we can. If the straddle makes our lives often hard and at times horrible, at least it ensures that they are never dull.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *W. H. Auden is the distinguished British-born poet, who has been living in New York for the past nine years. (He became an American citizen several years ago.) In addition to the libretto of the opera,* The Rake's Progress, *he is editing two Portables for Viking Press—one of poetry, one of Shakespeare. His recent work,* The Age of Anxiety, *is a long, poetic conversation and monologue.*

# TRUFFLES FOR WEARINESS

(Continued from page 76)

emptied plates, "the person who concocts the whole must be as I am—as I have indeed spent my whole life becoming—imbued with, saturated by, odorous of, impregnated by, the strange, potent, restorative powers, Madame, of *truffles!*"

He leaned back in his chair, laughing with a triumphant and faintly mocking amusement. I thought that I had never seen such an old man look so young.

"Truffles not only stimulate pleasure," he said. "That, incidentally and as one who long ago tested the old wives' tale, is true . . . to those who must call upon such comfort. Truffles, Madame, cure satiety! That is something that has not yet been mentioned, even by Brillat-Savarin himself!" He smiled consolingly at me. "As a true gastronomer, the Professor perhaps never knew that evil. But for us lesser souls, there are at least a few cooks in the world like me!"

He sniffed speculatively at his fingers, as if they were a kind of invisibly betruffled pomander ball. "My biscuit was delicious, was it not?"

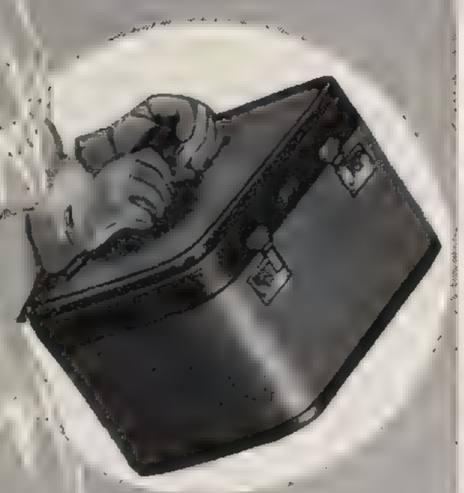
I nodded, for I'd have eaten more . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *M. F. K. Fisher is the author of efficient and witty cookbooks, of an anthology of food articles, a book on banquets, and a recent novel called* Not Now but *Now.*

CAVANAUGH LUGGAGE

.. hand in hand with fashion!

Here is luggage exquisitely beautiful in quality, appearance and design. Expertly fashioned by master craftsmen, Cavanaugh luggage gives you the chic, "new look" of the smart traveler. At selected luggage and department stores.



Brown & White or Blue & White Basket Weave Ensemble. Available in 10 piece set.

Cavanaugh
LUGGAGE CRAFTSMEN
224 MARKET ST., NEWARK 2, N.J.

# A THREE-PLY GARDEN

(Continued from page 72)

*inhibit* the growth of bacteria. Substances with such inhibitory prowess, like penicillin, for instance, are called antibiotics.

There are molds which stopped virulent bacteria in its tracks. One, like a well-sliced mushroom, lay on a jelly-like food base in its petri dish. The previous day three types of microscopic bacteria had been streaked from the outside edge of the plate to the fluted periphery of the mold. Within the past twenty-four hours these bacteria had multiplied until now their narrow roadways of destruction leading to the mold were visible to the naked eye. Although all three had been applied from plate-edge to mold-edge, only one held its ground. The other two had been turned back. Some element in this mold inhibited two of the bacteria; the retarded two were "a simulant of pneumonia and a bacterial relative of the organism causing tuberculosis."

In the next stage of this experiment, portions of victorious mold were placed in other petri dishes filled with staphylococcus bacteria. If the mold retained anti-bacterial strength in this test, new samples of it would be grown in rotund containers called flasks but which have the truncated look of a casserole dish. Lining one whole wall of the laboratory was a brown wooden cabinet filled with these flasks, their luxuriating mold growth white, convoluted, and pretty as a wedding cake.

The final phase of the experiment involves the isolation of the antibiotic substance from the mold and testing it for its strong-armed ability to retain its anti-bacterial strength after being diluted one to four million times. When a mold of such tenacious inhibitory traits is developed, the Garden sends it to pharmaceutical laboratories to be tested on animals. Of the group of thirty thousand molds with which he is concerned, Dr. Robbins and his staff have investigated some two thousand to date. Only five proved their strength in high dilution tests.

Not long ago two Botanical Garden molds proved to possess a startling facility to inhibit tuberculosis. Off they went to pharmaceutical laboratories where they withstood animal tests up to the final stage. Then, according to Dr. Robbins, "they blew up as a result of being neutralized by the blood stream." To the disciplined scientific mind this is not cause for despair. "We learned from that where the answer would *not* be found. Knowledge in the field of science is not the work of heroes but the job of simple, persistent people adding pebbles to the edifice. Our hope is that we add a few essential pebbles."

Before a man is qualified to work on experiments such as these, his knowledge of botany must be vast and sure. Today in the Garden's laboratories there are young men and women students whose work there will entitle them to master's and doctor's degrees in botany from Columbia and Fordham. However, all the Garden's educational facets are not geared to such advanced study. The staff of some twenty-five scientists is trying to extend the world's knowledge in many lesser ways.

Not only are there, for instance, regular lecture courses in gardening, but practical demonstrations in the greenhouses and neighbouring fields in which students participate. The passing along of the intangibles of gardening—its skills and intuitions—which can never be committed to books, is one of the staff's great preoccupations. Gardening is nonetheless a science. Its history, the factual accumulation of centuries, is, of course, found in books. Whether they are botanists-to-be or merely ardent gardeners, the students and staff of the Botanical Garden must recurrently turn to the library, with its collection of fifty-three thousand books dating back to the fifteenth century, and its five hundred thousand pamphlets.

The librarian, Miss Elizabeth Hall, is a tweedy lady with a sly sense of humour and a contagious enthusiasm for facts both relevant and irrelevant. She is deluged with questions: Tiffany wants a picture of a fuchsia to be copied in rubies; a distiller wants to check the petal count of a flower in one of their advertisements; the Mack Truck Company, before accepting an order to haul wood from the interior of Africa to the sea, calls to get an estimate of the size and weight of the tree. Miss Hall knows that the Osage orange, found in our southwestern states, was used as an insect-repellent by the Indians, but warns that it may cause a rash on more fragile Caucasian skin; that poinsettia juice is a crude depilatory; that the sex life of the alligator pear presents a startling behaviour problem: like most plants it is hermaphrodite in structure (both male and female elements existing in the same flower), but in behaviour only one element is active at a time—in other words, the alligator pear produces a flower that might be all male in the morning, all female in the evening, and vice versa.

Books and pamphlets, however, represent only half of the library's treasure. Here too is the Herbarium where the inescapable, reliable, enduring botanical facts are stored—a world-famous collection of two and a quarter million dried and classified plant specimens. In spite of its musty smell, or maybe because of it, the Herbarium's estimated worth is some three million dollars. It is probably the Garden's most valuable possession. Actually only about 1,000 species out of the 350,000 species of plants known to the world today are being used in any capacity; the Garden, incidentally, has named one out of every seventy-five of the total 350,000.

Even the most casual sightseer, of which the Botanical Garden has about a million and three quarters each year, might, in a way, be called a student. At the very minimum each one learns something from the visual impact of its beauty. There is no preparation for the sight of acres of daffodils and narcissus spilling out of the Garden's spinneys. Of six thousand tulips, four thousand rhododendrons, twelve thousand pansies, eight thousand rose bushes, a lilac walk, a three-acre rock garden, a fifty-acre hemlock grove, a whole meadow of wild flowers, a ravine quilted with azaleas.

Unlike so many European public gardens, the emphasis here lies in the drama of flowering vistas, not formal geometric planting. Among other tropical plants housed in fifteen baroquely bulging greenhouses are some thirty-five hundred orchids. (Incidentally, one of these, an insignificant, poorly mauve specimen, produces the seed known as vanilla.) And if beauty weren't enough, each flower in the greenhouses or plant growing in the two hundred and thirty-acre garden is discreetly labelled. The diligent amateur gardener gets practical information packaged with the horticultural splendour.

Public gardens throughout the world have for years exchanged seed lists of their various rarities. Right now Russia seems to be particularly seed-hungry; some thirty-seven Russian institutions have asked for and received 2,509 seed packets from the Garden but the choice is so varied as to defy political implication. The horticulturist in charge of the overall good looks of the Garden as well as this particular exchange, Mr. T. H. Everett, is inclined to hope that "gardening could change the world . . . after all, it's balm for the soul."

Everett, a quick-moving, pink-faced Englishman with thinning hair akimbo and an air of frantic haste, has thirty-seven gardeners—women as well as men—working under him. In spite of this sizeable staff, Mr. Everett is short of time and long of temper. He is categorical, says things like "Gardening is not a matter of luck but of knowledge." It is disturbing to him, however, if begonia clubs berate him for giving too much space to African violets, or if the cactophiles are aroused by a cut-back in the space allotted to cacti.

As the Dorothy Dix of the plant world (he, too, writes articles and has a weekly radio program), Mr. Everett's mail is as heavy as it is assorted. He sternly withholds all practical information from writers who ask "How do I kill a tree without anyone's finding out?" After all, he explains, "there's usually a sinister motive, revenge on an enemy or a neighbour." Although many of the questions have high humour value, he feels all deserve prompt attention. "They're usually important to the writer," Everett says, in his soft, north-English brogue. When a lady wrote asking for some "Little acorns from which those big elms grow," he sent a handful of the very finest acorns the staff could gather and a tactful, if ambiguous, covering letter stating, "We very much doubt whether *elms* will result from this planting." A letter which remains unanswered recently came from a man who asked, "What sort of a flower would a doctor wear in his lapel which would stamp him as reckless and courageous or brave to the point of taking chances?"

(Continued on page 105)

# The vacation you promised yourself

*. . . the luxury of a superb cruise liner . . .*
*the glamour of*

# *South America*

Once again the 33,000-ton liners of Moore-McCormack's Good Neighbor Fleet, completely rebuilt and restyled, sail south across the Equator to the wonderlands of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina. Every comfort awaits the traveler —gay cruise activities . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools surrounded by broad sports decks . . . a distinguished American cuisine . . . air-conditioned dining salons . . . spacious public rooms . . . all staterooms outside, many with private bath or shower. Here are splendid ships—operating to ports excitingly beautiful.

**S.S. BRAZIL • S.S. URUGUAY • S.S. ARGENTINA**
*Sailing Fortnightly from New York*

## 38-DAY CRUISES

*to* **RIO ☆ SANTOS**
**SAO PAULO ☆ MONTEVIDEO**
**BUENOS AIRES ☆ TRINIDAD**

*For Information Consult our Authorized Travel Agents or*

**MOORE-McCORMACK** *Lines*
5 Broadway New York 4, N. Y.

*Offices in* BALTIMORE • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT
LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SEATTLE
PORTLAND, ORE. • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Casa Rosada, official residence of Argentina's president, faces the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires.

Broad, sun-swept sports decks afford plenty of space for shipboard games and outdoor activities.

A brilliant setting for entertainment programs and nightly dancing is provided by the handsome Lounge.

# Hospitality...So Easy and Welcome

On warm summer days, guests like the terrace or the porch. Out of the family refrigerator comes ice-cold Coca-Cola. Hospitality has begun. *The pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coke puts everyone at ease, makes people happy to be where they are. For refreshment at home, you can get Coca-Cola in the handy, easy-to-carry 6-bottle carton or in the 24-bottle case.

*Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.*

COPYRIGHT 1948, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

# BEHIND THE LOBBY

(Continued from page 67)

divided. Your evidence may turn the trick in favour of the bill.

The chances are there will be no crowd attending the hearing. More than likely there will only be a couple of men sitting at a big semicircular raised table. All the other chairs are empty. Names are printed on little stands in front of the chairs; Republicans sit on one side and Democrats on the other. In the outer office, a secretary is telephoning members and trying to get them to the meeting. Most of them are attending another meeting in which they are more interested. If the chairman does not come, the next in line according to protocol takes his place.

Experts of great distinction come long journeys to testify before these committees. Their testimony is carefully prepared, they are ready to be put on the spot and give the evidence for which their position qualifies them. A few visitors straggle in; the witness feels so deflated he can hardly remember what he came for. Whatever is said will go into the committee record. (Absent members are supposed to read it and know everything that has happened.)

The words "election year" are ringing like a bell every quarter hour across the country. The first lesson a lobbyist learns is that it is always election year. Election year begins the moment the final count is in. That is when congressmen, senators, and presidents start running again for office. The only way political aspirants can do arithmetic is in multiples of two, six, and four, depending on what office they are running for, the House, the Senate, or the Presidency. Two and four are easy, but the Senate term of six years takes a little extra homework.

The inexperienced lobbyist may be tempted to ask a friendly congressman:

"Doesn't democracy mean, Mr. Congressman, that simple citizens may have a voice in their government and that the wishes of the majority are heeded by those in office?"

"What majority?" he asks.

The lobbyist may point to the Gallup and Roper Polls; these polls have been running 75% in favour of the proposal for months. At this point, the representative of the people points to his two mail baskets. The one marked "For" is nearly empty while the other is overflowing. He sighs and says, "What can I do? I am here to represent my constituents."

"But," the lobbyist might inquire, "isn't Congressional mail always against something and never for it?"

"Yes," he admits, "and we allow for this." He looks out the window, "But still . . ." Then he says quickly, "Why doesn't your side scare up some favourable mail and help me out?"

So all we have to be is articulate and awake. It is as simple as that. All we have to do is care as much about our cause as the opposition cares about theirs. We start with the chances even. The citizens have the power. Blame no one but ourselves if we fail to use it.

Congressmen hear *voices*. They hear the mystic voice of the independent voter, the man who can not always be counted on to vote the party line. This floating vote may elect or defeat him. *And* this voter is apt to be vocal, to let his representative know what he wants. Citizen X takes the trouble to follow the Record and know how his congressman and senators stand. He goes to see both men when they come home for vacation. He makes a nuisance of himself up on the Hill when he happens to be in Washington.

Ten to one, his congressman has to take the man out to lunch. A ten-dollar food check and the time the man consumes fixes Citizen X in mind forever. The pest has even called the member off the Floor during the afternoon session. (Pages are very competent about this. In a moment, the member comes out into the corridor without protest. It makes Citizen X feel quite important.)

Once in the corridor, Citizen X buttonholes the congressman. He asks for a straight answer to a straight question: *How is the member going to vote on Bill HR 8234?* Often there is a clear-cut answer—the member intends to vote for the bill no matter what, because he believes it is for the good of the country. He is willing to risk his seat, his political career, in taking an unpopular stand. These courageous ones restore one's faith in representative government. One such member had had letters threatening her with extinction if she voted for Selective Service. Sometime later, she met a young Army captain. He said, "I want to apologize to you. Before the draft went through, I wrote you the most insulting letter I ever wrote anyone because you were going to vote for it. So I've come to say, thank God there are people like you in Congress who keep their heads and vote according to their lights when fools like me try to get you to vote their way. You give us confidence. If our side can't talk you around, at least we know the other side can't either."

At times, the vote will go contrary to the bulk of the mail. An example was the Taft-Hartley Bill. Letters against that came in by the ton but still more powerful interests were pushing to have it passed. Also in this case there was a high percentage of form letters and petitions with yards of signatures. To be effective, mail must look as if each writer were under his own steam and not put up to it by some group. Petitions with ten thousand names may not be as effective as five hundred individual letters or wires. Pressure must have the appearance of spontaneity.

The whole system of pressurizing legislatures is pernicious. I am an ardent lobbyist, but I do not believe in lobbying. We should elect representatives whom we trust. And the individual citizen should continually tell his representatives in Washington how he feels about the issues of the day.

As I walk up the wide granite steps of the Capitol, I reassure myself with the reasoning of a wise old gardener I used to know in Charleston, South Carolina. We often discussed politics among the blossoming azaleas.

"I don't believe in lobbying, so why do I do it?" I said to him one day.

And he answered, "Because, ma'am, there is times when we finds we must do right against our principles."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ernesta Barlow is an experienced public speaker, a determined lobbyist and advocate of Universal Military Training. In private life, she is the wife of the composer, Samuel Barlow.*

# A THREE-PLY GARDEN

(Continued from page 102)

The bulk of the letters, however, have to do with genuine gardening problems: first aid for a sick rhododendron, its diseased leaf sent in to help the horticulturist diagnose the ailment, or how to make a recalcitrant camellia bloom. A garden club member had scraped the soot out of her chimney and sent it in, wondering whether or not it would be beneficial to her phlox. After chemical analysis, the measured answer was "yes."

That hopeful lady gardener and her preoccupation with soot was a little like Emerson, who wrote, "A weed is a plant whose virtues have as yet not been discovered." Emerson was not a botanist but his maxim provides a thumbnail sketch of the motivating philosophy of the men at the New York Botanical Garden. They know that pushing back the frontier of man's knowledge involves delving into minuscule facts as well as big ones which may affect our lives for the next fifty years—such as those being explored in Dr. Robbins' laboratories.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Jean Kempner was Vogue's war correspondent in the Pacific Theatre. She is a staff writer and Associate Feature Editor.*

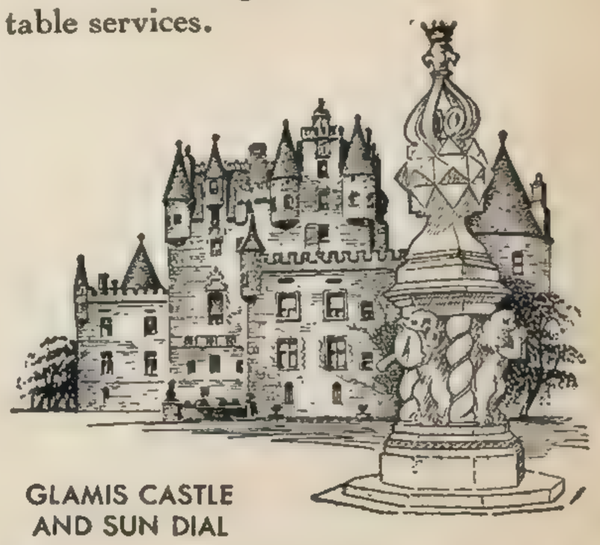
ROYAL DOULTON BONE CHINA

*At Glamis in Scotland stands a castle, steeped in legend and history, bristling with turrets and battlements.*

Here Macbeth was thane. Here, centuries later, Sir Walter Scott spent a night, defying rumors of dark secrets in the "hoary old pile." Here the present Princess Margaret Rose was born, the first Royal child of Scottish birth in 300 years.

True to the spirit of land and legend, the traditional thistle of the Scots has been adapted by Royal Doulton in the Glamis Thistle Pattern. Created by Curnock, the design is simply and modestly executed in lovely, tranquil shades of blue-violet and green.

The symbol of Royal Doulton appears on a wide range of tableware, figurines and animal subjects—in English Bone China and in Fine Earthenware. They are sold only through selected stores. Write for the name of your nearest dealer. Enclose 10¢ if you want fully illustrated Booklet No. 48 including correct table services.



GLAMIS CASTLE AND SUN DIAL

DOULTON AND CO., INC.
212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10

Have fun in the sun
use OCULINE Eye Pads

. . . Wonderfully cooling Oculine Eye Pads to help prevent red, unattractive "sun-blistered" eyes. You'll feel the pleasant restful sensation quickly . . . because mildly medicated Oculine Eye Pads are refreshing . . . compounded of time-tested quality ingredients. Ask your doctor – he knows. Refresh and help restore the natural beauty of your eyes with cleansing, refreshing Oculine Eye Pads. Get Oculine Eye Pads today at your favorite toiletries counter.

*Take them with you!*
Cello-wrapped in handy, sanitary "twosomes" . . . approximately 100 refreshing pads $2.

*Not a cosmetic. Fully Guaranteed.*

INTERSTATE LABORATORIES, Inc. • LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
MAKERS OF QUALITY EYE PREPARATIONS
*First in America's Eyes* ©1948


# MEDITATION ON POISE

*(Continued from page 66)*

of the window and said (thinking to herself, Nothing on earth can equal this happiness)—'Yes, you were right. It's going to be wet tomorrow.' "

She seems to be each and everything to each and every person and thing, but no, she is still Mrs. Ramsay, still upright, on her own base; some of us go round and round so that we hardly know whether we are up or down, hardly who we are. What gives Mrs. Ramsay this quiet? To courage, and its resiliency, to the due sense of proportion, we must add patience, infinite patience. What she locked up within her was not always easy or smooth.

Patience is the virtue that the saints say is the most important for humans but poise is more than patience; there is something in it that gives Mrs. Ramsay her patience, that assures her and reassures her. Is it the secret locked up within her? The secret that people must have for the world to go on at all?

My little doll had a weight in her that made it possible for her to come back each time to stand again; then poise, as well as its qualities, needs weight, something within itself strong and firm enough to weight it and make it firm. For different people that weight is given by different things; for some by their work, by religion, by love, sometimes by life itself. That is rare and gives to poise its firmest poise, perhaps because we make work and religion and love fallible but life can not fail; sometimes, annoyingly, it will not fail. I think Mrs. Ramsay was one of these rare people; this was her gift and her strength; her awareness and belief in life itself.

". . . she had a clear sense of it there, something real, something private which she shared neither with her children, nor her husband. A sort of transaction went on between them in which she was on one side and life was on the other and she was always trying to get the better of it, as it was of her . . . sometimes they parleyed . . . there were . . . she remembered, great reconciliation scenes."

She was not always on one side and life on the other, most often they were singularly together; she knew life before it touched her or she touched it; she had a genius, a gift for life.

If we add this to the qualities, can we, now, stand back and congratulate ourselves that we have found it? Have we now discovered the secret of her poise? We have taken it, dissected it, carefully, in the open air and . . . still, no, this is not Mrs. Ramsay.

To sum it up. . . . But perhaps this is something we can not sum up. When all the qualities have been listed and the weight been found something is still missing, something necessary to cohese the whole, to inform it, to make the spring and, because it is an inner spring, hidden from us, we can not tell what it is. We can not sum it up without Mrs. Ramsay, nor with her because it is within her. We can call it what we choose, from personality to soul, it is still something elusive that can never be told; it can not be seen, only recognised in her, in me, and in you.

"Fifty pairs of eyes were not enough to get round that one woman with . . . one wanted some secret sense fine as air, with which to steal through keyholes and surround her where she sat knitting, talking, sitting silent . . . which took to itself and treasured up her thoughts, her imagination, for her desires. . . . What did the hedge mean to her? What did the garden mean to her? What did it mean to her when a wave broke?"

We shall never know. As my spring is myself, as your spring must be you, the secret of Mrs. Ramsay's poise was Mrs. Ramsay.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the eighth article by Rumer Godden, author of* Take Three Tenses: A Fugue in Time, The River, *and* Black Narcissus, *to appear in Vogue in the past two years. The quotations from Virginia Woolf's* To the Lighthouse *(copyrighted 1927) are reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace & Co.*

## URGENTLY NEEDED—

## MORE NURSES

NURSES are needed more than ever before, because more people go to hospitals today when they are sick than ever before. There is approximately one hospital admission every two seconds; two out of every three babies are born in hospitals. All this increases the need for more nurses, as executives, as specialists, as experts in caring for America's health.

To meet this growing need, the American Hospital Association has started a National Student Nurse Recruitment Program, a drive to enroll fifty thousand student nurses. Without them, America's health may well be jeopardized.

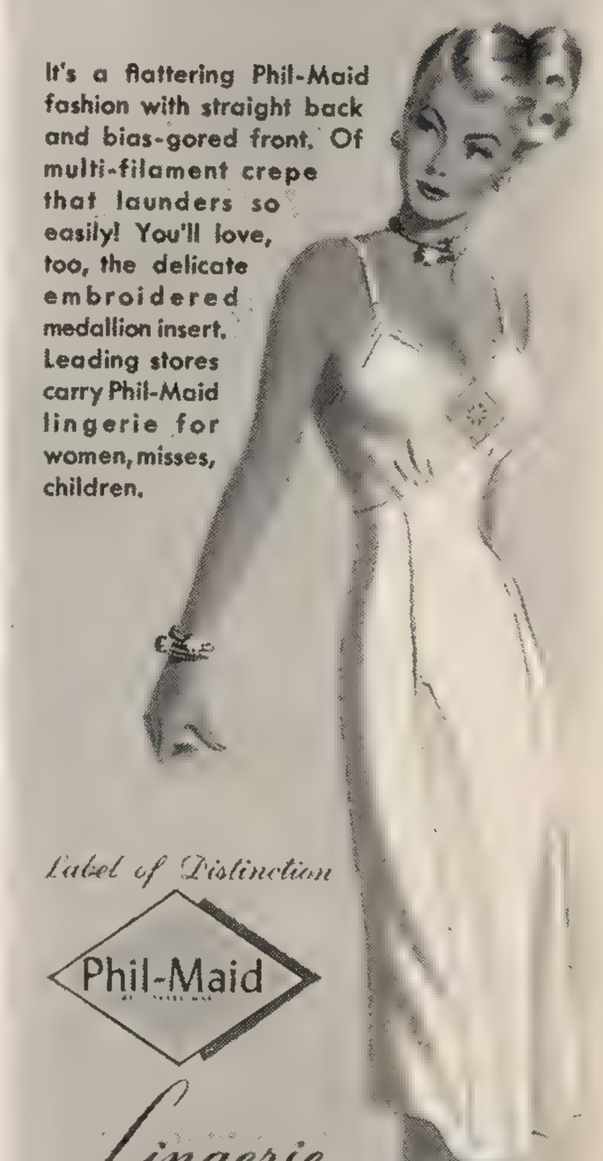
The exciting difference is this simple small wire
Pat.

Luxurious SATIN — Style 805
A cup — sizes 32 to 36
B cup — sizes 32 to 38
C cup — sizes 32 to 40
White, Black, Blue, Tearose
$5.

BROADCLOTH — Style 802
B and C cup
White and Tearose
$3.50

Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc.
373 4th Ave., N.Y. • 850 S. B'way, Los Angeles

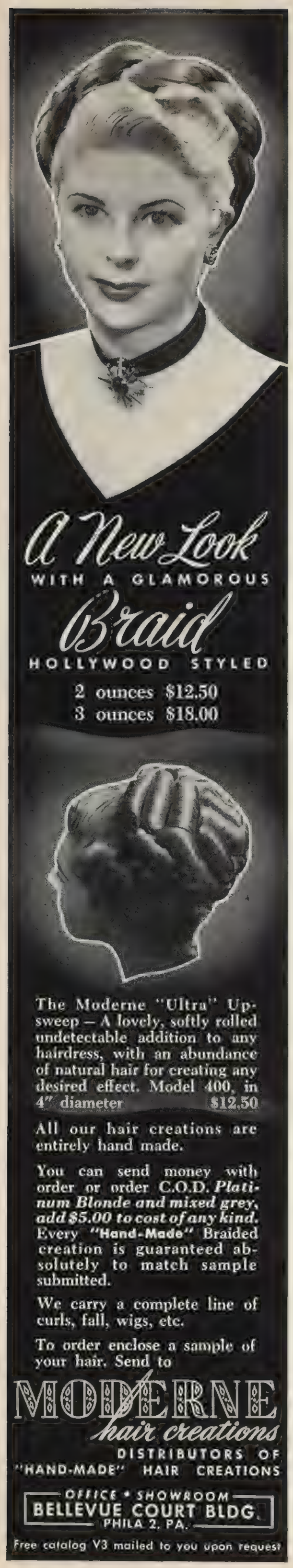
SHEER LOVELINESS!



It's a flattering Phil-Maid fashion with straight back and bias-gored front. Of multi-filament crepe that launders so easily! You'll love, too, the delicate embroidered medallion insert. Leading stores carry Phil-Maid lingerie for women, misses, children.

*Label of Distinction*
Phil-Maid
*Lingerie*

PHIL-MAID, INC.
1026 W. JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO 7, ILL.




# PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER

*(Continued from page 73)*

and mother were as pleased as he was, and might he write to Miss Bessie? All his letters to her all his life began "My dearest love," yet he had no intuition of what to do, or to leave undone, in his dealings with her.

He was so simply himself and the centre of himself, that it never occurred to him that any explanation of his words or his actions was necessary. One evening he was expressing profound disbelief in some statement he had read in the paper about the distance from the earth of a particular star. There happened to be present a scientist of sorts and Mamma, in acute embarrassment, suggested a less positive statement. "Wouldn't you say—in your opinion?" He humoured her at once and said, "Well, in my opinion, then." But no one was in any doubt that he considered it all—in one of his favourite terms—poppycock! On another occasion, he and Mamma had gone to a very large dinner. The guests were more than the dining-room chairs would accommodate, so some of the hall chairs had to be used. My father's was one of these and it happened to have casters. As he leaned forward to speak to someone across from him, the casters slipped and he disappeared under the table. Mamma, seeing the accident—which was toward the end of dinner—was greatly worried for fear the guests should attach a wrong importance to it. "What happened, Jim?" she asked, as soon as she could get him aside. He explained. "Well, I hope you told your neighbours how it occurred." "Why should I?" said Papa, simply. "It was none of their business."

He never knew that he had cancer, and referred to the swelling on his throat as something he did *not* suppose the doctors intended him to carry to his grave. Fortunately, he died of concussion, having missed his footing at the head of the stairs and plunged half way down them as he was coming to dinner, which he always insisted upon attending throughout his illness. He detested being an invalid, and just before he died took my mother roundly to task for installing a trained nurse in his room.

So passed a very dignified, perhaps limited, but gallant gentleman.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Caroline Duer is an extraordinary woman who, at eighty-three, finds time and energy to work as a Nurse's Aide at Memorial Hospital. In the 'twenties she spent some eleven years on the staff of* Vogue, *found special skill in social commentary, in books of etiquette and modes and manners.*

# JOE CARTER AND THE YOUNG VISITOR

*(Continued from page 85)*

For the last few years Maria has been living in Paris; her dream has been to come to New York—and now here she is. They walk past Bonwit Teller's and she stops and lets out a little sigh of delight. She presses her nose against the window like a small child at a pastry shop. Laughingly, Joe takes her arm and they walk on towards the park and lake.

One of Joe's favourite summer sights in New York is Central Park South reflected in the still water. Although he knows that the lighted rooms of the Plaza and the St. Moritz are probably full of relaxing lawyers, family bridge games, and innocuous dinner parties, he can never resist imagining them to be the scenes of fantastically glamourous champagne parties, roulette games, and fascinating intrigues.

It is a sight full of magic for Maria. She stands enchanted. Suddenly she sniffs the air. "It's different," she says, slowly, "not London or Paris but a special smell all its own."

For a moment she puts her head on one side catching it all, the smell, the sound, the texture of the city around her, then she gives a slow, contented little smile.

They walk to a bench and have a cigarette. Maria sits on the edge of the seat watching and commenting on the passers-by. After a while Joe asks her if she is tired. Violently she shakes her head.

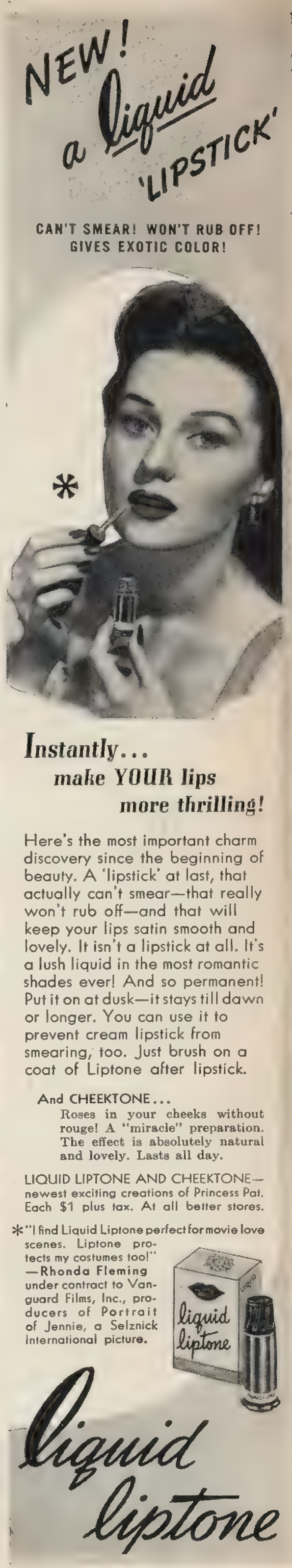
"Fine," he says, "next stop the Tavern-on-the-Green."

A table in the shadows and two glasses of cold beer. It is a perfect summer night and from where they sit they can see the stars and a touch of the moon behind the top of a tree and watch the lively dancing couples. Joe catches sight of one of the long, narrow pumps beating time under the table. Without a word he puts out his hand. Maria takes it and they are off, gliding away to "Haunted Heart" from *Inside U.S.A.*

Next morning Joe arranges for his sister Fanny to take Maria on a shopping tour. No buying—just wide-eyed ogling. Bendel's . . . Saks . . . Mary Chess . . . the elegant, brand-new Rockefeller Center Schrafft's for a soda—Maria's first! By the time he meets them at Chatham Walk for lunch they are both exhausted.

A well-iced Dubonnet-and-Sherry mixed and they are able to talk again. Maria is overwhelmed with New York. It is bigger, faster, and more impersonal than she had imagined. It's exciting and a little frightening, but somehow Maria wonders if she will ever be able to take it quite seriously. A few things that have caught her eye are the number of women without hats, evening papers at noontime, the scarcity of strollers (everyone seems to be going some-

*(Continued on page 108)*



# Why Be FAT?

*Eat new Food Concentrate and grow Thin!*

**Delicious AYDS are put up in plain wrapper. AYDS contain helpful nutrients such as soya flour, malt syrup, condensed milk, powdered carrots, powdered egg yolk, plus Vitamins A, B1, B2, D and Minerals such as phosphorous, calcium and iron. Reduce secretly. Carry in purse or pocket. Use at home or at work. Absolutely harmless. No pills or bitter medicine. Why experiment? Simply eat AYDS delicious concentrated food candy as directed—automatically lose ugly fat.**

**Money Back on the first box if you don't lose weight. Start now toward losing fat from the very first day. Only $2.89 at leading department and drug stores.**

**THE CARLAY CO., Inc. • Chicago, Ill.**

**NO DRUGS • NO LAXATIVES • NO EXERCISE**

VITAMIN CANDY REDUCING PLAN

*Ayds*

Tear out this ad as a reminder


# JOE CARTER AND THE YOUNG VISITOR

*(Continued from page 107)*

where), the wild driving of the taxi drivers making Paris taxis seem tame in comparison, the lack of elegance of the men's clothes, the lack of obedience of the pedestrians. (Until Fanny straightened her out she thought red meant GO, green STOP.)

While the girls are talking, Joe orders lunch. Lobster and a salad and iced tea with a leaf of mint. In honour of the visitor, Joe has taken the afternoon off and has arranged tickets for the West Side Tennis Club matches at Forest Hills.

Joe gives her a choice of rides—a taxi, hitchhiking, or the subway. She chooses the subway and within the hour the two of them are rocking back and forth, Maria laughing and asking a million questions, heading for the East River.

A wonderful afternoon and a ride back with a friend of Joe's in a new Cadillac.

That night they have one perfect Martini at the bar of the Pierre, dark and cool as the inside of an old wine cellar, and then dinner on the Astor Roof, dancing to the music of Carmen Cavallaro. It is Maria's first visit to Broadway so later they stroll about, looking at the signs, dropping in at a shooting gallery, and finally, to cool off, ending up at a newsreel.

As they meander back across town Joe catches his breath long enough to be suddenly aware of what a satisfactory companion Maria is. She is good to look at, she is stimulating, she can laugh, she is not afraid of long silences, she has her own very definite point of view—she likes tangos, dislikes rhumbas, likes caviar, flowers, Bonnard and Henry James, dislikes ballet, cold weather, psychological movies, and snobs, believes in God, and with it all, she has the rare knack of being able to make the most prosaic situation come alive and be fun. In the few hours they have spent together they have become really good friends without either of them feeling the necessity for flirting or keeping the relationship on that terribly tiresome bantering level.

How few girls, at least in Joe's experience, seem able to manage that delicate balance. Either you have to be a full-fledged beau, with all the accepted phrases, or else the basis is hearty, verbal back-slapping. For Joe, the fun of being with Maria is that although he is acutely conscious of her femininity, her charm and her sex, and from her conduct she is clearly not unhappy with him, both of them know and accept without any hurt pride that there is absolutely no magic—no chemical spark—between them. They simply like each other—and that's that.

Before Joe goes to sleep that night, after a tepid shower, a glass of milk, an apple—the phonograph playing some soothing Sablon records—he sends a night letter to Nora.

MARIA AND PARASOL ARRIVED SAFELY STOP A GREAT DAY FOR NEW YORK STOP LOVE JOE.

And then next morning when he had planned to borrow a car and drive Maria out to the Villa Victor on Long Island for dinner, he is met at the office with the news that the senior partner has arranged something entirely different for him—a ten-day law conference in St. Louis!

Over a sandwich at Huttons'—a window table so that Maria can see the sights—he tells her the news. Her face drops. Joe touches her hand. "Don't worry," he says, "You're still going to see New York. I'll find you the perfect guide."

He orders two long gin fizzes and for the next half hour he describes the most attractive available men he knows—bachelors with lots of money but not much humour, married men with wives at the beach, brokers, old college athletes, a South American diplomat, a newspaperman, a visiting Hollywood actor, and at least three semi-professional men-about-town. But for one reason or another Maria turns them all down. One is too rich, one too poor, one has a moustache and she hates moustaches. Fred sounds a touch too attentive, Reggie a bore.

Finally Joe slaps the table. "I've got it," he says excitedly, "Uncle Eric—the best company in town. Kindly, clean, and wonderfully generous. A beau in the old tradition. Flowers every day, champagne at lunch. He may kiss your hand off but he's perfectly harmless."

Maria laughs. "I love him already."

Joe pulls out an unpaid laundry bill from his pocket. "Here," he says, starting to write on the back of it, "I'll put down a few things that might not be on Uncle Eric's active list—places outside the city itself that I had planned...."

Maria sits back, feeling suddenly important at his genuine concern for her pleasure. And this is what Joe writes.

For dinner or Sunday lunch, within comfortable driving distance of New York. Long Island—Westbury Manor (try the lobster bisque). Beau Sejour (the roast duckling). Friede's. Connecticut—Outpost Inn, South Norwalk Inn, Stonehenge, Silvermine Inn. New York—Old Drover's Inn, Ludington Farm, Croton Heights Inn (Russian specialties), Woodland Lake Tavern, Bird and Bottle (the shrimp soup).

Or the Terrace View Tavern, just over the George Washington Bridge, with the Hudson at your feet, the stars in your hair, and wild raccoons teasing for bits of your fine Italian dinner.

Joe sits back and puts away his pencil. "Well," he says with a smile, "that ought to hold you."

They finished their drinks, then Joe says, looking at Maria very seriously. "There's just one thing I've forgotten to tell you about Uncle Eric. He's mad about marrying. Watch out for it because I shouldn't be a bit pleased to come back and find you my aunt—understand?"

For a moment Maria seems to be considering the possibility, then her face breaks into a slow smile. "Yes," she says, "I understand."

And with that they walk arm in arm into the scorching street.

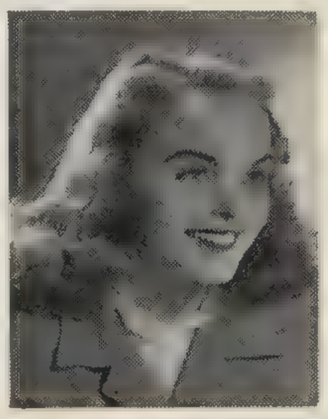
*Farewell to "Lipstick Gymnastics"!*

NOW!

*AMAZING NEW* Lip Life

*GIVES YOU "ROUND-THE-CLOCK" LIP BEAUTY!*

Lip Life does things *lipstick alone can never do!* A clinging color underbase—you apply it *before* your lipstick in the morning. And lo and behold, you'll have lovely lips that evening. No more fuss, no more bother! For Lip Life retains the color on your lips, *even though your lipstick wears off. Not a liquid!*



***$1.00 at better drug and dept. stores***

***If your dealer can't supply you, send for sample. Enclose 5¢ for postage and packing.***
***NATONE COMPANY, INC.***
***1207 West 6th Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif.***

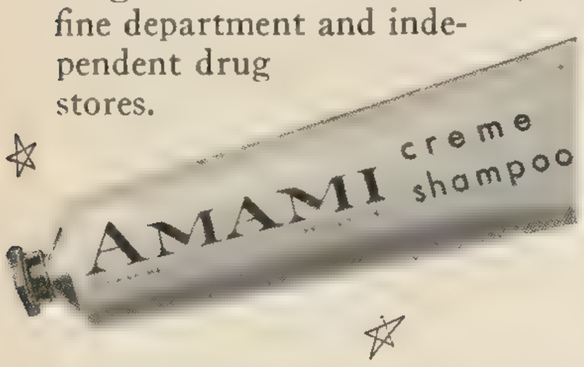
Dry hair, hands, fingernail polish... defrost refrigerators . . . thaw frozen foods. The RACE 65 is modern, efficient. HOT or COLD air from a beautifully styled unit with a base for table or wall use. Operates on AC-DC. Handy for traveling. At better stores or write direct for complete information. U. L. Approved. Only $14.95

**RACINE UNIVERSAL MOTOR CO., Dept. S**
1637 Goold Street, Racine, Wisconsin

An utterly different creme shampoo

reveals THE True
LOVELINESS OF YOUR HAIR

60¢ the tube, at leading chain drug store cosmetic counters, fine department and independent drug stores.




Prichard & Constance • New York • Toronto • London

you'll find me only on fine
Handkerchiefs

TRADE MARK REG.

BLOCH FRÈRES

Look For The Red, White And Blue Designer Label
AT FINE STORES
11 East 38th Street, New York City

# THE BEACHES ARE FULL OF THEM

*A few thoughts on ladies at the seashore*

BY JOE CARTER

I LIKE women in one-piece bathing suits—all black or all white. Two-piece suits are neither exciting frames for good figures nor effective camouflage for bad ones. We might as well face it before another summer passes—the average midriff is a most unalluring area, and the kindest thing to be done about it is to cover it up. I admit I can spend an entire afternoon, my eyes glued to a stranger's too-tight-top-piece, but it's not lust—it's fascination. I know that sooner or later some ghastly thing is bound to happen, and I feel I've got to be on hand when it does.

I LIKE a woman who can lie on a beach, maybe for two hours straight, without saying a single word.

I LIKE wide-browed women with long Texas legs to get as tanned as they can—the others, the Dresden china ones with the twig-like wrists, to keep their boudoir-white.

I LIKE women to have polish on their toenails, but only if it's neat and unchipped.

I LIKE women who, if they accidentally get a couple of strands of hair wet, do not act as if the world were coming to an end.

I LIKE women who can set up a picnic lunch (if they must eat on a beach at all) without getting hysterical and enlisting the help of every male in sight.

I LIKE women who, if they are going to want to smoke on the beach, bring their own cigarettes and matches.

I LIKE women who, if they want to wear sunglasses, bring their own and don't borrow mine.

I LIKE women who don't feel compelled to throw a ball about just because the men are doing so.

I LIKE women who can get knocked down by a wave without acting as if they'd been hit by an atom bomb.

I LIKE women with good figures not to walk the long way back to the bath houses.

I LIKE women with bad figures to cover them up.

I LIKE women to wear big straw hats.

I LIKE women to carry big beach bags and put in them anything that they think they may conceivably need.

I LIKE women who don't feel compelled to read you passages from the book they are reading.

I LIKE women who can go to a beach, throw a towel down, lie on it, go into the water and get wet, and then come back and lie on the towel again, without turning the whole manœuvre into a gigantic production.

I LIKE women.

I DON'T LIKE women who are unable to set foot on a beach without carrying (or, rather, my carrying for them): a radio; two books; a morning paper, which eventually blows away; three different bottles of suntan oil; an extra bathing cap; four towels; a comb; a back rest; an umbrella; two pairs of sunglasses—one for looking *up* the beach, one for looking *down* the beach; an engagement pad; a backgammon board; and, just to make sure everyone gets sand in his hair, a naughty "little scamp" of a dog.

I DON'T LIKE women on beaches to carry on conversations about nothing with other women over fifty yards away.

I DON'T LIKE women to wear sloppy beach slippers which are always falling off or the super-stylish ones with the five-inch cork heels. (Espadrilles are the best—either navy-blue or red.)

I DON'T LIKE women who lose their sunglasses in the sand and then, under their breath, accuse the group sitting nearby of having stolen them.

I DON'T LIKE women who can not make up their minds whether they should get tanned or not, and who spend the entire afternoon, first getting settled under the umbrella, and then, getting up and moving into the sun, and then getting up again and moving back under the umbrella.

I DON'T LIKE women who are constantly waking me up to put a little more oil on their backs.

I DON'T LIKE women who manicure their nails on a beach.

I DON'T LIKE women who sit on a beach on a lovely day and spend the whole time discussing last night's party.

I DON'T LIKE women to come to a beach if they feel they have to cover themselves up from top to toe. Better to sit up on the club terrace or simply stay at home.

I DON'T LIKE women who try to attract male attention by girlish goings-on at the water's edge—toe-dipping and hysterical little squeaks.

I DON'T LIKE women who can't swim to go far out, unless—in desperation—I suggest it.

COMING—VOGUE, AUGUST 1

Forecast of Autumn Fashion

Colour—Materials—Furs—Hats—Silhouettes

SWIM

any day of the month with Tampax

BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?

Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

*Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association*

For positive protection during that trying time, wear Unitex, the invisible sanitary pantee. Comfortable, yet truly invisible. Pins or belts now outmoded. Wear Unitex and keep lovely body contours.

No bumps, no bulges. For casual or formal wear. Accident proof. Has moisture proof cuplike pocket for sanitary insert. Is made of Bemberg Rayon,* or Dupont Nylon, with elastic waistband.

*U.S. Trade Mark Reg.

Ask to see Chafe-O-Tex, the marvelous all year-round pantee.

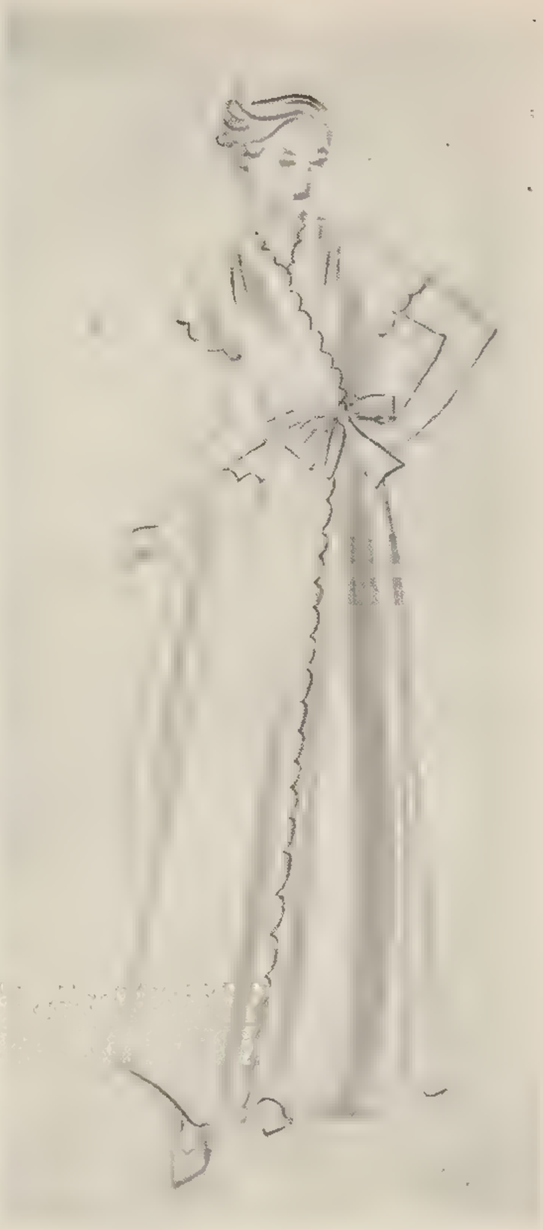
Chafe-O-Tex

At the notion, corset, knit underwear, personal hygiene, or lingerie departments of your favorite store or specialty shop. (Same price since 1941!) If you cannot get them in your favorite store, please write for free information and an order blank, to The UNITEX Manufacturing Company, Dept. V-1, Tiffin, Ohio.

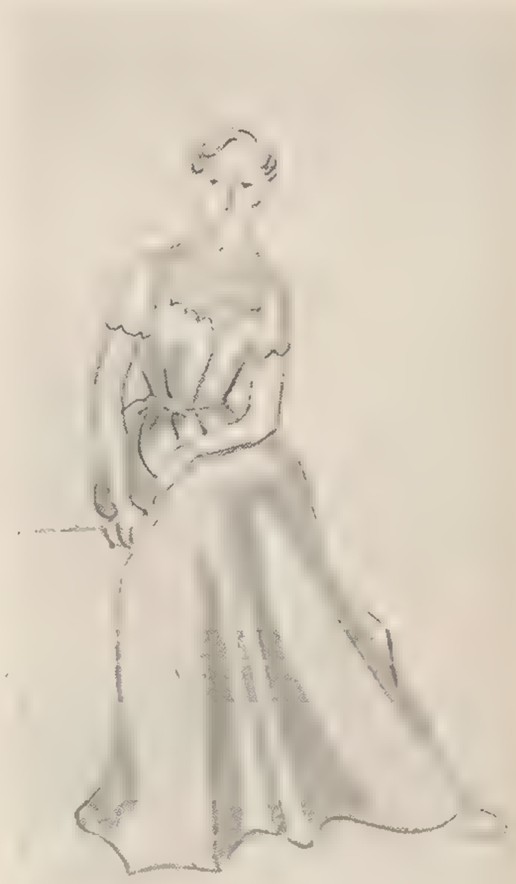
Unitex

**The UNITEX Manufacturing Company, Tiffin, Ohio**


# SUMMER—AT HOME



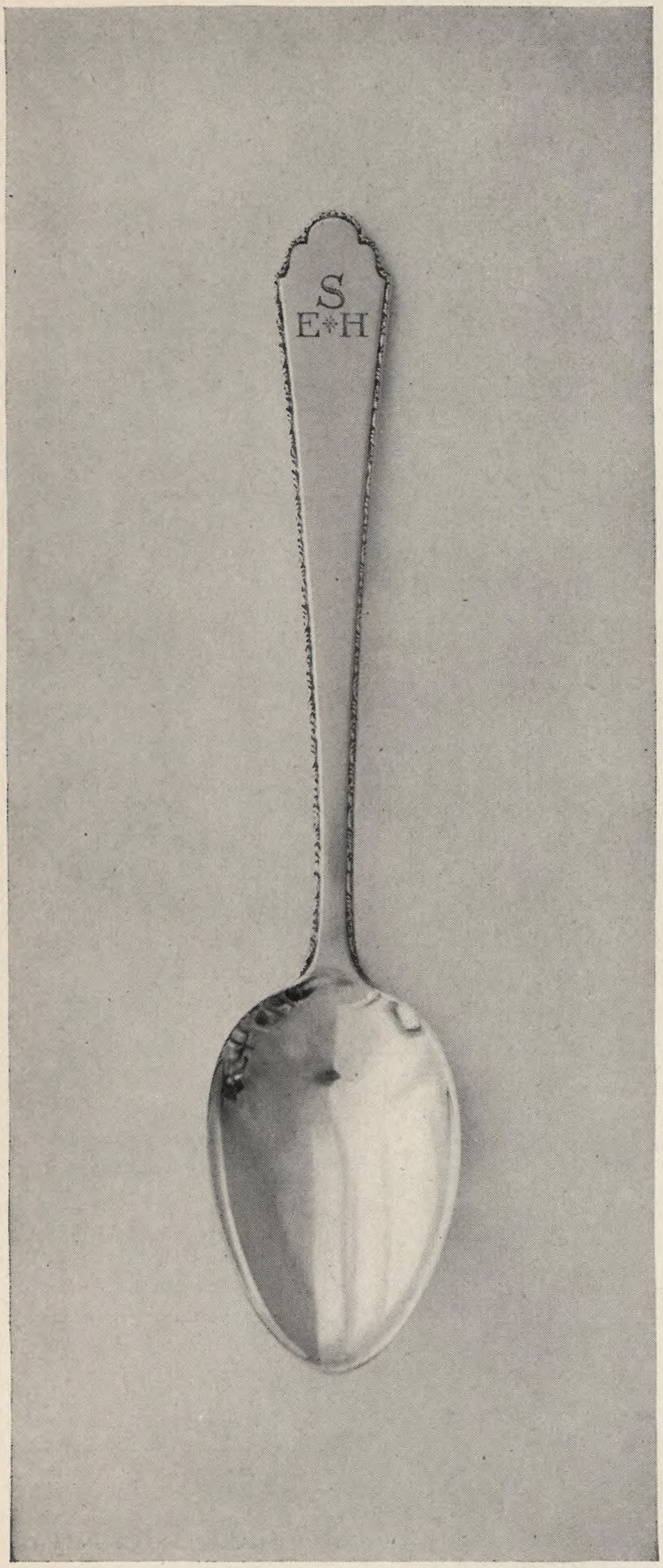
Among the chatelaine's most pleasant duties—to look pretty. *Left:* A house coat that makes a point of prettiness (it is chalky pink piqué, softly tailored, makes a point too of price ($15). Wear it, becomingly, to your dinner table when dinner is to be strictly a family affair. From Lord & Taylor.



Everyone knows that feeling cool is at least half *looking* so. On the right, our case in point, a larkspur-blue house coat frosted with white at the yoke. Wonderfully fresh and crisp (it's piqué) after a hot day in town. The small price—$15. Lord & Taylor.

*Above:* This one is white piqué, sleeveless, widely caped, scalloped in green. Point for a cool summer: have many of these, change them often, look your prettiest in the prettiest end of the day. $15. Lord & Taylor.

# FLAT-SILVER MARKING




MIEHLMANN

PART of the flat silver shown in the table-setting on page 77, this teaspoon (life-size) in Lunt's "William and Mary" pattern. Popular in colonial times, the pyramid monogram (with *their* initial topping *his* and *hers*) is often the choice for simple contemporary silver; is used only in block letters, as shown, and only this particular triangular arrangement uses the joint initials.

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK, N. Y.

# HOUSE & GARDEN'S

*complete guide*
*to*
*Interior Decoration*
*New-Revised-Enlarged*

141 rooms in full color . . . dictionary of periods decoration . . . illustrated with paintings, drawings, charts, photographs.

EDITED BY
*Richardson Wright*
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF HOUSE & GARDEN

V748

HOUSE & GARDEN
Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn.
*Please send me House & Garden's* Guide to Interior Decoration.

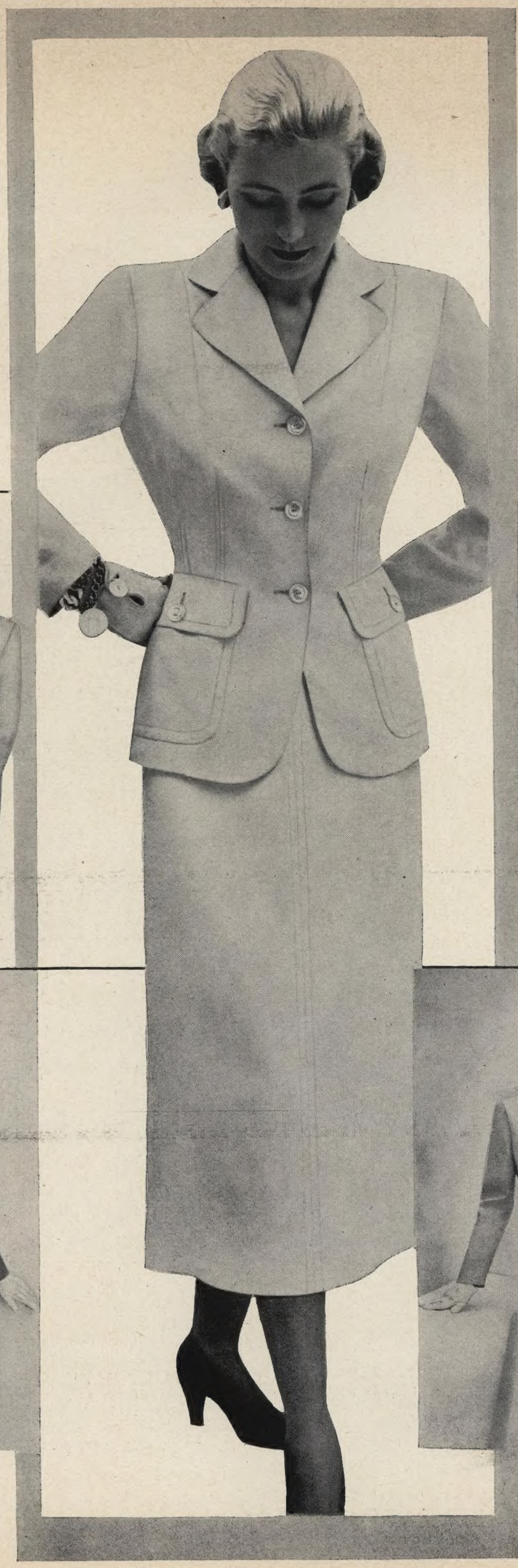
NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... ZONE # .....

STATE .....

*I enclose* ☐ *check* ☐ *money order for $7.50*

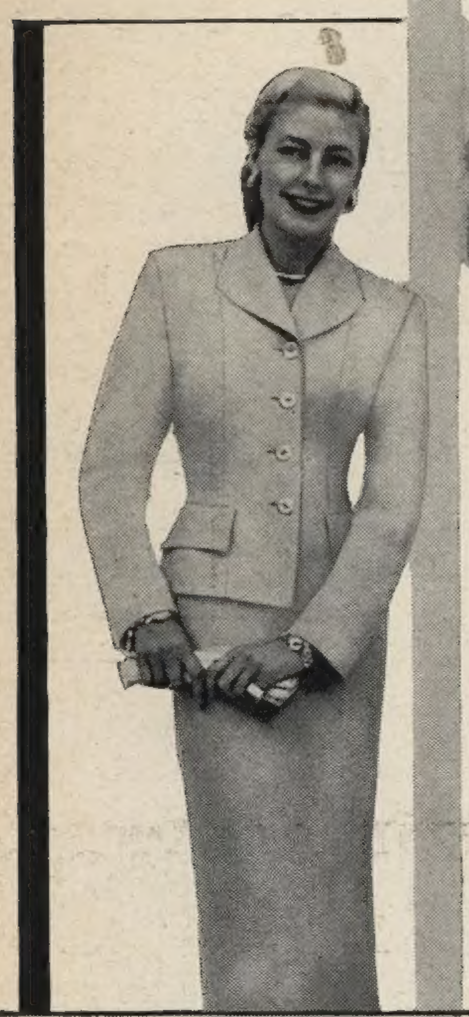


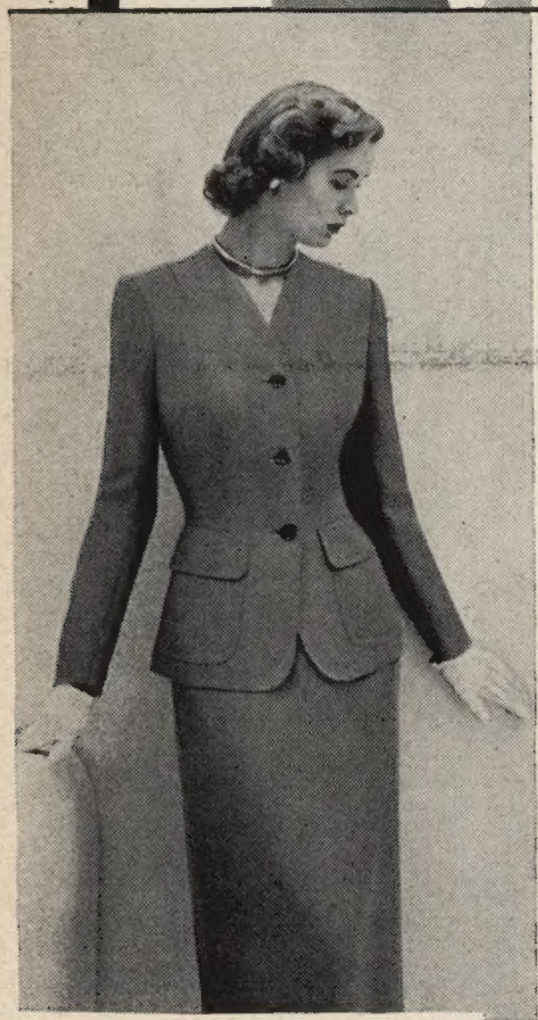

*You'll be wearing—*

*Weather Kool**

by

*Duchess Royal*



*Weather Kool** an achievement in rayon fabric technique...crisp, cool and definitely hand washable. In white, pink, helio, powder blue, yellow, toast, aqua, grey, Kool green, navy, brown and black. Sizes 10–20. Each suit $25.00.

Weather Kool* suits are available at B. Altman & Co., New York, N. Y.; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Jenny Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Lindner Coy, Cleveland, Ohio; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Young-Quinlan Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; and at other fine stores throughout the country.

For booklet showing complete Weather Kool* wardrobe and fabric sample, write to: DUCHESS ROYAL, INC., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

*Registered Trade Mark


PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.

Matson proudly announces

# the new Lurline...finest cruise ship afloat

**You cruise in new comfort** on the Lurline. Your stateroom is spacious, beautifully decorated and air-conditioned. Wardrobe closets are large; mirrors, too. One bed folds into a wall, another becomes a sofa to give you a living room by day.

**You live in new beauty** on the Lurline. Public rooms are smartly modern in design... soft pastel colors accented with Polynesian motifs. Here you'll meet new friends, listen to concerts, enjoy the cocktail hour, dance. Here you'll dine superbly.

**You can play or relax** on the new Lurline. It's well-equipped for deck games, swimming, resting. Your travel agent will gladly help you plan a cruise to Hawaii on the new Lurline.

Matson Lines Offices: *New York* *Chicago* *San Francisco* *Los Angeles* *Seattle* *Portland* *San Diego* *Honolulu*

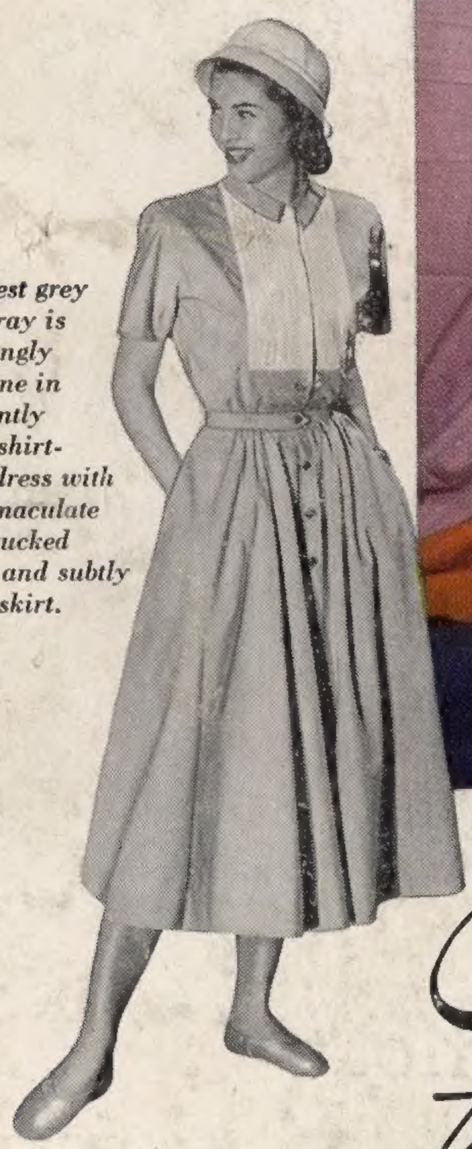
Matson
TO HAWAII

COTTON CLASSICS FOR FUN AND FASHION!

# Their Creator Dorothy Cox agrees: "In dress designing . . . and in choosing a cigarette, too . . . EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

DOROTHY COX, shown here in her salon, developed her keen color sense, her regard for detail, through the study of portrait painting. Now she lavishes all her talents on day-in, day-out, typically American fashions. Outstanding achievement? . . . That classic favorite, the shirtwaist dress! Her designs, as tailored by McMullen, create a twice-yearly fashion stir—not for just a famous few, but for Miss and Mrs. Average American.

● *Dorothy Cox makes this strapless sun-seeking Saturday-Sunday dress with its own shoulder kerchief to whisk on or off. Notice how beachcomber plaid cotton becomes a formal fabric in this undecorated style!*



● *Palest grey chambray is beguilingly feminine in this gently styled shirtwaist dress with its immaculate white tucked bosom and subtly flared skirt.*

**"Of all the different brands of cigarettes I've tried and compared, cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Dorothy Cox**

## *More people are smoking Camels than ever before!*

**City or country,** at work or at play—wherever you turn, you'll find more and more people smoking Camels. Why? Let your "T-Zone" tell you. (That's T for Taste and T for Throat.) Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See why, with smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "choice of experience."

***According to a Nationwide survey:***

## MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel.

**Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!**

**T for Taste . . .**

**T for Throat . . .**

**that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.